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Poems and Paragraphs

Robert Elliott Gonzales

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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

B/1.76

ROBERT ELLIOTT GONZALES
As President Clariosophic Society
University of South Carolina

POEMS AND PARAGRAPHS

BY

ROBERT ELLIOTT GONZALES

1918
THE STATE COMPANY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

AL 1658.25

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INTRODUCTION

The Poems of Robert Elliott Gonzales presented here, with one or two exceptions, appeared first in *The Carolinian* and *The Garnet and Black*, the student publications of the University of South Carolina; the paragraphs have been selected from the editorial column which for nearly five years he conducted in *The State*. Many of the poems were composed hurriedly as "fillers" for *The Carolinian*, to which he contributed frequently both prose and verse, while all the paragraphs were written in the quick rush of daily newspaper work. Many of the cleverest paragraphs have been omitted from this collection because—so rapidly does the world move, the subjects have passed away, or the incidents which gave them point are no longer in the public mind.

In these poems and paragraphs are revealed the versatile attainments of a mind which leaped in an instant from graceful poetic imagery to the current slang of the ball field; from classic forum to the arena of modern politics; from the mythical lore of the shadowy past to the insistent realities of today. The quaint and kindly philosophy, the spontaneous humor, the shrewd and subtle wit, and the rare gift of epigrammatic expression, were tempered by an infinite human sympathy which sought to cheer and help rather than hurt his fellows,—a generous nature which so controlled and directed the keen shafts of the mind that, with the power to wound and often the provocation, yet touched so charitably the follies and foibles of mankind that he left no sting.

In this fine chivalric spirit he volunteered as a private soldier, and in his country's service faithfully performed, laid down his young life on the Mexican border, ending at 28 an earthly career so full of achievement that its promise was immeasurable.

AMBROSE E. GONZALES.

POEMS

THE DEATH OF ALARIC.

Amid a verdant clearing in the wild woods by the Rhine,
On whose pure and limpid waters the moonbeams dance and shine,
Once there stood a little party in the days of long ago,
And there arose from out its midst many a doleful sound of woe;
For Alaric, dread Alaric, that dire lord before whose nod
Half Christendom had trembled and made its prayers to God,
Upon the ground was lying, and his life was flowing fast;
A javelin quivered in his breast, by some churlish Frank's hand cast.
In the turmoil of the battle, in the fierce heat of the fray,
The Franks were pressing forward and lost then seemed the day,
When the Visigothic standard to our right appeared upraised
And our steel-clad King Alaric fell upon the foe amazed.
Then our rivals fled in terror, and gained then was the strife.
But, oh, the price we paid therefor—our great Alaric's life!

But see! Alaric staggers as he rises to his feet,
His eyes are wild and glaring, and his hand seeks now his sheath;
His giant blade holds he on high: he stands with austere frown
As he reviews the battle's course ere Death had struck him down.
"Forward, Goths, in battle line! Down with the Frankish slave!
Clash sword on shield: We onward march to glory or the grave!"
Upon his breast where streams the blood down droops his massive head,
He sways—he falls—his soul has flown—Alaric lies there—dead!
Then silently and sullenly, all his arms and jewels won
In many lands and bloody frays, we heaped his corse upon.

In a robe of royal splendor, 'neath the rippling of the wave,
Alaric sleeps in solemn peace the calm sleep of the brave;
And when the dreaded Goth shall kneel before the Mercy Throne,
May all his sins forgiven be—God take him for His own!

DIANA'S BEAMS.

Like a thousand bright fire-flies,
Dancing where the pond-mists rise,
Comes the moonlight o'er the sea,
Comes Diana's light to me.

Like the flash on Dragon's scales,
Where fleece-seeking Jason pales,
Comes the moonlight o'er the sea,
Comes Diana's light to me.

Like the gleams in mermaids' hair,
Watching, sailors to ensnare,
Comes the moonlight o'er the sea,
Comes Diana's light to me.

—R., '07.

THE HAUNTS OF ASHUR.

'Tis night. And now is Dian seen
Ensconced upon her silver throne;
The glittering, bright-eyed stars, serene,
In stately cohorts throw their sheen
Down on the chiseled Chalcic stone
Like spangled rays of baldric blue
That girds about the solemn waste,
Fire-streaked by dark's bediamonded zone.
No sound breaks on the desert deep;
Among the white and ghastly fanes
Is heard the zephyr's sighing moan,
Where sheeted legions vigil keep.
There sleeps the queenly Babylon,
Nor rears on high thrice-terraced cone,
Nor star-lit spire nor temple dome
Aflame with altars of the Sun.
Through corridor and court lush grown,
The lizard and the bat hold sway;
The mould of years envelops all,
The palace and the cell decay.
And spectral shadows nightly wail
Great Ishtar and Assyrian Baal.

THE LION'S WHELP.

They tell you that proud England's sun
  Is sunk to rise no more;
That like great Rome of olden time,
  Her brightest days are o'er.

The Uhlan looks with jealous eye,
  There snarling sulks the Gaul;
With ancient hate appeased, they plot
  Dominion over all.

They think to beard the Lion's den,
  Theirs would be bloodless fight;
Yet who in former years might brave
  Imperial England's might?

But from across the wave there bursts
  The roar of the Lion's whelp;
Not heedless will her son regard
  His mother's call for help.

* * * * * * * * * *

So when the measured "Marseillaise"
  Shall crash through the breadth of France,
And Germans chant "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
  Their glory to enhance—

Then will the dreaded Saxon cry
  Go swelling o'er the plain;
And as it rang through Harold's host,
  Triumphant rise again!

For brothers all shall Saxons be,
  Though half the world apart;
A triple tie shall bridge the sea,
  One voice, one mind, one heart!

VANITAS.

Climbing and ever climbing
  That pathless steep of the sky,
How many hours, little star,
  For just one moment on high!

Then by the same degrees falling
  To the measureless depths below,
Thou learnest nought from the height thou hast known,
  Save the depth of the depths to know.

But to that force that hurls thee
  Both Zenith and Nadir are one;
And while thou dost still follow thy path,
  Still all is well that is done.

—B., '07.

SONG.

[*From the Spanish.*]

Let jessamines of fragrance
  Smile from above
On her delicate colour
  That offers me love.

But she is so modest,
  The little ingrate,
Denying each favor
  With—shall I say hate?

Oh, bloom, ye fair roses
  And violets blue,
For the face that is fair
  And the love that is true.

But for eyes that are cruel
  And know not to smile,
Let thistles reward them,
  Avenging their guile.

B., '07.

THE LOST EDEN

'Mid some forest dark and dismal where the moonbeams never
fall,
O'er whose cavern depths abysmal hovers night's eternal pall
Lies entombed man's long-sought Aiden, hid fore'er from mortal
ken,
And its breezes incense-laden, subtle, sensuous, sorrow-laden,
Sob and sigh through wood and glen.

Giant rocs on airy pinion swerving borne across Cathay,
Spy, mayhap, that fair dominion, banned by genii, elf and fay.
Hap it gleams where Niger crashes on his golden Afric strand—
Where the surf in thunder dashes and the tropical sun flashes
Warmly on the Carib land.

Somewhere in those radiant regions Lethe sinuously rolls;
Eblis leads his djinnish legions in their horrid quest for souls.
Athanasia reigns eternal; pallid, waxen lilies grow
Where alyssum sheds supernal fragrance there forever vernal;
Red the opiate poppies glow.

L'Envoi

Listen to the wondrous story
That the errant winds relate,
Breathing of bright Aiden's glory,
How it shines, irradiate.
How buds bourgeon efflorescent,
How appears the mystic dell;
Ask the winds soon evanescent:
Ask—for they alone may tell.

THE ISLE OF HEART'S DESIRE.

To R. F.

The Isle of Heart's Desire lies
A paradise, 'neath azure skies,—
With tinkling founts that splash and sing,
While routs of roses round them cling,
And mass and intertwine.

There roll the white-capped billows free,
Ensurging on the island's lea,
And Neptune's Tritons sport with glee,
And Mermen hold high revelry
Down in the dim depths of the sea,
In grottos coralline.

The isle of nectar, spice and meathe,
Of (attars) such as Angels breathe;
Of emerald dales, of leafy nooks,
Of sunny vales, of laughing brooks,
Of stars of trembling fires.

Within that lotused land of spring,
Perfumed with myrrhs that trade-winds bring,
How oft we've watched the osprey wing—
How oft the evening's westering
When thou wert Queen and I *thy* King,
As well as Heart's Desires.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

I come unbidden o'er woodlands hidden
From the lore of men,
And I fly afar to the evening star
Of a tropic glen;
On the banks of the Nile and the Ganges I smile,
Caressing the sculptured face
Of one I had known on a royal throne
When the ages were reckoned by days.
Through sepulchres olden by eye unbeholden
I flit and I scurry and sing,
And I murmur a rune of the mystical moon
In the ear of a mummied King.

REGIS.

APRIL.

Thine eyes are the stars of the morning,
  Thy breath is the breath of the rose;
And bright as the blossoms thy bosom adorning,
  The crimson that in thy cheek glows.

Thou smilest now on us, thou wanton,
  But I've seen thee as chill and morose
As the wintry gray banners that flaunt on
  The mystical City of Snows.

Yet thine eyes are so often beclouded,
  And so oft thy vermillion cheeks fade,
That it cannot far longer be doubted—
  Thou'rt naught but a fair, fickle—jade!

THE SIREN.

"Down in the shady ocean deeps
  Come and return with me,
Down where the Kingdom of Coral sleeps
  Under the sapphire sea.
There is a realm of life and love,
  Hark! Hear its conches blow!
Then let's away through the salt sea spray,
  While we merrily sing as we go.

"Long is the path through the dim twilight;
  Tangled the green seaweed;
None but we two in the pastures bright
  May drink of the deathless mead.
List to the voice that murmurs soft
  Up from the caves below:
'Come, come thou home to the ocean's foam',
  While we merrily sing as we go."

R. G.

A VISION OF ATLANTIS.

To E. L.

I stood upon the topmost crag of rock-ribbed Tau
Which belts an inland sea. Adown the diamond slopes
The sunlight shattered, lavishing its golden sheaves
Of iris-colored spray o'er crystal rivulet
And veinéd ledge to where, 'mid battlements and towers,
Far-flung with onyx roof and dome, Atlantis sate.
I breathed the atmosphere a-throb with Orient musk,
And quaffed its perfume, sweet as any scented spice
That clouded Circe's halls. Saw cataracts of chrome,
And geysers spiral-like that whirled their hues to heaven.
I glimpsed gigantic temples glittering in the sun,
Whence swelled a choric sea of such rhapsodic song
As never yet did lilt from mortal lyre, and strains
Which, cleaving space, might float through cycles yet unsprung,
And mingle with the beat of seraphs' wings around
The Throne of God. I gazed upon the braided swards—
Rubescent they; far mounts of roses skyward rose
In one red orgy. There languorous poppies swayed
Wine-hearted, and the hyacinthine blooms aloft
Like luminous prisms spurted to the golden sun.
In twittering troops long companies of robins slid
Ecstatic through the sky; their pulsing breasts ablaze
With glowing down that shamed the orchid's amorous blush.
And e'en the glum, grim eagle, silent sentinel,
Looked down less dourly from his dominating perch
Upon the beauteous spot where Queen Atlantis lived.

* * * * * * *

The vision's gone—the inland sea yet stretches broad,
And laps and purls and curls where Helios once was praised
In vasty nave and corridor. There is a still
That untold ages breed; a mighty, solemn hush
Of angels sobbing for the People that is Dead.

THE SPECTRE CITY.

'Mid Ilium's ruins a column stands,
Upreared by long forgotten hands,
Where once of old the Grecian bands,
With sanguine steel and flaming brands,
  Swept in destruction.

There, as I weary leaned one day,
While down beneath the hills away,
Sank slow the last, red gleaming ray
  Of the sun's glory,
A mighty city seemed to rise
In turrets towering to the skies;
Lo! stretched before my startled eyes
  Lay Troy of story.

Full bright it flashed as crystal clear,
Fierce rang the clash of brazen spear;
Loud pealed the tones of trumpet's blare
  Within its portals.
Now Hector, with his sword of might,
Leads forth his host in helms alight;
Ah, never yet was such a sight
  Vouchsafed to mortals.

Like mists that melt before the morn
The phantom troops moved slowly on;
Hushed were the notes of drum and horn
  When they descried me.
And not a word nor sound nor sign
Arose from all that silent line;
But one there came with look benign
  And stood beside me.

Right high and stately was his mien,
Dread Mars himself he must have been,
As halting there with arms asheen
  Soft fell the twilight.
Above, in heaven's dusky veil,
Shone out the stars with lustre pale,
And sparkled o'er the Trojan's mail
  Like glow of firelight.

"Long years ago, when Troy was young,
Her fame from sea to sea was sung,
Her glories told in every tongue
Between her borders.
Two hundred thousand fighting men
Would speed from plain and marshy fen
And pour down from the mountain glen
At Priam's orders.

"But Peace had lingered on the world,
Troy's conquering pennons fast were furled,
No more was grim defiance hurled,
All lived as brothers.
Yet soon was there no dearth of gore,
Black Death stalked from the Aegean shore,
And in his arms the prize he bore
That was another's.

"Up, up, as one the Achæans rose,
This deed, the source of all our woes,
Had turned true friends to bitter foes
Who gave no quarter.
Month after month upon the plain
We swayed among the heaps of slain;
Where Hector led was Victory's fane;
Great was the slaughter.

"Ten weary years had come and passed
When the shrill, sudden bugle blast
Proclaimed the die of Fortune cast,
Till now suspended.
As written in the books of Fate,
The Goddess to propitiate,
We dragged the charger through our gate
So well defended.

"Through Agamemnon's vengeful raid,
My heart was captive with a maid,
And wedding vows were to be said
Upon the morrow.
No sentry manned the walls that night,
The city slept by moonbeams' light,
Or quaffed red wine in beakers bright,
And scoffed at sorrow.

"Awake, awake! We woke to die,
The foe had won the ramparts high;
In flames we saw before us lie
The royal city.
In every street the Spartans stream,
Until the rushing torrents seem
To swirl and toss with bloody gleam,
Men without pity!

"The crash of falling timbers sounds,
And though oppressed by many wounds
I haste to reach the palace grounds
Where all are turning.
I seek Achilles in the throng,
My arm for double vengeance strong,
Upon my lips the old battle song
In accents burning.

"We struggle in the shamble place,
I press him forward yet a pace,
When, looking down, I see *one* face,
Then was it ended.
Now swelling bursts my heart in me,
Launched into dim eternity;
'Fear not, I come—to thee,—to thee!'
So Death descended."

The summer's night, serenely calm,
Soothed all the earth with grateful balm;
A soft wind whispered through the palm,
The old, sweet story.
Alas! The lovers could not hear,
Nor once again their troth plight there;

G. E. R., '08.

PRIMEVAL MAN AND I.

We lived a long, long time ago—
A hundred thousand years or so,
And had for our society
Naught but the wood, the cliff, the lea;
The salt-charged breezes blowing free,
Behold! The vale of Troy was bare;
Gone was its glory!
And all was fair for us to see,
And all was good to do.
We saw the colored forest's red regalia,
Which zoned the spot the hamadryads haunted;
We watched the reeling maenads' saturnalia,
Within some secret, stilly vale enchanted,
Spin in the giddy macabrean dance,
In time to tuneless ziraleets and chants,
Upon the green of the meadow's irradiance.
Spin on from golden noon,
Reciting fragments of a rune,
Until the molten silver of the moon
At last grows faint, and sinks into her nightly swoon.
When all reposes,
With him I seem to roam
The jungle wild, where serpents hiss,
Then leave far, far behind the forest home,
And come anear to those Circassian bowers of bliss
O'erhung with ruddy amethystine ropes;
Freighted with fragrance is the air
That strews the rubied slopes
With petalled roses.
Empearled pavilions of roses there,
And every tree and bush, the world relume
With dusky crimson of the roses' glare;
And cinnabarian billows of bloom
Roll down to marges dim,
Where fiery fields of lilies brim,
And red and orange-gold flamingoes swim,
And shake the shimmering phosphorescence from their wings.

Maddening pulsations of liquid flame—
Just as some coiled and circled snake,
Asleep amid the tangled brake,
Chameleonic gules about him flings,
And scarce thereafter seems to be the same.

Ygdrasil spreads her fronds of white,
To dust the pearly shrouds
That daily light,
And swathe by night
The stainèd oriels of the clouds.

We mount, we climb, the Man and I,
We see the battened windows of the sky,
And as there falls a gentle peace,
We hear majestic peals of organ keys,
Struck by a Master Hand.

At twilight oft upon the strand
We walk alone, Aldebaran
Stands guard above, his duty done
To bide the mystic hour of the couching of the sun,
The mighty ocean shimmers
Like a mesh of silver skein,
And it glimmers, glimmers, glimmers,
And it gleams and glints and sparkles,
And it glooms and dips and darkles
Menacingly once again.

We lived a long, long time ago—
A hundred thousand years or so—
Primeval Man and I.
No need had we for silly laws,
Nor listened for the world's applause;
We knew the better from the worse
'Ere Christianity!

THE LAST FEAST IN BABYLON.

Lord Marduk, lo, to thee we quaff
  This beaker brimming bright;
A draught of nectar, Iran-brewed,
  We drink to thee tonight.
What thought give we the morrow's doom?
Nimitti's ramparts tower steep,
Nimitti's turrets strike the skies,
And bid the leaguered city sleep.
We scorn the beckoning death beyond,
Nor shake, nor cringe with craven fear—
Our Battle-God has deigned to nod,
Our Warrior-King himself is here.

Where else in all the world may be
  A scene so fair as this!
E'en Ishtar in the Silver Sky
  Might envy Babel's bliss.
The jewelled harps are all attuned;
Gems gleam and glitter on white breasts,
Belshazzar pledges—drink his toast—
"The noblest of our noble feasts".
The atabals are throbbing loud,
The carven censers sway and swing;
Dark eyelids glance, as houris dance
Before the throne of Babel's king.

A thousand braziers range the walls
  That Izdubar portray—
Great founder of the royal race
  That rules the land today.
Snatches of song and laughter float,
And mingle with the murmurous air;
A thousand flagons, silver-wrought,
Aglow with sparkling Opis rare.
Less drunk are they who list, who hear
The plaintive lyre's sweet cadence
With ruby wine from Helbon's vine,
Than with Accad's magnificence.

The strains are rising, higher, higher,
Babylon's a sea of flame!
The languid throng turns from the fire
To shout Belshazzar's name.
"A kiss, a kiss, my Syrtis, come,
We may not read the scroll of fate,
Pledge me this beaker's crimson flood",
Hark to the clash without the gate!
The city's burning—let it burn!
Until its sensuous pleasures cloy
The world is gay; we live today,
Nor heed the tale of fallen Troy.

"Lord Marduk, lo, to thee we quaff,"
The song's on every tongue;
The insensate revellers recognize
Only that they are young.
Prince drinks with peasant; priest with page,
And they who girt the throne about
Abandon honor's dearest trust
To join the dying nation's rout.
Nude forms, clasped in each other's arms,
Sleep on the lily-laden stairs;
The God of Love smiles from above—
Irradiant Tammuz, wondrous fair.

* * * * * * *

The golden doors are shattered down,
The golden goblets drained;
The crystal fountains run with red,
The marble stairs are stained.
Hushed are the lips that smiled in death
With some e'erlasting memory—
Fled are the hearts that loved so well;
They bide now in the Silver Sky.
The lotus blooms are crushed and sere,
Nor more their dreamy fragrance spread;
In Marduk's fanes the jackal reigns—
The Gods of Babylon are dead!

THE VALLEY OF SLEEP.

In a murk and mystic valley
  Is the Garden of the Hours,
And the wayward winds that dally—
Softly-murmurous winds that sally
Through the impenetrable valley
  And the bowers,
    Sing a melancholy burden
      To the trees.
Myrrh and myrtle, hydromel
Weave a weird enchanted spell
O'er the brisk and boisterous breeze,
O'er the sad Circean seas;
  Seas that send their seething surges
  Booming into mournful dirges,
      Or in muffled monodies.
Poppies flare their festal torches
Lamping Bacchanal debauches,
And all the still Savannas
Flame red regiments of cannas.
And from out the golden glooms
Blazoned with the poppy blooms,
Lilies white and lilies yellow,
Nodding mid the tufted mallow,
Lithe and lissome lilies tall
Breathe an attar magical
On the purple plains of morning,
Where the subtle hyacinth
Blossoms under fallen plinth,
Over sculptured architrave
Oleanders blow and wave;
And their ominous shadows fall
In many a stark and sunless hall,
Builded in Time's early dawning,
    Wrought in days of old.
And the restive wind caresses
Down those drowsy, dim recesses
Ghastly skulls, decaying tresses
    That once were gold.
For the city's buried deep
In the labyrinth of sleep,

And the darkness grows profounder,
And dank grass springs up around her,
They who raised and they who crowned her
On her throne,
In those hoary, halcyon ages
Faintly traced on history's pages,
Dreamt no oblivion would surround her,
And her name,
Remembered but by wisest sages,
Blotted from the book of fame.
Lost her thousand-thousand men—
Crumbled under field and fen,
And sole token of her wars
A million whited sepulchres,
And her towering Titian turrets
A heap of stone.
For her people disobeyed
Commandments that her God had laid,
And upon her like a blight
Fell the Legions of the Light,
And left her there alone.

"IF".

To R. F.

If there could be blended
All the turquoise tints that stain the Western skies,
'Twould be far less splendid,
Love, than thine eyes.

If some scented, vagrant
Wind might waft the sweet a laden queen-bee sips,
'Twould not seem more fragrant,
Love, than thy lips.

If there were a measure
Glittering high with gems of Pope, and King and Guelph,
'Twould be a poor treasure,
Love, to thyself!

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Over the hills and far away
The fairies and goblins live, they say,
In a castle of silver with shutters of gold,
Where wizard and pigmy and stunted kobold
Make merry with music and dancing the day,
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away
Are valleys and vineyards and greenswards gay,
And meadows agleam with the kiss of the sun;
And dim, dreaming rivers that sing as they run
A threnody sweet as the nightingale's lay,
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away
Is the land of the long-lost Yesterday;
Knights-errant and squires, the same that of old
Tourneyed and jousted with courage so bold,
Still stride their war-coursers, and pennons display,
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away
Are minstrels to sing you a roundelay;
And jesters to brighten your soul with a pun,
There are jokes to be cracked, and yarns to be spun,
For they're jolly good folk in their jolly old way,
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away
Stalk giants gigantic that strike with dismay.
Princesses imprisoned deep down—so it's told—
In some grim ogre's dungeon, whom to behold,
You must seize your good weapon, the ogre to slay,
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away
The enchanted vales keep a glad holiday,
And over the bustle of life's busy hum
The folk in those valleys are calling to come—
Shall we go, you and I, and their summons obey,
Over the hills and far away?

A BACCHANALIAN BALLAD.

Though wintry blasts may rave without,
  And shrieking north-wind roar and rage,
No storm can shake the cellar stout
  Wherein the philosophic sage
  Has stored the juices of the age,
Burgundy, port and muscadine,
  And others, too, that thirst assuage—
The choice of all the choicest wine.

What else dissolves the stubborn doubt,
  And dowers thee with new courage
To face the long assaults of gout;
  To brave the battles that they wage
  On thee, the ills of every age?
What else, but Nature's anodyne,
  The drink of poet, priest and page—
The anodyne, sweet anodyne of wine!

What else doth cheer the monk devout,
  When winter chills his hermitage
With breath that snuffs his fires out,
  And prisons in an icen cage?
  What else, I say, but grapes that age
In vaults the color of the vine—
  A very royal beverage,
This anodyne, bright anodyne of wine!

L'Envoi.

Prince, there is talk of "thine" and "mine,"
While lawyers point distinctions fine
  In property. A heritage
We share alike, a gift divine;
  Of death the solace, life the gage—
The glad and glorious anodyne of wine!

Regulus.

IN THE CALIPH'S GARDEN.

The wind-washed curve of the river ripples;
  Pomegranate thickets in myrtle shine;
A tipsy Vizier of Haroun tipples
  From a stained goblet his Balsor wine,
And dull, red, ripe blown-roses twine
  To hide a blush as the Caliph passes—
Embowered rubies on a smoldering vine
  That burns rich attars in the sweet green grasses.

"SUMMUM BONUM."

(*After Robert Browning*).

Languid smile of an April sun,
  Sob of the surf on a harbor bar,
Dip and dance of elves that run
  At the first faint glimpse of the evening star,
And romp and revel 'neath Druid trees,
  When nightly gleams the golden haze of the sister
    Pleiades.

Warm red flush of an Autumn moon—
  A poppy heart in a desert plain;
Lilt of a lark to his mate in June,
  From spaces of light to realms of rain.
Sea-song, star-lure, lark-lilt, dawn-pearl;
  Lurk in the eyes that laugh, and lie on the lips of a
    girl.

MY DREAM.

A mermaid kingdom sentinelled with skulls,
  Which sway to more melodious minstrelsy
Than the measured music of the breeze that lulls
  Old Triton basking in a summer-sea;
Who once within a dream did torch for me
  His pallid palaces where a dim light burns
To show the treasure of Angels' ransomry,
  Spilled from the lips of amethystine urns.

"HASDRUBAL."

ALLARAINE AND THE RHAPSODE.

Allaraine, Archetype of Song, and mate
Of Ishtar, Archetype and Goddess, who sate
At the right hand of the All-Father, and
Whose altars smoked from Ekto Samarcand,
Took fancy to contemplate once again
The level world, the haunts and homes of men.
Himself he girded then with wand and lyre,
And crowned his head with stars of diamond fire
That marks the God. Thus gloriously arrayed,
Forth from his sheath he gleamed his dazzling blade
And raised it high. Ope flew the gates of Heaven,
And like a bolt into the deep blue riven
He launched, swifter than sight or sound, and still
Onward, exultant in his flight, until
He scales the giddy ramparts of the stars,
And ranges through thrice thirty atmospheres.
The orbed Earth, emerging from the blue,
Presents her wondrous mysteries to his view—
Enverdured isle, and copse, and sombre wood
Shimmered and sparkled; vale and valley stood
Sun-flushed, where Samas' lances 'gin to seek
Each crested cordillera, snowy peak.
The Seraph looks enraptured on the sight,
And strikes his dulcimer with new delight,
Beguiling notes of heavenly melody
That shiver into space. A harmony
There comes replying, gentle, low at first,
Then swelling loud in one triumphant burst—
The sweetest of Earth's feathered songsters sing
Their greeting to their God, their Poet-King.
Like sound of myriad-thousand angel lyres,
Their chant to Heaven's battlements aspires,
Borne on the morning's bosom; lovelier far
Than song of seraphs to the evening star,
Or symphony of planets in their spheres.
Upon the brazen towers with ravished ears,
The angel-sentries listen to the strain
That peals and throbs to radiant Allaraine.
Oft weirdly-mournful to the hearkening domes
The euphony of the sweet choir comes;

Oft noble, grand, transcendent, sweeping far,
As clangs the grim diapason of war,
Or tolls the dull thunder. The Archetype's glance
Now earthward sinks, and as he looks, by chance
He spies a youth, a shepherd, there asleep,
His bed the yielding clover, while the sheep
About him crop the grass, and in surprise
Behold their master with inquiring eyes.
Him the Archetype considers for a space,
And floats beside. His sun-embrowned face,
Half-hidden in the blooms is marvelous fair,
As though Apollo-chiselled, and his hair,
Woven with gold strands reflects the glowing beams
Again. Unaureoled, a god he seems.
The God of Song unclasps a silver bow,
And bending, on the youth's unclouded brow
Strikes. Then the boy starts up with many a sigh,
Unconscious of the stranger standing nigh;
Allaraine speaks; the shepherd, all amazed
Entranced beholds the enamelled brow upraised,
And swift leaps backward. Now him Allaraine
Assures, who catching sudden up his lyre,
The rhapsode sings of love, of war, desire,
But chiefly lyric chants in praise of song,
And all the arts that form her courtly throng.
And now, the acanthus-wreathed trees among
There comes in silent answer to his song
A maid, a shepherdess—the youth straightway
Alters the burden of his raptured lay,
Forsaking laud of Pan and poesy
Headlong to plunge in passion's ecstacy.
No more the clamorous clang of horrid war
His lyre pulses; a ditty soft and low
Re-echoes through the whispering woodland grove,
Where amorous Dryads murmur lilts of love,
Where Nymphs and Naiads in the fountains lave,
And flashing forms disport beneath the wave,—
She lists enamored, turns her blushing face;
Trembles, coyly hesitates, is lost. A pace
She glides toward him, then tenderly in his
Her hand he gently takes, and with a kiss

Welcomes. Forgetful of another, they
Depart together o'er the winding lea,
And sounding far adown the velvet glen
In mystic lore of love their voices blend.
The affronted god resumes his silver bow,
And girts the starry diadem on his brow,
Then he: "Apollo, glorious brother, thine
Is the victory, and this lyre of mine
Must yield the palm, the prize, precedency,
And all we hazarded hereon to thee;
E'en stronger than the noblest of my arts
Thy passion abides in human hearts—
Imbued with thee, a shepherd, sandal-shod
Has overthrown the power of a god!"
Thus lonely musing, and in such a strain,
Once more on high mounts pinioned Allaraine;
A many-pillared vista, towers dim,
Embattled legions of seraphim
Far-flashing sees, and to those realms of light
Meteoric speeds, evanishing from sight.

DEAR WOMEN.

Dear women of a dear, dead cause,
  Who bloomed in other days,
You strove not for a world's applause,
  Nor sought a nation's praise;
But, oh, you swayed the mind of men,
  The heart, the soul with burning words
That strengthened as the strength of ten,
  And nerved a million swords.

Oh ye, our sires, who rode to fight
  With Hampton and with Lee,
Ye that through darkness into light
  Wrought immortality!
Shall we then raise against the sky,
  Empedestaled, our heroes proud,
And round who gave the heart to die
  Draw dark oblivion's shroud?

JACOBITE DRINKING SONG.

"Fill up a last goblet, then fill up again,
To the Prince, and the Lords who surround him,
To the speed of the years when our Charlie shall reign,
To the health of the hearts who have crowned him.
To the lads of the North, and their pibrochs a-skirling,
To the clans of the mustering kilties,
To the breeze that shall blow out our banners' unfurling,
To the hand that doth dwell where the hilt is.

"Come death and dishonour, come woe or come weal,
Thou our swords may not save from the slaughter,
Drink deep, my braw laddies, to one who is leal
And who drinks to us over the water;
Then where is the coward who's fain to forsake him,
Where he who with death would hold parley?
Stout hearts, to the Prince, and the King that we'll make him,
And the kingdom that's waiting for Charlie!"

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Somewhere in violet vales no man can know,
Bright-armored angels guard the grave of one
New-buried, yet with isis-flowers o'ergrown;
And through the gray of gloaming, and the glow
Of noon, sad-visaged shadows wander slow.
And pilgrims from the radiant Ulalume
Beyond the peaks of purple to that tomb
Come silently to do thee homage, Poe!

Thy voice, across the tideless Sea of Sleep
Yet lingers, nor a more melodious strain
Sounds Israfeli's lute by heavenly streams
Than thine, evangelist, whose heart didst keep
Promethean yearnings, and thy godlike pain,
O mortal dreamer of immortal dreams!

[The above poem and the following poem, "The Poet's Passion", were printed in *The Carolinian* of February, '09, along with other articles by students and professors commemorating the 100th anniversary of Edgar Allan Poe.]

THE POET'S PASSION.

Thou dreamest of mystic lowlands
  Where silver rivers run—
Of dusks of golden glowlands
  West of the setting sun.

Thou hadst full oft in silence
  Glimpse of a lovely shore—
Visions of green, palm islands
  Where dwelt thy lost Lenore.

And sleep embosomed valleys,
  Where sleep all magic things
In an enchanted palace,
  Reigned o'er by fairy kings.

But when thy visions darkened,
  And thy restless heart grew chill,
What heart but would have harkened
  To whispered hints of ill?

Mad, and beyond all fearing,
  Forlorn, unloved, alone;
Thy tortured brain despairing
  Of e'en God on His throne.

Thou didst as thy soul said "do it",
  Nor more high angels can—
Thou wert not less a poet,
  Because thou wert a man.

AVATAR.

The eyes more deep than violets are,
The same lithe form and face are hers
To which in antique days I sigh'd a kiss,
    And made a lover's verse
Sunning her bosom in the Agora;
While 'yon Ilissos, skyward like a star
    Glitter'd Akropolis.

G.

TWO SPIRITS.

Beyond that star by Seraphs set
To guard the bounds of space,
Two hasting souls together met,
And halted, face to face.

"Greeting," cried one, "O Spirit Brother,
Thou splendor in garments bright,
Turn thou with me."
"Nay," said the other,
"My body sleeps this night."

"Our bodies sleep, and do we bide,
Here in this lonely spot?"
"Come, turn with me," the first replied,
"Come, turn, for death is not."

A murmur as of wings that break
'Gainst the dull bars of space,
Rose, as the second shadow spake
With cowl thrust from his face:—

"O Erring, know'st not the chill breath
That none durst breathe but me?
I may not turn, for I am Death,
And I am come for thee!"

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

A spray upon my garden-willow bends
And in the hush'd dusk so dumb but now
With anadems of sunset on its brow,
From the full solace-bowl the singer lends
My parched soul quaffs the mild wine-song that mends
Soul-sickness like a faery draught. Oh thou,
Slim minstrel, who, hidden 'neath the plumed bough,
An exile lorn, unfriended, yet befriends,
Sweet-hearted, let my spirit wing with thee
To some rose-regioned valley of thy haunts
Beyond Euphrates' silver seignory,
Where thou and I, still lilting in love's delight
Shall, unbeholden, watch the dewy dance
Of Maenads in a moon-enchanted night.

DESERTED.

. . . . This forenoon I awoke,
And cried unto my comrades, calling them
By name, but naught replied to me except
Palm-branches, fluttering in the fevered air,
And water trickling from the spring, beside
Which we had halted. The red sun beat down
On me, scarce wakened from my sleep; the hot
Dry breath of the simoon fanned me, and parched
My panting lips, and lo, the rill which I
Had vaguely heard, as in a dream, to murmur
Beneath the sparse clump of palm-trees was dry.
The caravan was gone; the camel tracks
Led out into the desert, an old burnous
Which Ali, the Shah's son, (a surly dog
Whom I hated and hate), had dropped, remained,—
A kneeling-carpet, by some one forgot,—
A handful of brown date seed, these were all.
Allah! What was my crime, that I must dwell
And die, forlorn, forgotten, in this *realm*
Of silence and of death? I that have made
Four times the pilgrimage to thy holy Mecca,
I that have seen behind the curtain, I
That even have kissed the Kaaba? Allah, just,
Merciful, may not even the Prophet speak
And intercede for me? I am afraid,
Afraid of day, by night afraid, while morn
Lifts and beholds me lying sleepless on
My hard, unyielding couch. The dumb, far stars
Do mock me, and the very sun and moon
Send both the same round orb, alternately
Dull crimson and clear-white. God! how I hunger
For the long space between the three twilights
That I am left alone, my lips have touched
No morsel, nor my throat, dust-stifled, drunk
Water, for still the spring is dry. I am
Become too weak to rise, and so I lie.
I had a comrade in the caravan,
A handsome boy, small-featured, dark, with eyes
Like wells of lucent amber, jet of hair,
And lips of the pomegranate. Him I trusted

As father trusts his son, his first-born babe.
I care but little that those I called friends
Have proved ungrateful, and forsaken me,
(Although I oft had held the sympathy
And love they proffered to be genuine
As mine was ever to them.) But oh, that *he*,
My more than brother whom I loved with stronger
Than the strong love with which man loves his mate,
The apple of my eye; core of my heart!
Ah God, should go, 'tis more than I can bear!
Night comes. I breathe its scented dust, and deem
Myself again at home, in my own garden;
The golden moon swings high; the mystic deep
Of the vast desert is all a-whisper with
The pregnant noises of the night. The sand
Doth lap and curl about me as I lie;
Conceals my arms, and eddies round my feet.
Grains sift into my ear; the simoon's dirge
Is hushed. Weary, I sink into my bed;
Before my tired brain, bright phantoms rise
Of banquets, crystal fountains, star-eyed houris,
And *his* voice, singing clear in Paradise!

IGNOTUS.

TENNYSON.

O silver-threated bard whose song did soar
Fresh, clear, full-volumed, bracing as the breeze
That to thy England sweeps from Norland seas,
Storming resurgent on the Saxon shore,
Like it to swell, sink, and be heard no more—
Thou sorcerer of song, what wizardry
Was thine, that made each word a melody,
Each syllable a strain, what Merlin-lore?

Star-brightening from the realm where thou hast gone
There breaks a light, pure, dazzling, yet serene,
Beyond celestial summits crowned with fire,
Where thou, with high Immortals that have been
Dost stand, and lift, irradiant, to the Dawn
The sweetest voice of all the heavenly choir!

TO PROFESSOR YATES SNOWDEN.

Long since some noble esquire bore thy lance
Behind thee, as thou spurrd'st through Aquitaine;
Five hundred men-at-arms rode in thy train,
Ten times five hundred owned allegiance,
Of all the courtly chivalry of France
Thou wast the first; later the white cockade
Shone on thy breast, and Capet's, as ye bade
Farewell, and went to death as to a dance.
They cannot say the old romance is ended
Who know and love thee, for they love who know;
Clear honor sways thy soul, and pipes of Pan
Thy heart, and Time, whose finger upon thy brow
Lingers so gently, in thyself has blended
All virtues of the Southern gentleman!

TO DR. EDWARD S. JOYNES.

The approval and the just proclaim of men
Are theirs that have deserved them. Worthier none
Of both than thee, whose luminous walk and way
Have lighted myriad feet to the far goal
For fifty fructuous years. How vain our words
To tell a tithe of all a high man's deeds!
The fickle plaudits of the various crowd;
That satrap of the hour we call renown;
Some froth of popular speech, the incense-savor
Of glory on the altars of the mob—
Cheap garlands, hasty bays, what these to him
Whose brow for aye a fresher laurel wears,
Whose life is ordered, and whose days are ripe
With service that was all self-sacrifice?

The showered largesse of a people's love,
Nor lightly to be won, nor lightly given,
Our reverence, homage, honor, gratitude,
Our hearts' rich measure of its plenteousness—
Such is our tribute—take it, and forgive
The tardy flower of love that blossoms here.

TO CHARLES W. BAIN.

Ah, thou art one of us, yet all above us,
For thou hast glimpsed, not once, the choral Muses,
And dryads romping in the wet first woodlands,
And Sappho, lilting on the Lesbian island,
Alcaeus, too, in whose melodious metre
Shine all the splendors of Hellenic dawnings.
Dark thro' the lattice of thy study-windows
What are the shadowy forms that pass at midnight
About thee, drowsing o'er thy midnight labors?
Whose are the lips that whisper low to greet thee,
Simonides, of accents like sweet music,
Or on thy cheek the warm breath of Catullus,
Or Flaccus, holding high,—ah, dare I say it,
A ghostly flagon of his mellow Massic?

CALYDON.

Here dim dream-vistas thronged with phantom shapes
  Show distant garden-gates of Proserpine,
And satyrs, stained with juice of purple grapes,
  That burst, sun-ripened, on the purple vine;
Here forests where red Autumn weaves and drapes
  A pagan pageantry of shade and shine,
And crimson paths where some fleet nymph escapes
  A troop of stumbling suitors dull with wine,—
Who follow with shrill halloos her flying feet,
  Dew-bright in bright-stemmed meadows, and on lawns
Made mellow by the myriad-murmur of bees
  To where, in his cool-shadowed river-seat,
Pan from his lute draws drowsy melodies
  For feast of dryads, and for chase of fauns.

MILLENNIUM.

"Behold, a miracle!" the prophet cries:
  "At last Messiah deigns on earth to dwell!"
The millions raise to heaven hope-quickened eyes—
  Only the stars, sad and inscrutable.

G.

VALE, AMICE!

To J. H. B.

Take these poor lines, my friend—I have naught else
But love to give thee—that thou hast already.
I gave it freely in a bygone hour
When thy large heart revealed itself in words,
When thy strong hand-clasp fixed my purpose strong,
And in thy eyes I read a sympathy
Deep-welling, kindly, sweet, soul-loyal, true,
And knew that from a shattered friendship's wreck
Stood forth a truer friend! And now, my friend,
That we must part, 'twere vain to waste regrets,
And yield to tears that strive to flow afresh;
Thou art to do great deeds. They wait for thee.
Sometime, perhaps, in other days to be—
Glad, golden days of earth, or softer warmth
Of that charmed realm hidden in the poet's heart,
Which we two share, beyond the dreams of men,
Our paths will meet, and mingle once again.
I do not pray that circumstance will strew
Thy way with roses, for thou wast not born
To bask in blissful ease; thine is a mould
That doth grow greater from adversity,
From sorrow sterner, struggleth, overcomes!
Farewell! May God be good to thee and thine!
Farewell! Remember us as we do thee.
A last farewell! May the bright glow that guides
Thee to thy home, still linger when I wake
In that gray dawn which robs me of a friend!

THE SORCERESS.

The wizardry of silver-sanded beaches,
  The sobbing of the surf among the shells,
The Inner-Creed that none but Nature teaches—
  Wet woods, and haunted hills, and sunset dells;
A golden glory in the sky, the bells
  Of eve, a requiem for the dying day;
These are her only sorceries, these the spells
  That thrall the mind, and steal the heart away.

"ROGONELL."

THE ROSE.

A king reigned in an Eastern land
With all a king's magnificence;
His dwelling was a palace grand,
Where riches from many a foreign strand
    Vied each in opulence,
And fair lawn-gardens, deep and wide,
With flowers from far-off climes aglow,
And oft at eve with pensive stride
Walked there the haughty prince and sighed,
    "Ah me, why is it so
That while my worldly goods increase
With every summer's golden toll,
I pine 'mid all this languorous ease,
On every hand is naught but peace,
    But none within my soul!"

Not far dwelt in a cottage bare
An humble poet, poor in all
The world holds wealth, for simple fare
And bed were his, with one to share,
    And by the cottage wall
A little plot where one rose grew,
A sultry rose of attar-musk—
A single flower whose petals blew
Frail fragrance all the long day through,
    And night, from dusk to dusk.
"Ah me", one day the poet said,
"Why is it God to me hath sent
Who hardly earns my daily bread
Such sweet soul-solace, free from dread,
    Such full cup of content?"
He found no answer—no one knows,
And least the single rose apart,
But still from dawn 'till evening's close
It wafts in waking and repose
    Peace to the poet's heart.

A MINOR POET TO HIMSELF—A REPLY.

What profits else, when God has put a flame
In this poor breast that kins me with the sky,
It doth not shine so far, nor mount so high,
Nor so intensely burn, nor bear such name
As those enskied with mankind's proud acclaim?
This is an unbought gift that none can buy
With treasuries—since thou gav'st it. Lord, shall I
Complain that thou hast not vouchsafed me fame?
Yet tho' they glow no brighter, these mild gleams
Suffice: take, merchant, thy world-wealth. Be mine
The unfettered soul that soars above a king's,
As high as that blind bard's, who in rapt dreams
Saw seraph-trodden uplands, splendors shine,
And God's own glory gild archangel's wings.

TO DON QUIXOTE.

Rest in thy grave, thou heart of gold;
Thine arm is dust, thy lips are cold;
But deeds like thine ne'er can grow old,
Quixote!

O gallant Spanish knight, though thou art dead,
Thy memory lingers still in minds of men
Who love the truth, and loving, dare defend.
Would thou wert living in this sordid age,
Which money-lust and greed for gold doth stain;
Where, like some foul and ever loathsome snake,
Grim Murder rears on high his ghastly head,
And staring Death, with face of hideous mein,
Stalks through the streets. No more would then
Starved children cry for bread and weeping wives
Bewail their lot and curse Oppression's might.
Then wouldst thou mount thy faithful steed again,
And set thy lance in rest, O gallant knight.
As o'er La Mancha's smiling fields thou spurr'dst
Against the tyrants of thy little world,
So, with closed visor and thy sheltering shield,
With flaming sword and spear hewn from the oak,
Wouldst thou assail the hosts of soulless greed.

THE ABBOT AND MAID MARIAN.

The Abbot of Malmsey pass'd that way,
His scrip was full, and his heart was gay
As he humm'd, "Dirige nos Domine."

His cassock-cord press'd a paunch rotund:
His cheeks they were rounded and rubicund
As an apple the summer noons have sunn'd

For the Abbot of Malmsey, be it said,
Was none of your snivelling, sad, ill-fed,
But from bulge of his calves to crown of his head,
A churchman nobly proportionéd.

Right merrily he quaff'd as he rode along
Of the skin that hung by his leathern thong,
While jingled the bells of his mule, "ding, dong."

A slim maid there all in lincoln drest;
(The shade was pleasant, the way was west)
The Abbot halted. (You know the rest.)

The Abbot wink'd with a roguish leer,
(The maid was young, and the maid was fair);
"Prithee why lonely bidest thou here
With all the tall green trees and the tall dun deer?"

"I wait for my lover, sir," she said,
"But the day grows old, and the sun is sped."
"A lover? Why, sure, and I'll serve instead,"

Quoth the Abbot, as he plump'd down by her.
The sunset warn'd, and a spear of fire
Illumined a far cathedral spire

But the Abbot nor heeded; his monstrous girth
All quivered with cataclysmic mirth
As a mountain when laughter grips the earth.

For a man's a man or in gown or doublet,
And the starv'd steed flies to the corn to nubble it,
And the parch'd mouth draws to the brimming goblet.

So they sat, and she told him tales anon
(She had heard), as the tales of the wood-folk run
Of the stout Friar, Robin, and Little John.

(Now the Abbot grew bold, for his blood was high
As the wine-skin shrunk), and boastingly
Averr'd they'd rue it whom he should spy
Their yew-bows twanging in venery.

She lured him long with a song and a jest,
Lips that forbade him ere they acquiesced;
Thrice rose he, thrice lingered, (you'd never have guess'd
The way was long and the way was west).

Then he lay quite still by his breviary,
And never another word spake he—
(Alack, for potent Malvoisie),
The Abbot of Malmsey was drunk, you see.

A loud snore dron'd on the evening cool,
"St. Swithin keep the fuddled fool,"
Maid Marian laugh'd, while the milk-white mule

Sedately jogg'd through the fronded glades,
As though it were one of its usual trades
To bear such winsome, witching maids
Back to their jerkin'd camarades.

The Abbot's wallet was fat they say
Who the story tell—be it as it may,
The poor-purs'd yoemen bless'd the day
That the Abbot of Malmsey pass'd that way.

R. G.

THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.

I.

Somewhere in magic mystery,
  Beyond the hills,
  Are diamond dells,
    Asleep;
Encircled by a silver sea,
Whose wavelets croon melodiously,
  With intonation deep.

II.

By day a mellow radiance spreads,
  And rosy drifts
  The woods and cliffs
    Empearl.
A monstrous moon illumes the night,
And sheds a tide of purple light
    Full on the drowsy world.

III.

And o'er the daisy-dappled downs
  And glimmering dells
  A chorus swells
    And dies.
And in the sheeny, scented air
The sound of voices hymning clear
    Enraptured harmonies.

IV.

Behold! there trips an elfin troop,
  And fairies come
  From out the gloom
    To dance
Gay measures 'round their sovereign's throne,
While sprites assemble one by one
    Along the green expanse.

V.

Now here, now yon, they dart and run;
They slip and slide,
They glint and glide
Through isles
With ropes of roses garlanded,
Through verdant vale and starry mead,
Bright with Titania's smiles.

VI.

A pallor deepens in the East,
A scarlet splash,
A sunlit flash
Across the lawn.
The aegis of the burnished day,
The sun, resumes its wonted sway—
And lo—the elves are gone!

RESURGIT!

A year ago this day—ah, is it a year
That's fled and flown with what he once held dear?
And did he think his heart could ne'er forget
Its bruise, nor his soul cease to yearn and fret
For what had been? "'Twas more than he could bear."

What heart that faces memory without fear,
What hand, knowing at last a clasp sincere,
Soul freed from shallow bondage could regret
A year ago?

And if, perchance, he drops a foolish tear,
Joy in the empty triumph that is there.
The wound still bleeds—what balm's for it?—but yet
Meseemeth, Time, one owes thee no mean debt,
Unmasker, that things are not as they were
A year ago.

QUATRAINS.

I.

Red and Gold.

Two burnished jaguars, weary of wandering,
Yawn on the river-sands luxuriously,
And watch a condor on prodigious wing
Slide cumbrously adown the painted sky.

II.

The Plagiarist.

Laboriously, brow-beaded, and alone,
He chips and chisels facets on a gem
A rough-hewn poet gave his diadem,
And hawks it in the markets as his own.

III.

To a Young Poet.

Shirk not the task; inure thyself to wait
Unlaurelled years for Art's maturer sake;
Some least expected day perchance thou'lt wake
To find thy plain name household, and grown great.

IV.

To an Infidel.

How shall it be with thee, who ventureth
To stubborn reason against the true avouch
Of God to man, when by thy hopeless couch
A shadow stands with sullen eyes of death!

V.

Birth-Bond.

Stern virtues thrive best in stern latitudes,
And frozen parallels that summer shuns;
Rather I love the Southland's myriad moods,
And tempest passions of her tiger sons.

LOVE'S RETURN.

Since when in days agone we met,
  My life is dark and drear;
The sullen clouds are sable shrouds;
  No ray of light comes near.

But, like twin suns, thine eyes dispel
  The murky fog of woe;
And on my heart, pierced by the dart
  Of Love, they softly glow.

Thy lips—Ah sweet, what tongue can tell
  Their wondrous healing power?
Like bubbling streams where moonlight gleams,
  Or some rose-scented bower.

Thy magic voice enthralls me still,
  As in the days of yore;
Then by thy side I'll e'er abide,
  I thank thee, Love, once more! R. G.

SALUT!

Here is our life, compact and bound as well,
And deftly season'd with a college yell;
Here gloom the brows of they who wore the bays.
Here part the lips that shap'd the purple phrase,
Here heroes that in manlier sports excel.

O ye that ring'd with dusty traffic dwell,
Ne'er pluck'd a rose, or dared the citadel
Of maiden's glance, whirl'd in melodious maze,
  Here is our life.

Be not impatient, bachelor and belle!
Beyond this labor'd strain lies all the spell
Romantic of the old acquainted days—
A fair pleasaunce, whose glad and golden ways
These thirteen limping lines but sentinel.
  Here, is our life! R. G.

TO FOOTBALL.

A SONNET.

Two weary years they chained thee in a cell
In garb becoming not thy high degree;
Far under, where the shout of victory
Seemed as an echo of thine own death-knell.
No more were heard the songs that used to swell
From half five hundred throats so bold and free,
No more arose in glad jubilancy
The crash of nine swift "rahs," the ringing yell.

Now clothed in garments to thy state more meet,
Acclaimed by myriad devotees, art thou
In royal power and pomp 'sconced on thy throne,
With sage and senior sitting at thy feet;
And blushing maids their wreaths before thee strow—
For thou art come, O Football, to thine own!

—G.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere there lies a garden east of Eden,
Faint with the fragrance of Eve's prisoned breath;
Somewhere in balmier climes love-lutes are trilling,
Somewhere one to her lover murmureth;
Somewhere thro' all the bounty of the bud-break,
Each golden-winged throstle seeks its mate,
The young glad spring brims bright with rout of roses,
Here sleeping spring dreams inarticulate.
Somewhere above the dim shrines of the Christ-child,
God's visage shines upon his worshippers,
Somewhere the night thrills deep with voice of angels,
Somewhere the day is sweet, not blind with tears;
Somewhere—ah, lonely heart that sobs in silence,
Up, up and soar! Yearn not the star that's gone,
Somewhere a rainbow beckons to a sunbeam,
Somewhere beyond the shadows breaks the dawn.

MNEMOSYNE.

Companioned from the ivory halls of morn
With unimaginable melody,
She stoops, and squanders on the lips of me
Her tresses yellow as the tranquil corn
That gleams through eager solstices unshorn.
Linked with her lucid arms an urn I see,
Where wicked rubies wink malignantly
'Mid wistful roses that a queen has worn,
Gules-shadowed like the scarlet heart of guilt.
I read the sad assent within her eyes,
Ah me! These petals keep my life-blood, spilt
What time beneath hell-litten Assyrian skies
I heard the Persians howl, "Bel-Marduk dies,"
And felt their savage daggers to the hilt!

LEO CARTHAGINIS.

Lion of Carthage! Who with imperious eye,
Pausing a moment on the world's white dome
Hadst sight, self-conjured of thy faithless home,
And thy star brightening to its destiny,
Glimpsed, too, the triremes of all Italy,
Rich captives, cleaving the Sicilian foam,
And thee, soon clamouring at the gates of Rome,
While wild Maharbal's horsemen thundered by!
Ruler of the hearts of men, and of one birth
With they that kept Christ ere Christ came to earth,
Though in an unknown tomb thou liest and though
The lays of higher poets know thee not,
The roster of Time's noblest names can show
Few loftier lives, no purer patriot!

R. G.

BEL. LAUGHS.

"Come to my feast," the King had said,
"Come to my feast," and thus they came,
The city, when the day was dead.

The priest, leaving his altar-flame,
The harlot and the harlequin,
The satrap, splendid in his shame.

Thro' the great gates they enter'd in,
Bold Vice that sway'd in violet,
And Lust and silken-crimson'd Sin.

The viols mocked them as they met,
Pauper and Prince in golden guise;
The moon was ris'n, the feast was set.

And I saw your low-lidded eyes
Turn on me their still splendors, won
From planet-lamps of Paradise.

The feast was set, the torches shone
Upon the feasters and the feast—
Dead revellers in dead Babylon.

We know not that the gods did jest
With us who once too oft had err'd;
I sought the beauty of your breast,

Your lips, your tresses slowly stirred,
Your eyes averted gave invite,
My arms joined 'round you. So we heard

The cry of one in sudden fright
Far off. And then a bugle scream'd
Horribly thro' the unheeding night.

R. G.

THE SURF.

Sing on, ye minstrels of the deep,
As straight ye seek the haven shore!
Sing on, while in fantastic sleep
I sink, and hear tales of the mere
  Told still from time of yore.

Sing Neptune's court, where mermen cloy
With revels mad, pitched high above
Man's highest strain of earthly joy.
Sing, mermaids fair with silvern hair—
  Sing low and sweet their love.

Roar, ye harbingers of the storm!
Roar! and let hollow shores resound
The warning. By the hearthstone warm
A sad wife weeps and terror creeps
  With stealthy pace around.

Mourn, waves, once more the voiceless wreck;
And in that weird, wild undertone
Wail rotten shrouds and silent deck—
Three bleached bones lie 'mong the stones—
  Slow waves! Low waves! So, moan—

Ye know the mood of rising sun,
Of moonlight on your rippling crests,
Of shadow-clouds that races run
Unto the main, of silent rain,
Of bluest dome and ships come home,
Of everything your boundries ring—
So sing, ye Master Lyrists, sing!
As from the wondrous deep ye bring
  Your ever-rich bequests.

—B.

MAY SONG.

Out in the meadow the thrushes are singing
  On the limb where the bobolink's building his nest;
Out in the meadow the copses are ringing—
  There the vain cardinal's preening his crest.

Out in the meadow the sunshine's a streaming,
  Splintering shafts at the heart of the noon;
Out in the meadow through gloaming are gleaming
  Silver-spun fairies that melt in the moon.

Out in the meadow tall lilies are swinging;
  Tulips in raiment incarnadine dressed;
Orchids and poppies and flame-roses clinging—
  Islands of riot by zephyrs caressed.

Out in the meadow May breezes are voicing
  Words thy lips uttered so close to my own,
When free in the fullness of passion rejoicing
  I crowned thee my queen on a daffodil throne.

Out in the meadow swift memories are thronging—
  Out in the meadow that dreams by the sea;
But, oh, in my heart there's only one longing,
  For thine eyes, for thy lips, for thy love, and for—thee!

—R.

MORNING.

[*From the French of Theodore de Banville.*]

Come! On thy black locks throw a hat of straw.
The flushing morn turns all the peaks to gold,
While yet the world awaits the clamorous hour
That soon will clang its warning note. Behold
The chaliced lilies by yon sloping bank,
As nodding low, they kiss the rippling stream,
While dimpling dawn slow murmurs o'er the fields
And gilds them with its red, alchemic gleam.
And while thou smilest on the joyous scene,
The fragrant breezes waft with balmy breath
The scent of peach and snowy apple-buds,
And smell of new-mown hay upon the heath. R. G.

AVALON.

Upon a high-raised hill in Avalon,
Four dragon sentinels with burnished scales
Keep ward and watch, and whether the sleets and hails
Of winter beat their caves, or in May magic the lawn.
Like a dull emerald smitten with the dawn,
Up brightens, guard and gleam; and still the Grail's
Enchaliced splendors shake over those sweet dales,
Where, 'neath a thick-leaved canopy unwithdrawn
Since the old days of Vivien's sorcery,
Sleeps Merlin in a nest of nightingales—
Thus one clear moment—then the vision fails,
As his, who lone on a wreck-littered lea
Has mocking glimpse of star-mist on the sails,
Of some great ship that lies far out to sea.

THE SONG OF THE CAVALIER

Oh, here's to the flagon of good red wine
That's a balm for every sorrow,
And here's to the pasty of venison fine,
And here's a laugh for the morrow!

With my trusty sword of steel so bright,
I care not what comes or befalls me;
I bear it aloft in the midst of the fight,
And Death's countenance never appalls me.

So here's to the kiss of a winsome lass,
Like the wind in summer sighing,
And here's to the King, the Church and her Mass,
And here's to true love, undying!

SERENADE.

Beam, star, o'er hill-top heightening,
Wreathe, rose, my love's high shrine,
Gleam, star, love's sorrows lightening,
Breathe, rose, and tell her mine;
Star-light is changed to love-light,
Like stars thine eyes incline,
Ah, love, be this their love-night,
Beam star, gleam star, bright eyes in mine!

R. G.

GRANT ME A SONG.

I ask not a destiny glorious,
I wish for no wealth, nor the worth
Of captains who march on victorious
To uttermost ends of the earth;
Keep these for the leaders of legions—
For thrones where men suppliant kneel,
Or they who untamable regions
Have broken with steel.

But give me the strain to awaken
Some hearts in the dim distant years—
Of music no mortal has taken,
A fabric of flame and of tears—
No dirge of far doom and disaster,
But hopeful and higher and strong;
O guerdon and grant me, my Master,
Apollo, a song!

A CREED.

What things are there that make the world worth while?
A cheery word, a smile.
A song to quicken some discouraged soul;
A hand to lift and guide toward the goal
Another mile.
The understanding that a brother might
Fall stricken in the fight,
While we untempted hold our heedless way;
Ah! that one word, that hand, could turn today
His gathering night.

What certitude have we save hopes profess?
What beacons dispossess
With steadier gleams Faith's rushlight in the gloom?
Oh, friends, in this blind clay there is no room
For bitterness.

Just kindness goes farther than a goad.
The idlest seeds you sowed
Will glad your passing with their grateful flowers,
When you behold, freed from Death's iron hours,
The traveled road!

PARAGRAPHS

There is some doubt among leading Republicans as to whether Colonel Roosevelt is an asset or a liability.

* * *

Buckwheat is higher. In other words, batter up.

* * *

"What is the name of Tom Watson's magazine?—Priscilla." Dear young lady, it is the Mutt and Jeffersonian.

* * *

Senator Root says that Mr. Taft is "on the knees of the gods." The knees have our profound sympathy.

* * *

A man's head is easily turned by three things: wealth, flattery and a pretty girl boarding a trolley car.

* * *

The dowager President will be remembered as the indefatigable peacemaker between Russia and Japan.

* * *

A Dublin mob tried to throw some suffragettes into the water, but our dispatches do not say whether it was the Donnybrook.

* * *

George Perkins says the bull moose party will be amply financed. Sure. Isn't he the dough moose?

* * *

We shall always harbor a grudge against old Noah for saving the two flies, two mosquitoes and two chiggers.

* * *

A Hoosier judge rules that a woman has a right to keep her husband's wages in her stocking. Oh, no doubt, if she wants to be that low.

* * *

An American college athlete has broken the pole-vault record. Let Dr. Cook look to his laurels.

* * *

Some day Civilization may recognize the fact that it can not serve King Law and King Mob.

* * *

A common miss demeanor—scorn.

* * *

We hear nothing of Samson in the Roosevelt ranks, but his well-known weapon is in daily evidence.

Trusts are divided into bad trusts and TRusts.

* * *

Charleston is South Carolina's port, but Columbia is her champagne.

* * *

The great strike of the future will occur when the Arctic Circle strikes for a four-month day.

* * *

Ulster seems to be the English ulcer.

* * *

Every time we read "African Game Trails" we are conscious of a gnawing regret that those carnivora didn't live up to their name.

* * *

Lillian Russell married some Moore yesterday.

* * *

Night swallows won't make early birds.

* * *

Theodore Roosevelt is the American leaning tower of Pisa.

* * *

Many are called, but few lay down better than two pair.

* * *

"Theodore" means "Gift of God." Absolutely no comment.

* * *

It's a wise trust that knows its own par.

* * *

Colonel Roosevelt is doubtless correct in saying his policies come from Lincoln. We believe that The Commoner is still published there.

* * *

They say that Roald Amundsen is uneducated. Well, we had rather have his 90 degrees than 900 university degrees.

* * *

A Brooklyn man has been pronounced insane because he never heard of Roosevelt. We pronounce him merely lucky.

* * *

Fortunately for the Martians, Colonel Roosevelt doesn't live there. Otherwise he would have taken several canal zones.

No man can be as wise as he looks, nor any woman look as wise as she is.

* * *

Visitors to New York will be pleased to learn that the collection of Roman coins recently sold there did not include the Latin quarter.

* * *

It appears that the Gulf Stream has changed is course. With the sanction of Colonel Roosevelt, we trust.

* * *

New York pastor says there are no female angels. Too bad. We were really looking forward to a cozy chat with Cleopatra and Helen of Troy.

* * *

Bet we knew which key in the Colonel's typewriter needs repairing most.

* * *

The favorite stone for April is the diamond.

* * *

A minister says that "hell is populated by politicians." Evidently Satan's life is not all beer and skittles.

* * *

"And we shall keep Anna nigh us," chuckled the Colonel, on learning that Dr. Anna Shaw had declared for him.

* * *

"Hosiery low, petticoats fluttering," says a woman's wear journal. Now that's our idea of a breezy paragraph.

* * *

Perhaps Charlie Fairbanks would be more of a star if he were a little meteor.

* * *

To thine own pelf be true.

* * *

Another European nobleman weds an American heiress. The May flower is evidently the marigold.

* * *

A true friend will let you divide your last dollar with him.

* * *

In this day of high prices, Colonel Goethals is one of the very, very few people able to make both ends meet.

* * *

An ounce of precaution may not be worth a pound of cure, but it will undoubtedly prevent a peck of trouble.

* * *

There is every reason to suppose that Mr. Taft, like Reno, favors the recall of the ring.

With due deference to Mona Lisa's famous smile we must say that it looks to us like the acid cachinnation of a woman throwing off on her neighbor's automobile.

* * *

A New Yorker minister is of opinion that New York is as bad as Sodom. Those Northerners do think a Lot of their home towns.

* * *

The suffragette movement has at least improved woman's marksmanship.

* * *

Only clear anachronism restrains the assertion that Sir Philip Sidney, who so willingly gave his cup of water to the dying soldier, was a Kentuckian.

* * *

Everybody in Mexico is either a Son or a Daughter of some Revolution or other.

* * *

Senator La Follette's political wardrobe consists mostly of Mr. Bryan's cast-off clothes.

* * *

Died, at Oyster Bay, aged 7 years: Will Knott Run. TRequiescat in pace.

* * *

"Beauty Secrets by Lillian Russell." Trust a woman to tell 'em.

* * *

Mother-wit is such a fine thing that we are continually reminded that a majority of after-dinner speakers were intellectually orphaned at birth.

* * *

French scientist is sure that he has invented a process that will prolong life indefinitely, but the chorus-girls have always been in possession of that secret.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt declares he is "up to his ears" in work, but evidently when the work reached the level of his lips it divided and left an air-hole.

* * *

Marry in haste and repent at Reno.

* * *

We know now why they call him "the unspeakable Turk." His wives don't give him a chance.

* * *

Blood tells. In England red blood is telling blue blood to sit in the corner and be good.

The principle of the recall of marriage-certificates was first enunciated in Reno.

* * *

Scratch the politician, and you often find the demagogue.

* * *

We are for Roosevelt still, or as much as possible.

* * *

Nowadays in California a miss is as good as a mile or anything else.

* * *

Let the fact be noted that there are no laymen among the chickens.

* * *

But almost anybody would rather be wrong than Vice-President.

* * *

The Colonel is slightly unwell. Probably a recurrence of that old I trouble.

* * *

"Turks Retreat Into Sahara."—Headline. Getting their deserts at last.

* * *

When one considers the tenacity with which the Federal pensioners cling to life, the wonder is that Confederate bullets had effect on those who did not survive the war.

* * *

O Ananias, what clubs are organized in thy name!

* * *

A European suffragist asserts that women are laws unto themselves. A majority of them are in addition laws unto their husbands.

* * *

Time will tell, even if Theo. doesn't.

* * *

The people who want to support Col. Roosevelt don't know whether to consider his attitude that of Barkis or Balaam.

* * *

The rain falls on the just and the unjust alike, but the unjust probably have a majority of the umbrellas.

* * *

Will he be found TRue or a .TRaitor?

* * *

Some time since anything has been heard of the American pole-weevil, Dr. Cook.

* * *

"After announcing that he had not come prepared to speak, Mr. Roosevelt said——." (Four columns.)

Mistletoe looks like poison-ivy when the wrong spinster's under it.

* * *

Public office is a public trust, except when it is a private graft.

* * *

To her dying day Eve was convinced that she would have got away with that apple episode if Adam hadn't peached on her.

* * *

Probably the principal reason that so few people read the Congressional Record is that it advertises nothing except Congressmen.

* * *

One of these days Mary Garden will startle opera-goers by appearing in a part that calls for foliage on the limbs.

* * *

Kisses are legal tender under the mistletoe.

* * *

The Bank of Good Will honors all overdrafts.

* * *

A bird on the hat is worth two in the milliner's.

* * *

The staff baseball fanatic offers the following as a partial list of the world's greatest men: Sisera, who was nailed at home; E. Payson Weston, who always walks; Anthony Comstock, who never touches a drop; Sam Gompers, who calls 'em out on strikes; Henry VIII, who wasn't satisfied with a single; the Hardeeville mail-robber, who stole four sacks, and former Judge Taft, who is going back to the bench.

* * *

It is a true saying that there is some good in all men, but it takes a steam-shovel to get it out of some men, and the majority of us haven't time for the excavating.

* * *

Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow the Associated Press may begin to send out the names of the Russian generals.

* * *

Revised proverb, No. 1: When in Rome do the Romans ere they do you.

* * *

It is all right to have a biting wit, but don't exercise it at the expense of your friends.

A metropolitan minister avers that the Smart Set dames don't want children. Of course they don't; the little imps would be always stealing their cigarettes.

* * *

Any community can mend its ways with the split-log drag.

* * *

The receptive candidate is often a deceptive candidate also.

* * *

Dr. Anna Shaw says that some day women will fill men's shoes. Chicago women do it now.

* * *

A California patient fatally stabbed himself on the operating table. Probably was in a hurry.

* * *

Would it be proper to speak of the money the new Mikado distributed among the poor on his accession as reign-checks?

* * *

The female aviators just can't break themselves of the habit of promising to be down in five minutes.

* * *

And now we have the claim that tobacco was known to the ancients. This explains the pipes of Pan.

* * *

Some people auto that autnoto.

* * *

Speaking of the stage, what the public demands is the squeeze play.

* * *

People get sick in Kentucky, but not with water on the brain.

* * *

Late returns: Clubmen.

* * *

Coming down to brass tacks, excessive prudery is as bad as pruriency. There are the sculptured fig-leaves and the dash after the "h."

* * *

Now that a watch has been removed from a man's skull, the origin of the phrase, "Time out of mind," may have been discovered.

* * *

We suppose that in describing distances London suffragettes use the phrase, "A stone's throw."

* * *

"Taft Objects to Riders," headlines a Washington contemporary, reporting a bill. Especially rough ones.

Suing her husband, who is a bookkeeper, for divorce, a Kansas woman calls him a "snake." An adder, no doubt.

* * *

Headline in Chicago Tribune: "When Democrats Get Together." If they have any sense, the spectators get under the table.

* * *

Nearly everybody has his idea of the prettiest sight in the world, but to our mind there is nothing prettier than a couple of tots with arms around their white-haired grandmother.

* * *

The beef trust, we presume, stands at Armourgeddon.

* * *

Chicago news item: "As Beveridge rose, the delegates sang the 'Bottle Hymn of the Republic.'"

* * *

We call women the weaker sex until they become militant suffs and learn how to curve rocks.

* * *

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light the spots where the 'skeeters all nipped you last night?

* * *

Let's change the national motto to ME Pluribus Unum!

* * *

One of the recent threnodies on the Titanic contains this line: "There are no icebergs in heaven." T'other place, either.

* * *

Almost anybody would be rather be right than Vice-President.

* * *

Woodrow Wilson is less a Candidate than a Cause.

* * *

The night has a thousand eyes, and so has any one of T. R.'s speeches.

* * *

In the South, African game trails usually lead away from the hen roost.

* * *

Some folks are beginning to love the Colonel for the Democrats he has made.

* * *

Put on your hat, Mr. Debs. Mary Garden was pinched for less than that.

* * *

But Teddy has always favored the recall of precedents.

When you come down to it, fishing is pretty much of a hook worm occupation.

* * *

Mr. Gompers is one man who knows how to make capital out of labor.

* * *

T. R. is the only living ex-Vice-President who is not a dead one.

* * *

Meantime, amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, Chairman Norman Excelsior Mack stands out as the 24-carat, ne plus ultra, Great Democratic Optimist. If the Baltimore Convention nominated Jim Ham Lewis for President, Norman would be out around November the first with a little table proving that Jim Ham would be elected by at least eight million plurality. Norman E. is a first-class Democrat, all the same, and it is a matter of pride that the Champion Claimer of Creation is of our own political persuasion.

* * *

The Men and Religion Forward Movement is given a set-back every time Uncle Joe Cannon opens his mouth.

* * *

We now understand why Odysseus stuffed his ears with cotton. The Sirens were singing the Missouri houn' dawg song.

* * *

The Colonel's henchmen seem to think our globe would crack and split, the oceans in their beds would shrink, the sun would throw a fit if Roosevelt's not the President—that everything would end, and skies with red, raw lightnings rent some ghastly doom portend. But we can hear with honest mirth their dire predictions flame, for we know that the same old earth would roll on just the same.

* * *

We are surprised that prominent Italians are protesting against the erection of a statue to Dante in New York, considering the free advertising he gave that city in his book.

* * *

Washington was the father of his country, but it is generally understood that Colonel Roosevelt acted as family physician at the interesting event.

But for the fact of his having access to Mr. Bryan's political wardrobe, Colonel Roosevelt would have long ago been arrested by Anthony Comstock's minions.

* * *

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says that a certain statement of Woodrow Wilson's "is obviously catalectic." It rather impressed us as being dogmatic.

* * *

"Roosevelt," says his running mate, "is the greatest two-handed fighter this country ever saw." But according to our recollection, when Mr. Harriman last saw his two hands they were not clenched.

* * *

A Philadelphia pastor complains that too few people know the national hymn. Well, it's their own fault—his pictures have been in the papers enough.

* * *

"Ingalls' sonnet on opportunity is Colonel Roosevelt's favorite poem," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. As a matter of fact, Ingalls' poem is no more of a sonnet than it is a triplet or a rondeau; and what the New York Sun would do to the esteemed Colonel if he called it a sonnet would be much.

* * *

The great secret of Colonel Roosevelt's popularity is that he can use the first person singular ninety times in a speech and make the people believe it is the first person plural.

* * *

We might put up with Colonel Roosevelt as the second father of his country, but it is too much when he also wants to be his country's grandmother, favorite wife, mother-in-law, maiden aunt and co-respondent.

* * *

And still we gaze, and still the wonder grows that one small mouth can utter all he knows.

* * *

Man was made from the dust of the ground, but in some men the sand was omitted.

* * *

New York society woman who divorced three husbands is to marry again. We wish for her a safe and sane fourth.

Fools sit in where wise men fear to draw.

* * *

Chicago damsel of 50 weds a youth of 17. Another boycott.

* * *

If Adam could have foreseen suffragettes, he wouldn't have parted with that rib without a struggle.

* * *

What we like about the Ananias Club is its business-like administration. Not a single member is credited.

* * *

However, keynote speeches are unavailable in a deadlock.

* * *

It is considerably easier to be a Democrat than to define one.

* * *

It won't be a White House much longer if the Colonel's mud holds out.

* * *

Roosevelt out, trying to steal third.

* * *

The XVIth constitutional amendment: T. R.

* * *

Col. Watterson calls Col. Roosevelt "a hell-roaring horse." Is it possible that Col. W. dislikes Col. R.?

* * *

Hell hath no fury like a Tarheel tubbed.

* * *

And, as concerns March. Hon. Woodrow Wilson is for a safe and sane Fourth.

* * *

"There are two branches of the Republican party," says an exchange. But neither of them is an olive branch.

* * *

A T. R. speech in a nutshell: "Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are lying."

* * *

Many a good man, Colonel, has died trying to stretch a double into a three-sacker.

* * *

The trouble with campaign claims is that they can't be staked.

* * *

A Harvard professor says that Jezebel, of scriptural notoriety, was an excellent cook. She is doubtless warming over something this minute.

* * *

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but three or four often bring about a fall.

It must be annoying for Colonel Roosevelt to reflect that Adam was the first man.

* * *

However, when Germany is broke she can always hock der Kaiser.

* * *

Nightcaps are all right when they are dry-goods.

* * *

The average citizen long ago learned from friend wife and her maternal relative that the two-thirds rule goes.

* * *

A historical writer claims that Diogenes was thin-faced. Lantern-jawed no doubt.

* * *

Prayer of the paragraphers: "Give us this day our daily Ted."

* * *

We trust that Lillian Russell's fourth will prove safe and sane.

* * *

Love ME, love my moose.

* * *

Man proposes, Burns exposes.

* * *

Colonel Roosevelt declares that he got his policies from Lincoln. So he did—from Lincoln, Nebraska.

* * *

The Memphis Commercial Appeal persists in writing Pittsburgh without the "h." One might as well omit the "h" in Hades.

* * *

In Bristol, Virginia, a lawyer struck another a hard blow on the head with his fist, doubtless creating another legal knot.

* * *

A fashion authority says that tight skirts are a blessing in disguise. Most of us regard the disguise as perfect.

* * *

Cupid owns the biggest pressing club in the world.

* * *

The average suffragette thinks that if her hat-pin punctures a man's eye, the man ought to apologize.

* * *

T. R. has made a speech in a phonograph record. Double-faced, for a plugged nickel.

* * *

Sorrow is about the only thing that can be drowned without the presence of water.

Some people's idea of a square deal is a double deal.

* * *

"Lady Godiva" having been made into an opera, we take real pleasure in nominating Mary Garden for the title role.

* * *

An ace in the hand is worth two in the deck.

* * *

Governor Harmon's managers dub him "the original trust-buster." He seems to have busted Mr. Bryan's, all right.

* * *

Edison says that woman won't be the equal of man for 3,000 years. We regret that the process of revision downward will be so slow.

* * *

Senator Dixon and the Reverend Thomas of the name are said to be related and to have been born in North Carolina only a few stills apart.

* * *

Probably the two rarest things in this world are an Italian tenor who isn't conceited and a split infinitive in the New York Evening Post.

* * *

An heiress-hunting foreign nobleman, who tried to land in this country, will be sent home. This is first-rate deportment.

* * *

T. R.'s marriage to Miss Columbia in 1904 seems to have been morganatic.

* * *

The Old Dutch Cleanser was seven years in the White House and never "touched" anything dirty except the trusts.

* * *

Gertrude Atherton calls T. R. "a communicable disease." It isn't lockjaw, however.

* * *

As the protected interests see it, a thing of duty is a joy forever.

* * *

A Roosevelt speech is a large body of gas entirely surrounded by liars.

* * *

The British royal family has taken enthusiastically to golf, but it was always partial to afternoon tees.

* * *

"Know all men by these presents" is what brides do.

The human race is descended from Adam, but the suffragettes make us suspect that Jezebel was his second wife.

* * *

Man is going to revert to the gorilla type, says a London scientist. That certainly seems logical unless woman quits making a monkey out of him.

* * *

Speaking of everything advancing this year, even touchdowns now count 6 instead of 5.

* * *

If the meek shall inherit the earth, the Colonel will have to do somebody's chores.

* * *

A physician complains that married men drink too much liquor. Sure. What else are pop bottles for?

* * *

Colonel Roosevelt says he doesn't want to be king, but Perkins keeps on signing reign-checks just the same.

* * *

While boosting the prices of foodstuffs, the trusts have at least generously left food for thought where it was.

* * *

News from Nicaragua is to the effect that the rebel army may be forced to capitulate, the private having gone home.

* * *

The Italians have coins called lire. Maybe if the Colonel is elected he will incorporate them into our currency.

* * *

When Col. Roosevelt reads the New York papers he doubtless agrees with the poet that the World is too much with us.

* * *

Woodrow Wilson is one Southerner the Yankees made run.

* * *

Mary had a little lamb. But that was before the high cost of living.

* * *

"Roosevelt a Witness."—Headline. An "I" witness.

* * *

Probably an operatic singer is called a diva because she is always in the swim.

* * *

"Women's Hose One-Half Off."—Advertisement. Sh-h-h-h!

While Wilson and Marshall are the flower of Democracy neither claims to be an American Beauty.

• • •

Woodrow Wilson is not a lawyer, and possesses many other positive virtues.

• • •

George Washington never told a lie, but that is because he never ran against Roosevelt for anything.

• • •

The Bulgarian army is evidently on the eve of a battle. The dispatches say it has occupied Adam.

• • •

One muff cost the Giants $29,514. This should make leading furriers green with jealousy.

• • •

Kier Hardie says that from the earliest times men hid behind women's skirts. Well, it's a safe bet Adam didn't.

• • •

We are no stickler for realism, but we do wish when the moving-picture companies show the Fall of Babylon they wouldn't make the telegraph poles so conspicuous.

• • •

The suffragettes who are swearing to wear no gowns until they can vote, presumably do not expect to do their Christmas shopping in person.

• • •

A Mobile woman who loved her pipe has died at the age of 104. There's nothing to it; that horrible nicotine will get us some time.

• • •

"Married At Sea," goes a headline. Another bell buoy.

• • •

Somehow, there is never short measure about a peck of trouble.

• • •

If the Colonel were not a bull moose one suspects that he would be a mud horse.

• • •

Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow the press association may give out the names of the Bulgarian generals.

• • •

A man can't habitually paint the town red without getting some of it on his nose.

Sir Tom Lipton seems to have the advertising art down to a T.

• • •

Our information is that the recent parade of the Holy Name societies in Pittsburgh, was not graced by the presence of the Hon. Joseph Guerney Cannon.

• • •

When a rich girl gets married they call it "nuptials."

• • •

When aviators fall out, honest sextons come into their own.

• • •

Blessed are the candidates, for they shall inherit the headlines.

• • •

Every Columbia girl would be a daisy if she weren't a columbine.

• • •

A man will always have plenty of friends as long as he's not short.

• • •

At any rate, Mr. Taft will have left a huge footprint on the sands of time.

• • •

Some men are born liars; some achieve liarhood; and some attempt to quote Colonel Roosevelt.

• • •

Perhaps a battleship is called "she" because it takes a couple of years to get ready.

• • •

If the Garden of Eden is at the North Pole, as Dr. Cook declares, we rise to nominate T. Roosevelt for the position of Adam.

• • •

Some of the Colonel's Western speeches occupied two hours in passing a given point.

• • •

Amazing headline in a Washington contemporary: "Theodore R. Taft Arrested for Speeding."

• • •

T. R. says the trust magnates ought to have their heads shaved. Now, don't be thunderstruck; we mean T. R. Marshall.

• • •

"Mary Garden in Huff."—Headline. Thank heaven for that much!

• • •

He stands at Armageddon and he sends the trusts to smash by the very simple method of expending all their cash.

The political menagerie: The G. O. P.—the Elephant; Tammany—the Tiger; Democracy—the Donkey; T. R. —the Bull Moose; the Consumer—the Goat.

* * *

A Woman Never Cancels Her Speaking Dates.

* * *

The Psalmist said in his haste that all men are liars. No wonder T. R. thinks it impossible to improve on the Bible.

* * *

A Hearst editorial on Wilson's "Sober Democracy" rather inconsistently winds up with "Wilson sits tight."

* * *

Chicago heiresses may not stand at Armageddon, but they certainly battle for a Lord.

* * *

The worst to be said of the Sultan is that he is a harem-scarum sort of fellow.

* * *

Eugenics is all very well, but the best guarantee for happy marriages is more Cupid and less cupidity.

* * *

Nicaragua's treasury is said to be empty. Then why expect her to settle down if she can't settle up?

* * *

The spirit of '76 yet survives. A Kentuckian claims to have kept a bottle of whiskey for 36 years.

* * *

The Prohibition candidate for President denounces prize fights. Probably hates to see the claret flow.

* * *

Somewhere beyond the shadows breaks the dawn.

* * *

As we understand it, the only trust T. R. ever smashed was Mr. Taft's.

* * *

Colonel Roosevelt reiterates that a Progressive is "a man who works with his face toward the light." And with the limelight toward his face.

* * *

The most fearsome individual on earth is the man behind the dun.

* * *

In other words, Dr. Eliot lays away the Colonel on his five-foot shelf.

And we suppose that it is proper to refer to the Roosevelt naps as bulldozes.

* * *

A college professor advances the surmise that the Pharaohs had the hookworm. Well, the Red Sea certainly cured one case.

* * *

The elephant and the donkey seem to be trying to make the bull moose the goat.

* * *

Some criminal lawyers are literally that.

* * *

Beware of the politician who attempts to make capital out of labor.

* * *

We shrewdly suspect that what Woodrow Wilson meant by "men of the meaner sort" was umpires.

* * *

"Roosevelt To Be Heard," headlines in a Philadelphia exchange. This is indeed a year of innovation and precedent smashing.

* * *

Ill fares the land by hastening ills accursed, where mint accumulates and there's no thirst.

* * *

The call of the bull moose is more frequent in Maine than his recall in California.

* * *

Revolution in Nicaragua is led by General Mena, and in this country by Colonel Me.

* * *

Many a June bride has discovered by this time that her spouse's halo was rubbed up for the occasion.

* * *

We suppose that "We Don't Go Home Until Morning," may be termed the Bottle Hymn of the Republic.

* * *

They do say that at the first mention of ratification in the Senate, the women spectators hoisted their skirts and surged out.

* * *

It is simply impossible to comprehend the turmoil into which this country would be plunged if Theodore Roosevelt had been born triplets.

* * *

T. R. is tranquility's army worm.

Mexico's principal product would appear to be chili con carnage.

* * *

One breath of scandal makes the whole world chin.

* * *

Now that the baseball season is nearly over, the bull moose becomes the national game.

* * *

After a man is engaged his vocation becomes a calling.

* * *

There may be a telephone trust, but it is not in the operator.

* * *

"Cigars are now all the rage among Chicago suffragettes," remarks an exchange. Woman's puffrage, so to speak.

* * *

And Boise, Idaho, hastens to explain that its name was not derived from any Senator now in the public eye.

* * *

Anyhow, it cannot be claimed that Senator Penrose was not true to his trust.

* * *

The katydid is the Hearst of the insect world.

* * *

One way to eliminate the costume expense at a masked ball is to go as Mary Garden.

* * *

We would give a dollar and eight cents for a glimpse of the stubs in Mr. Perkins' check book.

* * *

"If all the sea were ink," speculatively begins the Boston Transcript. Never mind; Oyster Bay is.

* * *

"Votes for women?" Many a sorry vagabond has been elected to office on account of his wife.

* * *

Of course the dollar in politics has no use for "the Scholar in Politics."

* * *

Love at first sight often leads into a blind alley.

* * *

By the way, the cotton belt never breaks.

* * *

These muddy roads bring out the unpleasant truth that some of our goddesses have clay feet.

The man who said, "United we stand, divided we fall," did not get his wisdom from contemplation of the "hobble" or the "harem."

* * *

"Spanish Pretender Again Active."—Headline. The bourbonic plague!

* * *

It is getting time for Bernard pshaw to deliver himself of some further freak observations.

* * *

According to (D. Cupid's) Hoyle.

To catch a queen in the game of hearts, lead a diamond.

* * *

Picked up a very tolerable lastline on the street this a. m.:

—

"Geewhizaintithot!"

* * *

Oddly enough, symptoms of insanity rarely develop in a murderer until after a consultation with his lawyer.

* * *

This age will be put down in history as the American Renossance.

* * *

One touch of winter makes the coal world grin.

* * *

All the world's a stage, and Theodore is the harlequin.

* * *

"Divorce Frees Sylva."—Headline. Bet the Judge was a Bryanite.

* * *

THEODOLATRY, n—Inordinate admiration of Theodore; the homage of Theodorers, a sect in the Western United States. See GOVERNOR.

* * *

Fortunately for the Chinese Republic, it has no Mexican boundary.

* * *

An Oregon man killed 275 snakes in one day. An Oregonian, mind you, not a Kentuckian.

* * *

Around Christmas a married woman acts more like a sovereign State than a conquered province.

* * *

King George's speech from the throne is described as "colorless," but it was doubtless read in Britain.

* * *

A Rockefeller feeling makes some judges wondrous blind.

* * *

The lynching season is in full swing.

Even the French can't call the Kaiser's "Meinself und Gott' combination an "unholy alliance."

* * *

Whenever a European artist gets hard up he paints a Rembrandt and sells it to an American billionaire.

* * *

Aviation is said to be conducive to simple virtues. It certainly promotes plane living and high thinking.

* * *

Noah was on the water-wagon for forty days. This is cited merely to show that it can be done.

* * *

The bubble profanity is most often observed at the Cannon's mouth since Champ was elected Speaker.

* * *

"Whiskers must go," declares Dr. Wiley. They do—into mattresses.

* * *

Aviation presents a strong attraction to women, there being so many air-pockets one can go through.

* * *

The Solid South can't be melted with the Big Smile or broken with the Big Stick.

* * *

The beauty about being George V is that he doesn't have to spend a X of his own.

* * *

An Ecuadorian mob decapitated, shot and burned a general who was called "the idol of Ecuador." We should hate to be an idol in that geographical expression.

* * *

"Can the Grand Old Party come back?" asks an exchange. If the reference is to Sarah Barnhardt, she can and will.

* * *

"Cherchez la femme," says the old saw. Easy, with latter day styles, to find the femme. The big problem is to find her clothes.

* * *

Ordinary men should be measured from head to foot; waiters, bellboys and Pullman porters, from tip to tip.

* * *

Lady Godiva had just finished her ride through Coventry.

"Only one man peeped; but suppose I had worn a silhouette gown!" she chuckled.

The female of the species plays havoc with the specie of the male.

* * *

"Possibly this archaeologist who says baseball is 3,500 years old was merely alluding facetiously to Cain's hit-and-run play and the prodigal son's home run."—The State. "No; he undoubtedly referred to Abraham's sacrifice hit, and to Noah, who went out on a fly."—Asheville Citizen. On second thought, we imagine his allusion was to Adam's side out, and the time Jael nailed Sisera at home.

* * *

Begin to give the devil his due, and as a general thing you'll end up by swapping tobacco with him.

* * *

This Illinois man who did the family washing while his wife voted, was probably some poor scrub.

* * *

Nat Goodwin has taken up golf, and we suppose when some one cries "Fore!" Nat shouts in reply: "Wrong, old chap, Five!"

* * *

During April 37 sets of twins were born in Texas, a baby naturally fearing to strike that State alone.

* * *

The intelligence that the Colonel rarely takes anything will come as a rude surprise to Colombia.

* * *

"What is so rare as a knight in June?" chuckled J. M. Barrie, as he scanned King George's list of birthday honors.

* * *

Our observation has been that there is no coign of vantage like the double-eagle.

* * *

Y. Yamaguchi says Japan wants no war. A word to the Y's: Neither do we.

* * *

Another reason Woodrow Wilson puzzles the politicians is that his friendship is not of the "shake-well-after-using" variety.

* * *

Veterans will find living cheap at the Gettysburg reunion, there being no Pickett's charge this year.

* * *

Man proposes, woman exposes.

A Spanish Cabinet, at any rate, invariably bears its troubles with resignation.

* * *

A real use for poetical feet has been discovered. Le Gallienne says he has walked 250 miles through France.

* * *

Nor was the rural newspaper half wrong, which with an eye on the hobble, spoke of "the Hoppy bride."

* * *

Any English squire: "Oh sye, can you see by the dawn's hearly light, if my 'ouse is still there where I left it lawst night?"

* * *

It seems impossible for The Commoner and The Army and Navy Journal to pull in harness on a peace plan.

* * *

A North Carolinian named O. Dammit wants his name changed, but probably not half as badly as Helen Blazes.

* * *

The Boston Transcript is becoming so wroth with the administration that we look—every day now to see where it has split an infinitive in its tempestuous fury.

* * *

It sounds paradoxical, but the crustiest Democrat is the one who got no pie.

* * *

Gertie Hoffman, next to Col. Mary Garden, the greatest living exponent of the skin game, is in our midst tomorrow night. (Adv.)

* * *

When a man decides to forgive his enemies he generally begins with those he knows he can't lick.

* * *

A modest glimpse at the picture of the trousers a prominent New York suff is now wearing convinces us that they are breeches of promise.

* * *

There is less joy on earth when ninety-nine sinners repent than when one ice man sees the error of his weighs.

* * *

The Hand of Providence is what we see in the Misfortunes of Others. When we are Unlucky it's the Devil's Work.

Every woman that knows a secret is a Daughter of the Revelation.

* * *

Of course there's no race suicide in the far East. That's where the poppies and the mummies come from.

* * *

The will of a New York corset manufacturer, recently deceased, shows that he squeezed $465,000 out of the people.

* * *

The dominant instruments in that European concert seem to be the loot and the lyre.

* * *

The slit skirt reveals more fatted calves than the prodigal son ever saw.

* * *

We see by the papers that New York chorus girls are kicking for more money.

* * *

It's hard to put the go in tango, there being so much tang in it.

* * *

Despite these protests against the lashing of convicts, Delaware still holds the whip hand.

* * *

The way of the transgressor is well-travelled.

* * *

A lot of married men talk in their sleep, as it's their only chance.

* * *

Mr. Bryan cares not who spikes the drinks of a nation, if only he may spike its guns.

* * *

An English author advises women to take Lady Godiva as their model. H'm. Casual inspection of current feminine costumes would indicate that the dear creatures have already done it.

* * *

"President Wilson is a careful dresser," says a Washington correspondent, which settles the question as to the kind of wood in Woodrow. It is obviously spruce.

* * *

Divorcing the currency from politics is all right, providing the public does not have to pay the alimony.

* * *

One assumes that Mr. George W. Perkins's favorite among current fiction is "The Harvester."

A $10,000 prize is offered for a "clean opera." How about Il Sapolio?

* * *

In the matter of getting fired, the loaded gun has nothing on the loaded employe.

* * *

If only Dame Fortune would come in person, instead of sending her daughter, Miss Fortune!

* * *

Miss Scoville of Kansas has married Walter DeMumm. Here's hoping she won't find him one of the brut type.

* * *

Discovery that Plutarch wrote about the slit skirt is certain tough on the already overworked librarians.

* * *

Turkey (sotto voce): "How these Christians love one another!"

* * *

It begins to look as if Turkey may get back a drum-stick.

* * *

Speaking of forward-looking men, Smollett once wrote about "ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance and adopted by folly."

* * *

Secretary Daniels is said to be a close student of the Bible. Possibly he got his theories of handling old salts from the story of Lot's wife.

* * *

In algebra and the average pocket-book, X represents an unknown quantity.

* * *

There were evidently no Bryanites on the Brooklyn jury that awarded a man $7,500 for the loss of three fingers.

* * *

"Lost—gray enamelled lady's watch." —Adv. in the New York Herald. Here's hoping the gray enameled lady finds it.

* * *

It was once necessary to wait until winter to see bare limbs, but the fashion-makers have changed all that.

* * *

Can some one tell us why in the dictionaries, "Marry" is always followed immediately by "Mars?"

* * *

Mr. Hearst is against the banana tax, doubtless on the ground that the yellows should stand together in a crisis.

New York's idea of elevating the stage would appear to be putting it in the roof gardens.

* * *

"Too many swallows make a lark," observes the Philadelphia Record. Likewise a bat.

* * *

Crying needs—handkerchiefs.

* * *

The best job an original Wilson man has yet landed is Woodrow's.

* * *

One sure way to get rid of the blues is to stand pat on deuces.

* * *

Isn't it queer that whenever Cupid's arrows hit they make Mrs?

* * *

We don't mind cotton operators grinning at the price—but not bearing it.

* * *

Mr. Bryan's family tree must be a date.

* * *

A friend in need will keep you broke.

* * *

Art is long, but artists are generally short.

* * *

If ragtime will soon die out, as this college professor asserts, here's hoping it will be a horrible death.

* * *

At any rate, the suffragettes have not yet demanded that the things be called majamas.

* * *

Our notion of the highest pitch of efficiency is Walter Johnson.

* * *

After all, the real director of the census is the stork.

* * *

"Ambassadorship" is a noun that's often declined these days.

* * *

Success never turns a man's head half as quickly as a slit skirt.

* * *

Yes, Geraldine, there is a ship of state, and The Congressional Record is a bunk.

* * *

If there's anything in a name, Secretary Bryan's favorite poet probably is Dryden.

* * *

It seems hard for President Mellen to recognize that recklessness never yet produced wrecklessness.

Mexico can stand a loan, all right, but whether alone remains to be seen.

* * *

Side-shows—slit skirts.

* * *

The United Sweats of America!

* * *

A gas bill is nothing to make light of.

* * *

The pastor who calls John D. a rose bush is a nature-faker. No rose bush lives in clover.

* * *

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is to give a "fairy-tale ball" at Newport. Somebody should go as a campaign promise.

* * *

It is all right to be treated for the liquor habit. But that's how a lot of men acquired it.

* * *

Woman's sphere in London is the bomb.

* * *

Touch and go—bill collectors.

* * *

The designer of the Lincoln penny has married. We always thought that there was something coming to him.

* * *

Peace, crushed to earth, will rise again.

* * *

The merry wives of Windsor are not so merry now that Queen Mary has forbidden gambling at bridge there.

* * *

Appointing authors to diplomatic posts is no new idea, although paradoxically it's a novel one.

* * *

George Perkins says campaign funds are a disgrace, but where would the bull moosers be without bucks and doe?

* * *

"A mist is as good as a mile," chuckled the German admiral, as he ordered his squadron out for another raid.

* * *

London rejoices to observe that the men higher up are lying low.

* * *

Still, we trust our blue law friends won't want to prohibit the playing of billiards, just because the balls kiss.

* * *

Onward, Christian-Mohammedan-Buddhist-Shinto-Brahmin soldiers!

Germany got the ball to the five-yard line, but apparently can't put it over.

* * *

Give the Turk some credit. He hasn't announced that Allah is on his side.

* * *

We suppose the triumphant suffs will soon insist that all prayers end with "Awomen."

* * *

How does the Colonel reconcile his martial spirit with his hatred of race suicide?

* * *

The Crown Prince's mortal illness seems to have been one of those Charles W. Morse affairs.

* * *

The way of the transgressor seems to lead through Belgium.

* * *

The Indian army is fighting so splendidly in Europe that there is grave apprehension that the fact can't be kept from Poet Rabindranath Tagore much longer.

* * *

October—Roosevelt stumped New York.

November—New York stumped Roosevelt.

* * *

Should England be driven to making peace overtures, we nominate the Duke of Fife for the job.

* * *

Wilhelm's revision: "Vox populi, vox Mei."

* * *

Turkey's reason for going to war is simple. The Crescent wants to be in-crescent.

* * *

Why doesn't this German General Zedlitz issue a blue and white paper?

* * *

German soldiers pay for supplies they take. They aren't I. O. Uhlans.

* * *

Tuft's new President is Dr. Bumpus, and the undergraduates must think it's a mighty ominous name.

* * *

The way Connecticut voted, you'd never think Baldwin was once the apple of its eye.

John Bull can appreciate now how old Damocles felt.

* * *

Thank goodness, Turkey has no poet laureate!

* * *

The Editor's Mail.

A thunderous missive demanding that the proper authorities double-track Blank street at once.

Three anonymous communications, inviting him to visit the haunt of the justly celebrated tallow cat and asbestos rat.

About 10,000 words showing conclusively that the Americans are directly descended from that lost tribe of Israel.

Letter from a prohibitionist denouncing a facetious paragraph about prohibition.

Letter from a red-nosed brother furiously commending it.

Three-column screed recounting the amazing virtues of hot water taken internally.

* * *

Two-column gem, proving beyond all peradventure that the hot spell is really the result of cutting the Panama Canal.

Request to give the population of Kokomo, Ind., in his valuable paper.

Request to know what Ty Cobb batted last year.

Vehement attack on the esteemed cops for permitting auto speeding.

Short note asking if it is pronounced Werta or Huretter.

* * *

Uncle Sam points with pride to the fact that he has two Red rivers, but no red rivers.

* * *

Paris appears to have cut off the supply of imported wrappers, but, oh, you domestic fillers!

* * *

The government seems to intend to make it as hard to dodge a tax as a taxi.

* * *

Naturally, Representative Good voted for the prohibition amendment, but we are rather surprised to find Messrs. Church and Sabath against it.

CHRISTMAS, 1914.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

To all and sundry.

To our noble selves.

To old Santa, God bless him!

To King Hog and ex-King Cotton.

To all little children and all grown-up children.

To Albert, of the Belgians, every inch a king.

To the Rev. Sam Creech, late of Possumville, S. C.

To Richard Irvine Manning and all the Manning line.

To Woodrow Wilson. May his shadow never grow less.

To a South Carolina patriot in Cheraw and another in Sumter.

To every South Carolina politician whose conscience is clear.

To the great and good man who invented candied sweet potatoes.

To The State's friends and subscribers, and to those who ought to be.

To the Greenville Piedmont man, and more power to his paragraphic pen.

To the weather man, because, bad as it is, he might have treated us worse.

To the three or four German soldiers who haven't been given Iron Crosses yet.

To Theodore the Immortal, and the lingering remnants of his assistant Democratic society.

To "Y. S.," who, like a good deed in a naughty world, shineth, for the holidays in Georgia.

To Brother Ayers, of the Anniston Star, who sent us a Christmas card from sunny Alabam'.

To the generous men and the noble women who are keeping the Associated Charities going.

To Poet Laureate Robert Bridges, for kindly refraining from perpetrating any more war ditties.

To Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool, and may they never have another such scare handed 'em.

To all the warriors who won medals for valor on the bloody field, when they were too scared to run.

To Professor Taft, on whom be peace. May Aunt Della's apple pie today be the best he ever tasted.

To old Field Marshal von Hindenburg, the Fatherland's best general and toughest scrapper since Moltke.

To Kaiser Wilhelm von Deutschland und Belgium (temporarily), and may he soon see the error of his ways.

To all men, great and small, who are trying in the names of humanity and civilization to end this horrible war.

To the Ohio State Journal man, to our mind the brightest paragrapher in these, so to speak, United States.

To John D. Rockefeller. May he continue relieving the Belgians of their woes and quit relieving us of our shekels.

To Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, with congratulations on the way he whammed Kultur and Kruppery in the last Philistine.

To Deutschland, Austria, Servia, Russia, la belle France; more particularly to brave little Belgium and glorious old England.

To His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholavitch, who is leading the Russian army—by half a mile.

To the Gamaliel of American journalism, Henry Watterson, whom all well brought up newspaper men are taught to admire and love.

* * *

The Hearst motto: "When in doubt, say Bryan did it."

* * *

The fellow who gets home stewed usually gets roasted.

* * *

Quite right. Peace will be patched up on the seat of war.

* * *

After turning over that new leaf, it might be a good idea to put a good, stout paper-weight on it.

* * *

Wilhelm evidently figures that it's better for his navy to go down in history than in the North Sea.

* * *

It must be admitted that the Maine baby christened "Berlin Paris" has a capital name.

Then methought the news grew denser, doctored by an unseen censor.

* * *

We can at least see America first in charity.

* * *

Turkey seems to be in for another basting.

* * *

South Africa appears to have lost its union card.

* * *

The Crown Prince gave every German soldier a pipe, but it is understood that it wasn't a French brier.

* * *

"Here Lies the Petrograd Correspondent" would make quite as good a standing headline as an epitaph.

* * *

"Grand Duke Splits Austrian Army." The greatest common divisor, as it were.

* * *

Nothing strange about Pennsylvania women's opposition to Penrose, the girls usually being after the Boies.

* * *

Warsaw and see-saw have come to be synonymous.

* * *

Manslayers used to be hung on crosses. Now crosses are hung on manslayers.

* * *

We shall probably learn in time that Xerxes swore Leonidas forced the war on him.

* * *

In America, it is the factories that war rushes to death; in Europe, the soldiers.

* * *

Hard times always discover a multitude of soft hearts.

* * *

And speaking of great compromises, Tennessee's Democratic ticket is Rye and Welch!

* * *

If Madame de Thebes would abandon the hazardous business of trying to predict the result of the war and confine herself to announcing on every New Year's day that a fresh Alfonso would arrive in Spain that year, her batting average in the Prophetical Association would be considerably better.

Lives of Zeppelins remind us
We can soar to dizzy perches,
And, departing, leave behind us
Ten or fifteen ruined churches.

* * *

Germany has called all 17-year-old boys to the colors, thus clearing up the mystery of who put the infant in infantry.

* * *

Will the valued Tampa Times kindly inform us just what it means by its reference to "every Democrat and every good citizen?"

* * *

As we understand it, Germany finds our consuls in Belgium guilty of humanity in the first degree.

* * *

Paragraphers and cartoonists find President Wilson's long chin a boon. Other folks are more grateful for his long head.

* * *

We fear little Bernstorff, his words are
are so warm;
But if we don't gall him, he'll do us no
harm.

* * *

Mars and Old Nick, in chorus: "Give us this day our daily dead."

* * *

Boston is seething with indignation, a prominent linotype having just announced that the Belgians saved few of their household cods.

* * *

From all we can gather about Mr. Catts, who is a candidate for Governor of Florida, he comes right up to the scratch.

* * *

A Los Angeles family had ostrich for their Christmas dinner. Held a kicker and filled, so to speak.

* * *

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands of dollars for American powder manufacturers.

* * *

It is estimated that the war has cost Belgium a billion dollars. But the world's eternal admiration and homage should be worth something.

* * *

However, the military expert who avers that the Russians will win in the long run will have to admit that they're pretty good at the sprints, too.

Woodrow Wilson yesterday convened for the short session.

* * *

Wilhelm strained at a Sikh and swallowed a Mussulman.

* * *

Probably the very apex of sarcasm is reached in the average pressing club's opinion of a Highland soldier.

* * *

The king is in his counting-house, wondering where the mischief the money has gone.

* * *

We suppose the 1,800 Paris artists at the front are drawing only their rations and the enemy's fire.

* * *

The Bear that walks like a crab!

* * *

Our own idea of zero in usefulness is a 1913 map of Europe.

* * *

A scientist says that newspapers will make you warm. Colonel Roosevelt found that out long ago.

* * *

The paragraphers would not mogne
If this here war should reach Cologne.

* * *

First Russian Officer: "The German army is coming." Second Russian Officer: "Let's beat it!"

* * *

Many a fellow is a star because he stuck to the dipper and the milky way.

* * *

That appropriation bill seems to have been written by a retrenchant pen.

* * *

As we understand it, the Dresden grounded out trying to make a home run.

* * *

They are enlisting mere boys everywhere, even Turkey calling out the Asia minors.

* * *

Short Poem on the Weather.
Well! Well!
Isn't this the deuce?

* * *

A machine for digging graves has been invented, but it takes man to fill them.

* * *

Well, anyway, they put the scar in Scarborough, the hit in Whitby, and took the heart out of Hartlepool.

Not infrequently a stag party becomes a stagger party.

* * *

Bet those cavalry horses are doing a lot of war stamping.

* * *

No wonder the Pennsylvania tramp who swallowed 16 needles had a stitch in his side.

* * *

"Roosevelt Signs With Metropolitan."—Headline. Mazagine, opera, or museum.

* * *

"Turks Revolting."—Headline. They always were.

* * *

Senator Vardaman's refusal to read the war news may be explained by the fact that so much of it is colored.

* * *

An Englishman's house is his castle, and there are times when he must wish it was a castle in Spain.

* * *

A fool and his money are soon petted.

* * *

It's to be hoped London's new woman regiment will learn how to fall in without falling out.

* * *

Judging by the war pictures, those Highlanders are barely holding their own.

* * *

Speaking of standpat sneers at "Schoolmaster Wilson," here's an utterance of Lord Brougham's that is rather apropos just now: "The Schoolmaster is abroad! And I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

* * *

The Irish have no corner on bulls. Mr. Vladimir Tchertkoff writes the New York Times that he was Tolstoi's literary representative during his lifetime, and was "instructed by him to edit and publish all his posthumous writings."

* * *

Rumored that the British censor is seriously considering the advisability of admitting the loss of the Serapis.

* * *

Chicago professor says there are six races in Colonel Roosevelt. The other four, we suppose, are 1916, 1920, 1924 and 1928.

Isn't there some way to revoke William Watson's poetic license?

* * *

Sea food comes high at Newport when one Fish ball costs $60,000.

It seems to be pretty generally conceded that the slits made bud wiser.

* * *

The course of true currency reform ought to run smooth, there being banks on either side.

* * *

The egg is still the autocrat of the breakfast table.

* * *

We presume that old Rockefeller approves of Indian summer, if for no other reason than that it keeps his wigwam.

* * *

You rarely hear an aviator boasting of his descent.

* * *

Delaware prison styles this year are running largely to stripes.

* * *

Mary Garden admits that she likes a highball. Mary may take a drop, but not a stitch.

* * *

If the churches are so strong for universal peace, why don't they give up their canons?

* * *

It takes nine tailors to make a man, but it has been our observation, not to say experience, that one can break him with neatness and dispatch.

* * *

There was sold in New York the other day a letter of Charlotte Corday, written just before she went to Paris to stab Marat, in which she told her father that she was going to England. This is one of the first Charlotte ruses on record.

* * *

Queen Mary has limited all the court debutantes to a one-inch neck exposure. Wouldn't it be awful if a fugitive giraffe should ramble into that sissy court?

* * *

"Will Italy show her hand?" asks the Tampa Tribune. But the real question is, will Italy show her fist?

* * *

Everybody has a soft spot for hard cash.

Watsons rush in where Kiplings have better sense than to tread.

* * *

"Roosevelt says he'll quit talking," which will leave the country with only one Long Island sound.

* * *

Uncle Sam has a New Mexico, but what he wants to see is a new Mexico.

* * *

Publisher who advertises "Russian Fairy Tales" as "suitable for juvenile reading," must not have heard that millions of adults have been reading 'em for the last four months.

* * *

"Made-in-Germany"—Belgium's famine.

* * *

Hindu scientist says that plants are nervous. Especially manufacturing plants.

* * *

Seems paradoxical, how matters go ill with doctors when everything is well.

* * *

Harvard drops Washington and Jefferson from her 1915 football schedule. The Postum ad. man said it.

* * *

The United States is bounded on the East by the Atlantic, on the West by the Pacific, on the North by mobilization, and on the South by hell.

* * *

The judgment of Paris is likely to do Mr. Herrick about as much good as the late Mme. Juno.

* * *

"America Sends More War Supplies to Allies."—Any headline. And the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that neutrality feels.

* * *

Plenty of good Indians in France!

* * *

A whole lot of shabbiness comes from neat whiskey.

* * *

Lives of great Turks all remind us
We can make our lives worth mention;
And, departing, leave behind us
Nineteen widows and a pension.

* * *

The safe-and-sane-Fourth movement received a severe jolt when Nat Goodwin and DeWolf Hopper each took a fifth.

War news is getting to be a war nuisance.

* * *

We always look for chaste and classical English from Tarheelia, and we see in the Congressional Record that Senator Simmons maintains the high average with this Addisonian gem: "This bill does the very thing that I then said if it were done I would be in favor of free lumber."

* * *

If the Chicago Aero Club succeeds in its plan to prevent aviation fatalities, it will be a big feat, even for Chicago.

* * *

In the Philippines, when a friend takes his departure he rubs his hand over your face. Over here, he merely touches you.

* * *

Slit skirts, like Thanksgiving turkeys, show a good deal more white meat than dressing.

* * *

Most fellows' heads take a turn for the worse when there's a slit skirt or a silhouette gown in the vicinity.

* * *

Can it be becoming Marryland, My Marryland? A Baltimore woman has applied for her seventh divorce.

* * *

Secretary Daniels says drinking won't go in the navy, indicating that he intends to abolish Davy Jones' locker.

* * *

China claims to have turned out the first phonograph, but if we remember aright, Adam beat her to it.

* * *

"The modern skirt is certainly a scream," according to a contemporary. Sort of whoop skirt, eh?

* * *

Secretary Bryan's lecture tour should by all means include Coin, Kans., Ducat, Va., Monie, Md., and Cashtown and Bullion, Pa.

* * *

Speed the day when there will be a . to a Japanese ?

* * *

"Jim" Coffey got only a draw with Flynn, so there are evidently no grounds to his championship aspirations.

The most numerous of jail-birds, one imagines, are larks, bats, and swallows.

* * *

Various hard things have been said about the clocks they wear on their stockings, but it must be admitted they are striking.

* * *

Since Christabel Pankhurst left London, things there are so quiet that one can almost hear an "h" drop.

* * *

An exchange says that "President Wilson is hanging the lobbyists on his 'gibbet of shame'"—Capitol punishment, as it were.

* * *

The first Mexican revolutionist invented perpetual motion.

* * *

When in doubt, the average jury in a corporation case usually falls back on that grand old Latin admonition, "Soc et tuum."

* * *

Woodrow Wilson is a good speaker, but Henry Lane is better still.

* * *

Free thinkers—bachelors.

* * *

Villa shoots his captives instead of hanging them, but that's no sign he doesn't know the ropes.

* * *

A French monarchist has left King Alfonso $500,000, and he'll need every cent of it for nurse hire the way friend wife is hitting in the Stork League.

* * *

Colombia's President says he trusts Wilson's ways. Colombia may remember that President Roosevelt also had taking ways.

* * *

Knapsacks—pillows.

* * *

In adopting the kangaroo as its official emblem, Australia certainly got the jump on the rest of us!

* * *

There are things that the paleface brother can teach poor Lo, but the wisdom of accumulated ages appears in his proverb: "A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs."

* * *

The President says this Congress has served the people "as they have never been served before." We certainly admire Woodrow's frankness.

Colonel Roosevelt strenuously insists that he is the father of waters.

* * *

British censorship presumably belongs to the Canard Line.

* * *

T. R. is outclassed at last. "The residents of a German town," says the Houston Post, "are building a life size statue of one of their citizens who won fame as an explorer mounted on a camel entirely of brick."

* * *

We are almost beginning to love Wilhelm for the paragraphs he has made.

* * *

There's still nothing in a name. Christian county, Kentucky, voted "wet" and Bourbon county "dry."

* * *

A brand new crop of heroes sprouts up almost every day and loudly cuss the Kaiser (who's 3,000 miles away).

* * *

Those Senegal soldiers are expected to make the war more wild and wooly than ever.

* * *

Truth, crushed to earth, still has the censor sitting on her head.

* * *

The most pessimistic note of all is sounded by The Literary Digest, which opines that "the German poets are probably not idle."

* * *

Russia is apt to find a pin in the Ottoman.

* * *

A quarter to one—tipping a Pullman porter.

* * *

Not the least of war's humors is a New York newspaper sternly rebuking French immorality.

* * *

However, there may be worse men in this world than Penrose. Think what a big world it is.

* * *

The German advance on Paris still proceeds steadily by way of the Suez canal.

* * *

One of the most irritating sights in a world chuck full of i. s. is a pretty girl wasting a flock of perfectly good kisses on another woman.

The Bosporus appears to have joined the early-closing movement.

* * *

"Safety First."

(Dispatch to the New York Evening Sun.)

One German banker in South London, whose name was "Schmidt," promptly changed it to "Smith."

* * *

Latest Russian check will be indorsed in Berlin.

* * *

A New Mexico astronomer has discovered a new comet. And thereby hangs a tail.

* * *

Our notion of counter-irritants is those last-minute Christmas shoppers.

* * *

England's latest casualty list reveals that the Coldstream Guards got into hot water.

* * *

We all like women to lay aside something for a rainy day, especially when it's a pair of silk stockings.

* * *

Military styles this year do not favor the exposed flank.

* * *

What Europe needs in this country is some dumdum diplomats.

* * *

Bound in Russia—Austrian captives.

* * *

After all, the best side of politics is the outside.

* * *

As we understand Sam Blythe, things are so quiet in London now that one can almost hear an "h" drop.

* * *

Mexico has plenty of bull rushes, but no Moses as yet in sight.

* * *

In a final desperate effort at a tolerably new quip on von Kluck, we can't find a blessed thing to say except the feeble remark that he is the Nester of the German generals.

* * *

Presence of converted cruisers and confirmed dispatches is peculiarly fitting in a Christian war.

* * *

The only way doctors can get a nickel out of some families is when one of the kids swallow it.

Virginia paragraphers henceforth must stick to dry humor.

* * *

War yarns, of course, tell about the worsted.

* * *

Hon. Lillian Russell opines that there is nothing lovelier than a lovely hand. Especially when it reads from ace to ten, Lil., old girl.

* * *

Egypt, which the Turks plan to invade, is celebrated for its pyramids and the effigy of Tom Marshall.

* * *

And while on the general subject of "kultur," who built and runs three-fourths of American distilleries and breweries?

* * *

Says the Boston Transcript: "The Germans are retreating in Flanders, sadder but Y-ser." Namur o' that, Hal, an' thou lovest me!

* * *

And you can just bet old Omar wouldn't have extolled a book of verses underneath the bough if they had been war verses.

* * *

Another noteworthy and gratifying feature of the war, from the English point of view, is the way it has taken the ire out of Ireland.

* * *

The great and good man who invented the high car step did more for the uplift than all the reformers from Looey Brandeis down.

* * *

"Bro. Bryan—Pax vobiscum.
"Bro. Wilson—Tax vobiscum."
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To which Old Colonel Gobbler would mournfully add:

Bro. Farmer—Axe vobiscum.

* * *

If it were a case of the survival of the fattest, Germany's landsturm would win a walk.

* * *

What shall we name the latest alliance—Turkultur?

* * *

We are expecting almost any day now to hear that in a final desperate attempt to recapture the front page, Colonel Roosevelt has promised to walk a tight-rope over Niagara Falls.

How would it do to call King George the Sikh man of Europe?

* * *

We suppose that movie film of the battle of the Marne that we saw a few days ago was perfectly all right and authentic, though it must be admitted that a suspicious mind might have wondered what that background sign: "M. J. Kelly, Wines and Liquors," was doing there.

* * *

From present prospects, the referee will have to decide this war on points.

* * *

At any rate, Ireland hasn't shut off the export of coppers to this country.

* * *

One would have thought the Young Turks were old enough to know better.

* * *

Oklahoma has a Boise City, but Philadelphia seems to be the Boies city.

* * *

It takes no label to tell that Columbia's star-eyed angels were "Made in Dixie."

* * *

Looks as if history will have to be content with only one William the Conqueror.

* * *

Virginia and Kentucky have stamped out the bourbonic plague.

* * *

Zeppelins waiting for London fogs must be ignorant that Parliament has just been prorogued.

* * *

Zapata, we take it, is Villa's chief lootenant.

* * *

The United States Tire Company—Ridder and von Bernstoff.

* * *

Would it be all right to speak of Boston's first lady officer as a prominent clubwoman?

* * *

New French guarantees: Life, liberty, and the pursuit of Wilhelm.

* * *

It must be admitted that the dear old Yankees are bearing the South's woes with heroic and uncomplaining fortitude.

* * *

The Uhlans who fled before an Irish charge just couldn't stand Pat.

It seems high time for Austria to issue a Lemon Paper.

* * *

A little church spire o'er the hill is just a mark for Kaiser Bill.

* * *

Speaking of neutrality, doesn't sewing for the Belgians show some bias?

* * *

Russia's ambition, we presume, is to make it Bearlin.

* * *

England seems to have brought in the black whole of Calcutta.

* * *

King Vic. of Italy is only five feet, five inches—that's the sawed off man he is.

* * *

Here are those wretched standpatters still kicking about our Mexican policy. Even Philander C. Knox.

* * *

Why not call it the vamoose party?

* * *

Davy Jones will soon need an extra locker.

* * *

Well, Cannon was always a machine gun.

* * *

The New York Herald correspondent who proposes sending dried apples to Belgium suggests one sure plan to swell its population.

* * *

If the wages of sin is death, Europe doesn't care when payday comes.

* * *

A Chicago pawnbroker advertises: "I have cast off clothing of every description and invite your immediate inspection." Looks like a job for Comstock.

* * *

"Have You Seen 'A Pair of Silk Stockings?'" Advertisement in a New York exchange. If the query is addressed to us, we desire to say that we are patiently waiting for the first rainy day.

* * *

When the estimable Asheville Citizen has apprised us how much is Nick Longworth, will it be good enough to say what makes Samuel G. Blythe?

* * *

We suppose that Secretary Daniels makes his officers call it the Sublime Lefte.

Sometimes we sit and wonder what is the age of discretion in Europe.

* * *

The German navy's motto looks to be "Rile Britannia."

* * *

Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, won't have to make a name for himself.

* * *

Petrograd reports the Austrians driven back to their trenches. Another case of running things into the ground.

* * *

"Germany," says a Baltimore Sun correspondent, "is the salt of the earth." Well, Belgium must be the red pepper.

* * *

When this cruel war is over, we are willing to take the Petrograd man and match him against Doc Cook for $500 a side.

* * *

"I haven't a thing to say about anything."—Colonel Roosevelt. Which means, as usual, about four columns tomorrow.

* * *

Old King Coal is a grasping old soul.

* * *

Songbird Maggie Teyte, who told all the New York reporters on arriving that the Uhlans got her trousers, certainly pants for fame.

* * *

As we understand the situation, to win an Iron Cross you must make work for the Red Cross.

* * *

Germany might have got her "place in the sun" before this if the world hadn't given Great Britain so much latitude.

* * *

"Britain's Monarch Opens Parliament." Well, kings are excellent openers.

* * *

Belgium should discard the lion as its national emblem and adopt the goat.

* * *

Charging soldiers might call a Maxim the ancient mariner, since it stoppeth one of three.

There has been no reason for any Hungarian rhapsody in this war.

* * *

One thing sure, when the suffs win the whole country, there won't be any more silent vote.

* * *

The elephant is a most appropriate emblem for the G. O. P., it having so much ivory in its head.

* * *

Probably those Kurds have it figured out that where there's a will, there's a whey.

* * *

Don't cheer too soon—the Theodore just elected president of Haiti wasn't that one.

* * *

If the prodigal son could come back nowadays, he'd probably find the old man a strict vegetarian.

* * *

As we understand Secretary Garrison, we need a mobile army as large as our automobile army.

* * *

Joe Cannon was born in North Carolina, and the queer part is that it wasn't in Buncombe, either.

* * *

Some scientist has testified that the world produces about ten babies to a pulse beat. Be still, fond heart!

* * *

Pancho Villa has demonstrated among other things that an ounce of intuition is worth a pound of tuition.

* * *

"Jam to hear Roosevelt," says the Washington Star; but why this slight to Messrs. Pickle and Preserve?

* * *

Oh, no; Sidney Lanier's "The Marshes of Glynn" is not an allusion to the reorganization bog New York's executive is floundering in.

* * *

Cap'n Hobson, as we understand it, is still busy giving out dry facts.

* * *

Divorce Item.

A fool and his honey are soon parted.

* * *

After a hurried perusal of Col. Hearst's newspapers, we do not judge that wise Woody's watchful waiting wins with wily Willie.

One result of this war may be that "divine right" will be left.

* * *

One finds it hard to blame the linotyper who speaks of "New Haven stuckholders."

* * *

Some of the suffs are such manhaters they won't even laugh "He! he! he!"

* * *

The Philadelphia Record says it doesn't pay a man to lead a double life. It pays his lawyers, all right.

* * *

"Chinese immigrants to pay headtax," says a Canadian exchange. 2 1-2 cents a queue?

* * *

T. R. is a grandfather again—and a great grandfather, too!

* * *

This "good roads movement" one hears so much of evidently doesn't include the New Haven.

* * *

"Why should anybody want to Seattle when they can see Wilmington?" complains The Star. "Sh-h-h! They want to Seattle, Wash.

* * *

We suppose that Chicago's singing dog is especially strong on barcarolles.

* * *

Quite the most paradoxical fashion note we've observed lately is the one which gravely announces that "bustles are before us."

* * *

Everybody does not think the Colonel attractive, but Colombia is willing to admit his taking ways.

* * *

The newspapers are printing group pictures of the children of Belgium's king—Brussels sprouts, so to speak.

* * *

Where there is a Wilson there is a way.

* * *

Puts One Over on Us.

In one thing, as this here rime shows,
The baby's got us beat;
He nibbles at his little toes,
And thus makes both ends meet.

* * *

The Danube seems to be fated to be polychromatic. In poetry, it is "blue;" in fact, it is yellow; politically, it seems fated to be red.

The man who is persuaded to go out on a lark that becomes a bat, finds out too late that he was a gull.

* * *

Louisiana and Miss Democracy.

The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet—
But not on you!

* * *

Advices from Ulster, Austria, Servia, Haiti and Santo Domingo indicate that the dove has been pigeon-holed.

* * *

Cuba gives her prominent criminals long terms in jail, thus proving her utter undeservedness to enjoy the blessings of civilization.

* * *

Some Heart!

(From the Kansas City Independent.)

His heart is of gold, pure 14-karat gold, all wool and a yard wide.

* * *

Some Current Fiction.

"My distinguished opponent."

"Our esteemed contemporary."

"The eminent counsel for the defense."

"Desirous of strengthening the ties between our two great nations."

"The gifted speaker who has just preceded me."

"The Honorable———."

"Your loving son-in-law."

"This intelligent audience."

* * *

Apprehensive Londoners may not see any Zeppelins, but they will learn a lot about astronomy.

* * *

Wheat States easily discern the European war cloud's silver lining.

* * *

Spain's court physician might call his income a fresh heir fund.

* * *

England certainly seems to have the art of taxation down to a tea.

* * *

Dust man is, of course, but a lot of grit must have got into King Albert's makeup.

* * *

Those Fort Bliss refugees should be thankful that after being washed they weren't ironed.

Seeing is believing, but nowadays reading always isn't.

* * *

The esteemed Washington Star says that "whatever Roosevelt says goes." True; into one ear and out of the other.

* * *

And far be it from us to suggest that because Senator Lewis is a native Virginian he's a Smithfield Ham.

* * *

The Bishop of London has enlisted in the infantry. English canons, of course, will gravitate toward the artillery.

* * *

Villa is now resting. However, taking life easy should come natural to him.

* * *

It is evidently Ulster that put the ire in Ireland.

* * *

The Pankhurst revision: One good burn deserves another.

* * *

The treasury's merry Mac took a long time getting his monitor.

* * *

One of the most dismal sights in this world is a pair of silk stockings on a clothes line.

* * *

And did you notice what a militant defense Haelen and Nancy put up?

* * *

Waterproofs—Tarheels.

* * *

John D. thinks the coronation of Persia's young Shah a great fake, as he wasn't anointed with oil.

* * *

You never can tell about a name. At school little Percy generally licks the stuffing out of little Pete.

* * *

The Atlantic ocean is to the United States what Theodore Roosevelt is to the Democratic party.

* * *

Luke Lea has the mumps, but Jim Ham Lewis remains the Senate's real swell.

* * *

"Col. Maus talks on Mexico," says a Brooklyn exchange. But Col. Mauser's remarks continue to command much more attention.

"Roosevelt to Testify in Union Suit." —Headline. Colonel! Colonel!

* * *

"Navy replaces booze with grape-juice," reads a headline. The welchers!

* * *

The Mayor of Buenos Ayres has sent a llama to Mr. Bryan. Tthanks!

* * *

It takes more than a drought to hurt the wild oats crop.

* * *

Probably if Christopher Columbus had known that Mexico was on this continent he'd have turned back in mid-ocean.

* * *

It must be conceded that pawnshops have their redeeming features.

* * *

However, Britannia doesn't rule the marcel waves.

* * *

There is no doubt about the fact that the North loves the negro—until he moves up there.

* * *

If Holland enters the war, will Elder Caine graciously inform us what will the Zuyder Zee?

* * *

War tax exempts all rolling stock but cigarette papers.

* * *

New Haven suits, we presume, are crash.

* * *

And Europe is still sending missionaries to the poor heathen!

* * *

It should come naturally for France's colored troops to double-quick after the drumsticks.

* * *

"A woman's heart is a savings bank," says the Baltimore Sun. Her tongue, we presume, is the teller.

* * *

Even the candidate who doesn't hesitate can do the double shuffle.

* * *

Judging by those harem stories, there's very little dressing in Turkey.

* * *

Mediate has come to mean the opposite of immediate.

* * *

"The flag signifies just strength," says the President. But not spirit, says Daniels. Choose your English.

A fellow naturally feels crusty after a bun.

* * *

What's the trademark of ex-Mayor Fitzgerald's, of Boston, clothing store —"Honey fits?"

* * *

Anyway, the price of soap hasn't soared. There'll be no high cost of laving.

* * *

You may say this for a college town, it's rarely as red as it has been painted.

* * *

We suppose the official game of the Mothers' Congress is cribbage.

* * *

London is glad to note that those Zeppelin envelopes are stationary.

* * *

However, New England's partiality for the colored brother is natural enough, the pious Yankee slaver being the first to introduce him to our fair country.

* * *

If the submarine is a shark, as an exchange puts it, could you call a dreadnought a shell-fish?

* * *

The Rockefeller food ship has arrived, and all Belgium is singing, "How firm a Foundation!"

* * *

Wonder what Yale will call its new gridiron—the Elisian fields?

* * *

Indications are that the Allies are going to be Turkey gobblers.

* * *

Those Harvard Germaniacs couldn't talk more if it were a pollytechnic school.

* * *

It must surprise the tactful Dr. Bernhard Dernburg immensely that a wave of pro-German sympathy did not sweep the South as soon as he announced that his country sent 175,000 men to fight for the Union.

* * *

We suppose that Nat Goodwin's autobiography is a sort of scrap book.

* * *

Turkey, of course, furnishes the wings in the Eastern theatre of war.

* * *

Whatsoever a man seweth, that also shall he rip.

While Washington is sanguine, Mexico is sanguinary.

* * *

A sunny disposition, even when coupled with few brains, will often get a man a whole lot further in this world than a thinking-machine with a grouch.

* * *

Latest parlor magic stunt of the Allies is making Turkey quail.

* * *

Though Germany can't get any more Habana cigars, she evidently likes the Turkish to back 'er.

* * *

Well, Grand Duke Nick appears to have made it middle-hole-game, as we marble fiends used to say.

* * *

Britain's tax on tea is calculated to make the cup that cheers groan.

* * *

We suppose the blue laws brethren will soon be insisting that the confections change their name to nut mondaes.

* * *

South Carolina was anticipated many hundreds of years ago, according to the tale of Prince Kamar al-Zaman in the esteemed Arabian Nights.

Of that dignitary, we are told that "as soon as he became king, he remitted the customs-dues and released all men who remained in gaol."

* * *

And it is named "El Imparcial."

* * *

Almost every young fellow knows a peach who is the apple of his eye.

* * *

Some persons are so eccentric that they actually buy their umbrellas.

* * *

Our idea of the acme of human wisdom is laughing like thunder when the boss tells a joke.

* * *

Fearful tragedy at the Capitol! Nine lives lost!! The Senate's cat fell down the elevator shaft!!!

* * *

China is said to be showing her teeth to Russia. Inspection, however, fails to reveal even a Wu-tingfang.

* * *

If the militant who cut his portrait gets a Henry James sentence, she's be in for life.

In this country suffragism is an avocation. In England it is a pursuit.

* * *

Congress has made it a crime to impersonate a member. To impersonate some Congressmen should be cause for a lunacy inquiry.

* * *

We have never been quite able to understand why the Mecklenburg Declaration celebration isn't held on April 1.

* * *

King George's speech from the throne will easily rank as one of Mary's best literary efforts.

* * *

Those Pankhursts literally hunger for fame.

* * *

All we ask of Maj. J. L. Sims is to be half as good a Marshal for Uncle Sam as he has been an editor.

* * *

Have all those smelters down there anything to do with Mexico's being in such bad odor?

* * *

London suffragists who chained themselves to chairs have succeeded in inverting the proverb that "Love laughs at locksmiths."

* * *

Other Lands Than Ours—No. 5.

Hawaii is, our cyclopedia teaches,
A moonlit realm of silver-sanded beaches
Where languid love-lipped, night-eyed beauties prance
To music in that hula-hula dance.

* * *

Oh, You Marshall.

(From the Laurinburg (N. C.) Exchange.)

Marshall Threadgill should have the prize for riding the girls about, he having come through town recently with nine on one H. M. T. buggy.

* * *

One of the most unhappy comparisons we've come across recently is an admirer's reference to Jim Ham Lewis' wit as "Shavian."

* * *

The investigation of the Carlisle Indian school will doubtless bring out the fact that it has one of the best backfields in the country.

Meat prices being what they are, let the wolf beware how close he comes to the door!

* * *

An English archaeologist says that Nero did not burn Rome. Fiddlesticks!

* * *

"Schoolgirl Invents New Curve." Is the baseball to become woman's sphere?

* * *

Oscar Underwood actually couldn't be any more contemptuous of Cap'n Hobson if he were a barber discussing safety razors.

* * *

It might help some if the women would devote less thought to sweeping the country and more to sweeping the front porches.

* * *

The enthusiastic suffragette who calls Mrs. Pankhurst a "matchless woman" is apparently not posted on recent London fire statistics.

* * *

Our touring big leaguers are booked to play in Rome, where, you will remember, Brutus and Cassius introduced the hit-and-run play.

* * *

We do not know Mr. T. B. Slick of Clarion, Pa., registered at a New York hotel, but we violate no confidence in the statement that he has many relatives in South Carolina politics.

* * *

The mediators will do well to take their overcoats to Niagara Falls. T. R. has boils on his legs, Taft has bunions on his toes, and Wilson has Congress on his hands.

* * *

Some people are born Ananiases, and others rise up on their hind legs whenever opportunity offers and charge the daily newspapers with being controlled by the corporate interests.

* * *

"The trousered lords are comboboratively and conniptively flabbergasted." —New York Sun.

After reading that, who could blame them?

* * *

Bustleton, Pa., could scarcely be called a "forward-looking" place sartorially speaking.

"Something more is required nowadays to be a Congressman than to wear a frock coat, a white tie, and to send out garden seed."—Senator Kenyon.

Well, good sir, we'll bite. What more is?

* * *

Despite Doc Elliot's contempt for the Garden of Eden story, he can't say Adam and Eve's sojourn there was fruitless.

* * *

Our notion of zero in logic is a Waycross movie's advertisement of "an absolutely moral show, having been shown in New York 350 times."

* * *

"We are creating a cheap American aristocracy," says Irving Bacheller. Showing how much of an aristocrat he is! Everybody knows that, whatever else American aristocracy may be, it is not to be had cheaply.

* * *

Senator Jones advocates a Parthenon in Washington as a memorial to our women. But wouldn't it be better to call it a Marthenon?

* * *

Birds of a feather may roost apart and scold at each other for a time, but sooner or later they are bound to come back to the same bough.

* * *

Mexico has not recognized the new Peruvian government, regrettable circumstances at home having thus far prevented it from recognizing its own.

* * *

In Savoyard's description of a noted Kentuckian as "full of years and full of honors," he seems to have omitted something.

* * *

The Kurds are rising in Armenia, but luckily the ferocious Klabbas show no signs of taking the warpath.

* * *

The latest from Paris is the "surprise gown." It must be about the size of a postage stamp if it surprises Paris.

* * *

Suspicion persists that the real object of Queen Wilhelmina's calling another peace congress at The Hague is to tell the delegates the latest bright sayings of little Princess Juliana.

We found the moving pictures of the Haytian revolution very entertaining and instructive, but General Zamor looked suspiciously like the colored hackman who drove us to our hotel the last time we were in Tampa.

* * *

Yesterday's weather played havoc with skirts a la mode.

One might, for the nonce, go almost so far as to call 'em sleet-skirts.

* * *

We often proffer humble thanks
We do not dwell among the Yanks;
What boots a bit of snow and sleet?
It has their cussed weather beat.

* * *

The poor, downtrodden masses would never know how downtrodden they are if it were not for the patriotic politicians.

* * *

The best way Mr. Carnegie could spend his latest $2,000,000 for peace would be to establish pensions for all the Mexican warriors.

* * *

"I hear Spring voices calling," proclaims Frank L. Stanton. Take it from us, Frank, they won't cost you as much as the other kind.

* * *

Prince Albert, who will visit us next year, will be readily remembered as the young man who was named after a. w. k. brand of tobacco.

* * *

Age will turn all newspapers yellow, but a good many of them are born that way.

* * *

Whoever called this the horseless age failed to remember all those college ponies.

* * *

Probably another reason Germany dislikes us, as Count on Reventlow declares, is that our army officers have not yet advanced far enough in the scale of civilization to cut down crippled shoemakers.

* * *

A Philanthropist.

He loves to give his change away
Does generous Mr. Kales,
And every time he weighs, they say
He always tips to scales.

Probably that Salem, Mass., fire started at the witching hour.

* * *

Where have we heard those words before?

"The Mexican war will not last much longer."—Pancho Villa.

* * *

Now that the embargo has been lifted you can easily guess the most popular reb. command———

"Order arms!"

* * *

If we correctly understand Secretary Wilson, capital and labor should peacefully compromise their differences, even if capital has to be knocked on the head to do it.

* * *

If there's aught in a name, the Big Dipper is the leading tango artist of the sidereal system.

* * *

Morgan's raiders of the '60's seem to have had nothing on the New Haven ones.

* * *

Senator Penrose intimates that the flower of the Keystone Republicans voted for him.

* * *

It should not have been difficult, in the recent New York blizzard, for Fulton street to keep warm, lying, as it does, between John and Ann.

* * *

"Ex-King Manuel Likes the 'Movies.'" He has been one himself.

* * *

Murphy smiles and reflects that the leaning tower of Pisa hasn't fallen yet, either.

* * *

We see by the papers that George Perkins, the well-known bullion moose, has arrived at Oyster Bay.

* * *

If, as this astronomer says, the new comet is merely a "hobo," it doubtless steered clear of the dog-star.

* * *

Sometimes we sit and wonder just what contemporary politician old Tennyson was hitting at when he wrote "The mighty wind arises, roaring seaward."

* * *

Current coal bills convince us that cold waves would more properly be called breakers.

All you have to do is wear a prodigious wool hat and look wise, and a whole lot of people in this State will think you are the intellectual heir of John C. Calhoun.

* * *

Among the creatures queer we know,
The camel's not the least;
His humps are always rising, though
He never uses yeast.

* * *

The Democratic tolls exemption platform plank now looks no larger than a splinter.

* * *

"Austrian Envoy Bitten by Dog; May Have Babies."—Headline. One can imagine no more melancholy result.

* * *

No one will deny, since Bob La Follette's last speech, that the Washington Post is more justified than ever in running that "Great Trials of History" series.

* * *

Still another thing we admire about Woodrow Wilson is that his won't power is as fully developed as his will power.

* * *

One readily comprehends why he is called an Indian "brave" when one gets a look at his squaw.

* * *

New York surgeons have made a jaw from a rib. The first record of this operation is in Genesis.

* * *

An Ohio Representative declares that Congress is no place for an honest man. Who told him so?

* * *

The old world wouldn't brag so much about its fencers if it could see some of our statesmen during a recess of Congress.

* * *

Reorganizing the G. O. P. presents an interesting problem in partial fractions.

* * *

There doesn't seem to have been even a little rift in the loot of the New Haven.

* * *

Our idea of a pessimist is a man who believes half the terrible predictions in the Hearst papers.

Every pork-bar'l Congressman seems to thing he's the colossus of roads.

* * *

Those Pass Christian caddies seem to admire Woodrow Wilson almost as much as if he were a leading southpaw.

Well, anyway, Secretary Daniels can't abolish Davy Jones's locker.

* * *

Dancing maxim (for the "Hesitation"):

"He that dallies is a dastard,
He that doubts is damned."

* * *

"Let me but fill the graves of a country, and I care not who makes its laws," murmured Pancho, as he lined 'em up against the adobe.

* * *

It is to be hoped the Wilsonian chariot of State is equipped with mudguards.

* * *

Villa has appointed an American surgeon a general in his army—the lancers, of course.

* * *

Taking the punch out of the navy should put more into it.

* * *

What Belfast needs most is a few by popular elections.

* * *

"The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Charlotte, N. C."
Carols a Tarheel throstle in the Charlotte Observer.

Well, maybe so. At any rate, we are certain that
The moonshine nowhere is so white
As in Asheville, N. C.

* * *

Well, Ferris ought to be able to bring home the bacon.

* * *

Other relatives will get a show at Kermit Roosevelt's wedding, as papa will doubtless content himself with performing the ceremony, giving away the bride, acting as best man, and throwing the old shoes.

* * *

The wild waves roar
On Jersey's shore,
But we shall sing of them no more;
Whene'er we nurse
A youngling verse
Joe Patton rises up to curse.

The New Orleans Picayune surmises that by this time the Mexican seat of war must be worn out; still, let's hope it'll last until peace can be patched up on it.

* * *

Stanza One.
Flagon.

Stanza Two.
Jag on.

Stanza Three.
Wagon.

* * *

Sometimes we sit and wonder which cold storage warehouse Columbus's egg is in.

* * *

"Republicans Take in Women," according to a Chicago exchange. They used to take in the whole country.

* * *

In Real Life She Doesn't Mind it at All.

"The Mind-the-Paint Girl" is purely a stage character.

* * *

A fellow is near perfection when he is with a Columbia girl.

* * *

That the Cincinnati Reds have signed "King" Lear is a winter's tale.

* * *

If John Lind were the head of a trust, what a grand witness he would make!

* * *

Rockefeller advises us to be familiar with the Bible. Especially with the passages where the kings are anointed with oil.

* * *

Sometimes in our infrequent periods of vanity, we can't help admiring the magnificent and unfaltering courage which impels us to sit and typewrite withering insults at Victoriano Huerta.

* * *

Woodrow Wilson's position is difficult enough, but think of what a Martian President must go through with when a canal tolls question arises!

* * *

By voting against the opinion of a newspaper, you know you are right if you don't happen to have mind enough to make up an opinion of your own.

Parisiennes who are wearing leg-muffs doubtless figure that beauty is only shin deep.

* * *

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, who is to lecture in Eastern universities on "Hymns," should by all means include some College for Women.

* * *

The government will stop making 50-cent pieces, but thank heaven, the grand old parsons will keep on making better halves.

* * *

Probably the real reason the kaiser chops wood is that the crown prince made him laugh until he split.

* * *

The demagogue who professes to hate the negro is guilty of rank ingratitude. But for the negro, a lot of two-legged jackasses would never get their lunch-hooks on the public pay-roll.

* * *

One can hardly think of John Lind breaking silence—he will probably bend it gently.

* * *

The worst way to sell a toilet article to a woman is to recommend it as the latest wrinkle.

* * *

Tom Hood must have dipped into the future and seen 'Sephus when he wrote in his Comic Annual of "a soda-water sea."

* * *

Woodrow Wilson must chuckle when, in his message to Congress, he pens a sentence beginning, "If I dared, I might venture to suggest."

* * *

Secretary Daniels is like a "dress improver," in that he has caused a bustle abaft the waist.

* * *

"Suffragists to Post Bills for the Cause."—Headline. Please, ladies, make ours a very little one!

* * *

Casual inspection of the well-known sidewalks evidence that the evil that men chew also lives after them.

* * *

Some newspapers' idea of a viewpoint seems to be an exclamation point.

Some politicians don't have to die in order to lie in state.

* * *

Fashion anatomics: How is a shipwrecked lady in a slit skirt going to board a breeches buoy?

* * *

The legislature, however, does not go far enough. It should provide severe punishment for any and all allusions to

(1) The dark ages.
(2) Montenegro.
(3) Local color.

* * *

This May Weather.

If we could only have our way
We'd quit our work in skawn,
And do 0 through the livelong day
But yawn & yawn & yawn.

* * *

So far as we have been able to ascertain, it is only in liquor profits that the tiger gets the lion's share.

* * *

The navy had dry docks, however, long before the reign of 'Sephus.

* * *

How the Sultan can spend $15,000,000 for a dreadnaught and at the same time dress the harem in the style to which it has been accustomed, is more than we can fathom.

* * *

If there's anything in the reincarnation theory, Professor Taft must once have been Gurth the Saxon.

* * *

We trust the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's characterization of Champ Clark as "the modern Achilles" is not an intimation that he's a heeler.

* * *

Paviowa doesn't mind big bills; she foots them so easily.

* * *

Speaking of "books in the running brooks," a whole lot of the modern fiction output ought to be.

* * *

Bores, unlike banks, are never short in their accounts.

* * *

"Heads, you lose," chuckled Villa gaily, as he showed the Federal prisoners his new guillotine.

* * *

'Tis the day before Easter, and all through the house such a trying of bonnets on sister and spouse!

What a fine man George Washington might have been had his parents known about eugenics!

* * *

Dr. Eliot says the Eden story is a joke. A side-splitter on Adam, at any rate!

* * *

Boston's new slogan, "O-O-O" was doubtless adopted just after the town finished its Christmas shopping.

* * *

Judge Speer is said to have made Georgia lawyers his butts, and it looks now as if they are going to make Judge Speer the goat.

* * *

If she who hesitates is lost, is the tangoess to be considered pretty safe?

* * *

A Cabotlodgecal speech seldom convinces.

* * *

Modern fashions of women are not to be taken seriously—they are extremely figurative.

* * *

It's hard for Colombia to realize that the saying "Honesty is the best policy" originated with an American.

* * *

The simple subjunctive: Leonard Wood.

* * *

Goes without saying—John Lind.

* * *

Want advertising—politicians.

* * *

Goethals evidently would rather be the king of spades than the king of clubs.

* * *

Considering that there are only Ten Commandments to break, some men do pretty well.

* * *

The State will print free of charge the names of all jingo Congressmen who volunteer for the war.

* * *

Greece seems to regret that she ever took a shine to Italy.

* * *

You Bet.

It's a rare household where the better half isn't the whole thing.

* * *

Photographs of Haytian rebel leaders remind us of a box of chocolates.

Even without the b, bills would still be ills.

* * *

"Dese sure am Mexicating times," remarked the office porter, in blissful ignorance that he had said something.

* * *

A friend in need is frequently a friend snubbed.

* * *

The picture of health is usually in a good frame of mind.

* * *

Mexican Congress gives no free seeds, but Villa is doing a great deal of planting.

* * *

James Bryce has been reduced to the peerage.

* * *

It should be called the House of Mishapsburg.

* * *

At present prices, a dollar to a doughnut is almost an even money bet.

* * *

Still, the Colonel's silence does not leave the bull moose band-wagon spokeless.

* * *

As we analyze the affair, the Birmingham News and the Montgomery Advertiser regard Cap'n Hobson as about as useful as the ph in phthisis.

* * *

Prominent English aviators are almost as unanimous in commending 'Frisco's globe-circling competition as in positively refusing to enter it.

* * *

The esteemed New York Sun's cartoon showing an octopus shinnying up a telegraph pole luckily finds the Great Naturalist several thousand miles away.

* * *

Barking demagogues seldom bite.

* * *

Doesn't the millionaire who has married a teelphone girl know she has accepted rings from lots of other men?

* * *

Good men, as a rule, do a lot of loud talking in politics and flunk ignominiously when the time comes to act. But the bad men stick together and work like beavers, and the morning after election the good men sit up with a groan and wonder what hit 'em.

By this time the legislature probably agrees with Hon. Alexander Pope that "Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

* * *

The Buffalo News says that the Shadd-Roe nuptials have been solemnized in Denver, but that sounds fishy.

* * *

And now the shoe trust is in the courts. These are indeed the times that try men's soles.

* * *

The pronouncement of a Harvard professor that "man is sweetest when he is angry" will be received with much interest in Fijian social circles.

* * *

The Inspired Compositor.

(From the Kalamazoo Telegraph-Press.)

From the number of prominent women who are accused in crimes in different parts of the country we are led to believe that Rudyard Kipling was not so very far off when he said, "For the female of the species is more deadly than a mule."

* * *

In saving things for a rainy day, a good many girls begin with silk stockings.

* * *

Tut! Tut!

A modest man is Mr. Wrenn,
So much so it's distressing;
He always blushes deeply when
He sees the salad dressing.

* * *

Foolish Questions.

Could you call a drunken plumber a pied piper? Or dressmakers Daughters of the Revelation?

* * *

On the Sea Islands.

"Scip," said the stranger, "how near do you go to the rind when you eat a melon?"

"Well, boss, de ha'at ain' nutten to a man like me, and w'en I gits troo de seed I tek a breat' an' fin' my way troo de color, whéy'e red 'e sweet. Den I scrape um a little an' drink de jooce. Dat bring me whey de green biggin."

"Well?"

"Den, boss, if I is by myself I ain' gwine lef much ob dat coolin' stuff; an' ef any ob dese yer lazy trifiin' niggers is standin' round' ob cose I gits my dander up an' finish de million."

* * *

It is, no doubt, too much to hope that the statesmen who sneak down to the front door at 6 a. m. to get the morning newspaper have resolved to swear off their customary communications to the editor, beginning, "My attention has been called to a piece in your paper," etc.

* * *

"Savannah's superiority to Atlanta in a moral way."—Savannah Morning News. The superiority of any city to Atlanta in a moral way is so obvious as to require no iteration.

* * *

Many of us have a nodding acquaintance with Laureate Bridges' poems.

* * *

The Pessimist Says:

Knock, and the world knocks with you. Boost, and you boost alone.

* * *

In declaring that Emerson is our greatest poet, A. Noyes certainly does.

* * *

The chief idea in the attempts to reform the tango is, of course, to put it on a better footing.

* * *

Delaware's whipping of prisoners at least teaches us the origin of the term "common weal."

* * *

Settlement workers—bill collectors.

* * *

Postmastership is a noun that is seldom declined.

* * *

Alabama contemporary calls Cap'n Hobson "childish." Sort of Cap'n Kidd, as it were, eh?

* * *

If a man who kills a him commits homicide, if he kills a her does he commit herpicide?

* * *

We trust that the ossified man now on exhibition in Chester is not a hardened sinner.

* * *

Wisconsin must provide reasonable doctors' fees, or it will be the I. O. eugenics law.

"There is a change coming," says Secretary Bryan. We'd feel happier if he had omitted the article.

* * *

Every now and then two women get on the street car and don't have a long argument over who'll pay the fare for both.

* * *

The h. c. of l. is still a-soaring. But there is one consolation. The Buckwheat Trust hasn't yet shouted:
"Batter up!"

* * *

The Montgomery Times wants to know if Underwood is getting any campaign funds from Tom Ryan, and a Hobson editor sternly declares that "no Christian can vote for Oscar W. Underwood." One of the worst things about politics is that it makes good and otherwise sensible men say such fool things.

* * *

We cordially indorse Franklin Roosevelt's suggestion of a monument to de Grasse. To neglect our manifest duty to the memory of this great and good man were to advertise ourselves as shameless and monumental ingrates. By the way, who was he?

* * *

Now that China has given Mr. Rockhill a fine job, Mr. Gaffney is talked about in New York, and the cruiser Chester is mentioned in the Vera Cruz dispatches, Sumter, Orangeburg and Florence wish that their namesakes, if such there be, would snag a little bit of limelight.

* * *

Some Northern society women are so peculiar that they seem to be almost as fond of the baby as of the poodle.

* * *

A big traffic squad is always necessary on the way of the transgressor.

* * *

However, it is no news to George's shade that Martha Washington had a will of her own.

* * *

Something really ought to be done about present-day fashions. Here's a West Virginia paper announcing that a lady attorney entered the court room, "dressed in a smart hat and high-heeled shoes."

New England lady who wants to swap husbands with some damsel hints at another angle of this woman's exchange business.

* * *

Speaking of mixed metaphors, hark to the Atlanta Georgian. "And yet," remarks that paper, "this is the Chinese shoe which a browbeaten people are allowing narrow officialdom to fasten on the head of Atlanta."

* * *

Secretary Bryan did not attend the New York premiere of "Omar Khayyam," therefore the line "Fill me with the old, familiar juice" was not encored.

* * *

The Houston Post brags that the entire national banking capitalization and surplus of South Carolina is less than a million more than that of Houston alone, indicating that it got hold of one of those 1881 reports.

* * *

"Can you give some important events that occurred on Fridays?"—Houston Post.
We did, for one.

* * *

The Richmond committee is en route to Palmettodom, and the two Greenville papers are out with frantic indorsements of Richmond for the bank, but it is of no use. Those thirsty Tarheels didn't leave even a sip in their suitcases.

* * *

Russia is naturally doing the hesitation. That is where all the Steppes are.

* * *

Judging by its slowness in Mexico, the dove of peace must be a turtle dove.

* * *

Huerta says that Mexico is like a snake. It may encourage the jingoes to reflect that the Mexican flag depicts an eagle holding a snake in its mouth.

* * *

Mr. Henry Ford is all right, but as we remember our "Quo Vadis," the lions in the Colosseum arena were the first prophet-sharers.

* * *

President Wilson apparently wants Big Business's contract with Uncle Sam to include "love" and "honor" as well as "obey."

Robert Bridges, in a poetic eulogy of Burns, says that he

"With Doric rhyme erewhile
Taught English bards to mend their style."

One would never imagine it, judging by Mr. Bridges.

• • •

We suppose we had better inform the Charlotte News that we feel the muse a-stirring and a-rampaging within us—that is, if it isn't indigestion—and that a chaste ode or two will probably turn up this week.

• • •

Theodore Roosevelt has his own opinion of an administration that is always cutting out the muffler.

• • •

Vice-President Marshall cares not who makes the laws of the nation, if only he can make its epigrams.

• • •

Solomon had a big reputation for wisdom, but he never had to decide when to lay down two pair.

• • •

Still, just because Mr. Bryan travels so much is absolutely no excuse for insinuating that he is a Bill of fare.

• • •

You have noticed, we suppose, that the small hours are usually chosen for big times.

• • •

The Pankhurst girls may call Emmeline "mummy," but she doesn't dry up.

• • •

A stitch in time would help many a modern danseuse.

• • •

Some men always keep their word because nobody will take it.

• • •

"Use your siren in your car," invites an advertisement. H'm; how old is she?

• • •

"Paddy" is strictly a masculine nickname, but it would suit a lot of women.

• • •

A man may be a durn fool, but if he keeps his mouth shut most of the time he is certain to accumulate a reputation as a profound philosopher.

• • •

Speaking of unconscious puns, Giff Pinchot earnestly declares that "Penrose is only the flower of a system."

An Astor baby by any other name would cry as much.

• • •

Lillian Russell avers that "Every woman feels better for a flake of powder on her nose." A flake can't hurt, Lill., but so many women seem to think a snow-storm is necessary.

• • •

If Murphy is New York's man higher up he's lying pretty low.

• • •

Now that it has turned down equal suffrage, why not call it Mistersippi?

• • •

Love makes the world go round, but a pint of North Ca'lina corn runs it close in that line.

• • •

A Georgia Congressman has gone home to attend the funeral of his old "mammy." "Nigger-lover"! Traitor to the race!

• • •

Congressman Curley, who has just been elected mayor of Boston, began a recent speech with these words: "Now you pickpockets and crapshooters, I am going to make myself heard if it takes until 6 o'clock in the morning, when you fellows are out at your occupation of stealing milk." Only the accident of birth deprived Mr. Curley of the certainty of winning great eminence in South Carolina politics.

• • •

Gilbert and Sullivan Note.

Coincidently with the New York Hippodrome's revival of "Pinafore," the White House Stock Co. announces the immediate discontinuance of "Patience."

• • •

Boycotted by Hon. Hermann Ridder.

French-fried potatoes.
" heels.
" leave.
" horns.
Paris green.

• • •

Should Be Good Baseball Towns.

Pitcher, N. Y.
Slide, Tex.
Hitt, Mo.
Fanning, Kans.
Diamond, Ga.
Curve, Va.

• • •

Mary Garden has lost her wardrobe, but that's nothing.

"German Emperor Issues Still Another Address."—Headline.

—

Hock der Geyser!

* * *

What Heaux!

There was an old man of Bordeaux
Who said, "What! me fight? Neaux, neaux!
In the good old days I
Was a quite speedy guy,
But now I'm entirely too sleaux."

* * *

You can tell a college student by his hat, and the ex-student by the fact that he is afraid to wear one like it.

* * *

Knells.

The shrill blasts whistle
Through the trees,
And sound the knell
Of B. V. D.'s.

* * *

If the tie that binds the hyphenated American is not cut it is not the fault of Woodrow Wilson's caustic inferences.

* * *

Even Skirts Are Higher.

The uplift has come into its own these windy days.

* * *

This Colyum's Position.

Just now, Mr. President, Maxims might help more than maxims.

* * *

Almost all of Secretary Bryan's pictures are speaking likenesses.

* * *

Sounds Logical.

(From the Albany, N. Y. Argus.)

Almost every one who ever lived or is living has died or will die.

* * *

Our information is that the Mexican suffragettes, also, are rebelliously inclined.

* * *

Of "tongues in trees" the poet writ.
'Tis true, methinks, for hark!
Somewhere within those leafy woods
We heard the dogwood bark.

* * *

We wish our creditors' stationery would discontinue its enveloping movement.

* * *

"Let the calves grow," urges a Pittsburgh exchange. The male admonition is rather, "Let the calves show."

Anyway, the Germans saw one September Marne.

* * *

Strong for Intervention.

War, W. Va.
Battle, La.
Scrap, Tex.
Kilgore, N. C.
Gore, Okla.
Slaughter, Tex.
Hearst, Cal.

* * *

Our Mr. Dooley Says:

"Aven tho' I'm an ould batch, Hinnissey, I'm wid ould S'int Paul that 'It's betther', he sez, 'to marry', he sez, 'thin to rread Burrns,' he sez."

* * *

Marriage is about the only form of punishment in which there is no commutation for good behavior.

* * *

The Horrors of War.

"Isn't it terrible," quoth Mrs. Malaprop, looking up from her morning paper. "Here's an aeroplane dropping bombs on them poor Parasites!"

* * *

Isn't It So?

Lives of demagogues remind us
We can make a din infernal,
And, departing, leave behind us
Four-inch headlines in the journal.

* * *

Liberia has proclaimed its neutrality. This takes a tremendous weight off the minds of the warring powers.

* * *

The Reverend Gentleman Gets the Hook.

"Militants Bait a Bishop."—New York Times.

* * *

We see that the United Fruit Company's ships have come under the star spangled banana.

* * *

The more sugar goes up, the less will go down.

* * *

"Buckwheat soars." Case of batter up, eh?

* * *

Horrors!

"Isn't it awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Malaprop, "They tell me that the Swiss have blockaded the Simpleton tunnel."

Helps Some.

There's one good thing
About this war:
It cuts off news
Of Harry Thaw.

* * *

The Colonel is rushing home so fast that one can almost see the whites of his "I's."

* * *

The man who provided in his will that his wife should get an extra hundred thousand dollars on remarriage may merely have been that sort of vengeful person who is not willing to carry his grouch to the grave.

* * *

We See a Lot of Sisters Who Do.

(Want ad. in Ohio State Journal.)

DO EASY, pleasant coloring work at home.

* * *

A Prolific Cow.

(From the Topeka Journal.)

Full-blooded cows for sale, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens and several stoves.

* * *

Too Much of a Good Thing.

And just when we thought these underworld exposures were over, Etna and Vesuvius had to break out!

* * *

You Know the Kind.

Some guys talk big of gore they'll spill,
And blood they'll wade in to their knees;
But the recruiting sergeant will
Enlist naught but their sympathies.

* * *

Uneasy lies the head that wears a fez.

* * *

Indications are that the meek don't find much of Europe to inherit.

* * *

The Latest Revision.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a sombrero.

* * *

In a Manner of Speaking.

Pi counters—Bars.

* * *

The world is growing better. Mary Garden was recently observed in Paris wearing an air of indifference.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Tracey was eighty-four years of age yesterday, and proved it by an interview in which he declared that it was a great mistake not to recognize Huerta as President of Mexico.

* * *

Some Republican editors, in announcing that they will lay aside politics and stand by the President in this emergency, always try to make it appear that their magnanimous declaration is all the administration was waiting for.

* * *

Roosevelt stumped Maine. And Maine certainly reciprocated.

* * *

Russia may be winning pronounced successes, but we can't pronounce' em!

* * *

Bernard Shaw says he doesn't smoke. Probably prefers newspaper puffs.

* * *

Necessity, it appears, may also be the mother of intervention.

* * *

The fighting man who captures an Austrian or German officer usually takes the count.

* * *

Mexicans and Texicans—all vexicans.

* * *

Down in Maine—the G. O. P.

* * *

Tired!

"Roosevelt has a chat with Perk!"
" settles down to work!"
" writes a hundred letters!"
" claims we are his debtors!"
" chops down thirty trees!"
" dines on ham and peas!"
" with some Moose conspires!"
" calls his foemen liars!"
" tells his record fully!"
" shouts 'By George' and 'Bully!'"
" takes a country walk!"
" says he will not talk!"
" leaves The Outlook force!"
" is a little hoarse!"
" dons a Palm Beach suit!"
" whacks Elihu Root!"
" buys a black slouch hat!"
" this and Roosevelt that!"

Lord! how awfully tired we are
Of headlines black concerning T. R.!

Some call it "Wilson luck." The rest of us know it for Wilson pluck.

* * *

Generous to a fault—The owner thereof.

* * *

A Very Dear Subject.

Now that it's all over, did you notice the unction with which the sweet girl grad. commencement speakers declaimed, "God give us men"?

* * *

Birds of Burgs.

Pigeonroost, Ky.
Lark, N. D.
Parrott, Ky.
Sparrow, Ky.
Swan, Texas.
Swallows, Ky
Wren, S. C.
Crow, W. Va.
Blue Jay, W. Va.
Nightingale, Ala.
Redbird, Neb.

* * *

Fatal Spots.

(From the Rector, Ark., Newsboy.)

John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, sticking himself on the back porch.

While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green several times on the public square.

* * *

Safety First.

If a body meet a body
Who is full of rye,
Take a tip, and pass that body
Very quickly by.

* * *

More Everyday Whoppers.

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Standing Room Only."

"Sorry, ma'am; she's just gone out."

"I have not taken a drink for six months."

"I dislike circuses myself, but you know I have to take the children."

"At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce my candidacy."

"You can't believe much you see in the newspapers."

"Positively No Smoking."

"Speed Limit 15 Miles an Hour."

Famous Simple Indicatives.

Job E. Hedges.
John D. Works.
William J. Burns.
Martin Dies.
William Dean Howells
John Burroughs.
John Kendrick Bangs.
Anna Held.
Lew Fields.
John Drew.
Philander C. Knox.

* * *

Definition.

A campaign lie is something that your crowd didn't think of starting to circulate first.

* * *

The Courthouse.

It's always full of noises shrill;
This no man can refute;
For when no one's breaking a will
Somebody is filing a suit.

* * *

Judging by the way the banks are crowding each other to accept the provisions of the new currency bill, all the hurrah was mostly Vanderlip.

* * *

A Wise Old Guy.

"Sir Thomas Lipton Bound This Way."—Headline.

The knight cometh whom no man can work.

* * *

Au Contraire, As We French Say.

There's one phrase that gives us offence,
Hence this complaint:
They talk a lot of "common sense";
It ain't!

* * *

Our More or Less National Airs.

"The Star Spangled Banner"—sung to an English tune, "Anacreon in Heaven."

"Maryland, My Maryland"—sung to a German tune, "O Tannenbaum."

"Dixie"—sung to Emmet's minstrel air.

"America"—sung to an English tune, "God Save the King."

* * *

If this paragraphical strain on Carranza's whiskers continues, we may be forced to take down his wiregrass entanglements.

What Meanest Thou, "of Both Sexes"?

(Dispatch to the Spartanburg Journal)

The populace is beginning to become crazy. The streets are full of old women of both sexes who conduct themselves in an unworthy manner.

* * *

Ballade of Forgotten Booze.

We have read all about the knights of old,
How they fought for their ladies fair;
And many a monkish chronicler's told
Us the color of Guinevere's hair;
Now, this is the question I'm mostly concerned in,
And it can not be answered, I think:
Not what kind of marble those old knights are urned in,
But what kind of rye did they drink?

How many tumblers could Galahad hold
Without hopping up from his chair,
And wielding on high a big flagon of cold
Sack, swat Gawaine on the ear?
I've said before, I'm not vastly concerned in
The knight that from fear would not shrink,
But when in the morning the Round Table turned in,
And what kind of rye did they drink?

I've bought musty parchments for their weight in gold;
Pre-Renaissance manuscripts rare;
I've searched thro' old vellums, and rolls that were scrolled
In some immemorial year;
And while I've learned much, this much I'm not learned in:
In what social club did they slink?
How tight they all got, whose room they adjourned in,
And—what kind of rye did they drink?

* * *

"The Negation of Things Sacred in American Ideals" is what the Philadelphia Public Ledger calls poor Boies Penrose—yet there are those who complain about the use of dum dum bullets.

Want to Lighten Things Up?

(Ad. in the Buffalo News.)

WANTED—Light or red-haired girl in small apartment.

* * *

If you have been following the war news faithfully, you will have observed that the forward pass is as much of a failure this year as it has been since it was first inaugurated.

* * *

"Many trusts," says Senator Martine, "are in our midst." Quick, nurse, the paragoric!

* * *

It is highly appropriate that the war should have taken the Saint out of St. Petersburg.

* * *

Can't Blame Her.

To every man she gives a kiss;
How bold it is of Sue;
But then you must excuse the miss—
You see, she's only two.

* * *

Uncle Toby's army that swore so terribly in Flanders is having many imitators.

* * *

Some of these war correspondents would certainly make wonderful fishermen.

* * *

"American Students Enlist."—Oxford dispatch. Another good Rhodes movement.

* * *

The Professor to Be Opened.

(From the Greenville News.)

The weekly dance and opening of Prof. Gordon at Chick Springs hotel, Friday night, will be one of the principal social events of the season at this charming resort.

* * *

Still, the Sick Man of Europe isn't the only one. Germany has its Aix.

* * *

Any one remember Archibald Clavering Gunter? Of course not! All too young. But Mr. Barnes of New York is still on the job!

* * *

A Dream.

Last night I dreamed a funny dream;
It was so queer that I
Can not, who Sister Truth esteem,
Attribute it to pie.

Within that dream old Huerta's face
  Showed up distinct, and zounds!
The man was playing second base
  Up at the Polo Grounds!

Cap Hobson from a low saloon
  With reeling steps did slink,
While Clark and Bryan, comrades boon,
  Had "jush annuzzer drink."

King George upon a London stage
  Cried "Votes for women!" loud,
And Mrs. Pankhurst, red with rage,
  Urged on the jeering crowd.

A campaign scene my rapt gaze took,
  Void of all vim or fire;
No candidate yelled, "You're a crook!"
  Nor heard back, "You're a liar!"

Last night I dreamed a funny dream;
  It was so queer that I
Can not, who Sister Truth esteem,
  Attribute it to pie.

* * *

To Victoriano Huerta.

We don't love you, General Huerta;
  You have caused more woe and crime
Than we really can or care to
  Tell about in this here rime.
You're a bully, you're a bounder,
  And a braggart, too, old Vic;
Gossip calls you a bad rounder,
  Also a saloonatic.

You're a crook, so Villa tells us,
  And you're always on a bat;
But there's just one thing compels us
  To impart the secret that
We've a sneaking admiration
  For a fellow who will talk
Back to a two-fisted nation
  That's the cock of all the walk.

When Marse Woodrow's legions finish
  With your ochre-colored gents,
All your glories will diminish
  To the size of 30 cents.
But meanwhile, we are no traitor
  To the grand old flag we serve
If we say to you, Dictator,
  That we kinder like your nerve!

* * *

Paris feels the pinch of poverty.
Even the Venus de Milo is stone broke.

"The Follies of 1914."

We trust that Billie Burke won't find her first mate a skipper.

* * *

They Certainly Hate to Lose Those Pegs.

"Peg o' My Heart, I'll Miss You," murmured the naval officer, as he took a farewell toddy.

* * *

Fortunately, No Statute Covers This Offense.

Would it be proper to refer to Indian reservations as the po' Lo grounds?

* * *

Only One Guess as to the First.

Col. Roosevelt is nearing the mouth of the Amazon, the second largest one in the world.

* * *

Aftermath's Sentiments.

Let the Prussian cannon roar,
  Vive la France!
Let them fill the plains with gore,
  Vive la France!
Let the fierce-mustacheod Kaiser
Spout addresses like a geyser;
Vive absinthe! a bas Budweiser!
  Vive la France!

* * *

Sounds Logical.

"A butter is a goat, that's clear,"
  Said flippant little Fanny;
"Which being so, I greatly fear
  A buttress is a nanny."

* * *

Who's Zoo in Europe.

The Lion.
The Bear.
The Belgian Hare.
The Double Eagle.

* * *

The Annual Pilgrimage.

A hint of Fall is in the air,
  And chilly winds are almost here.
Soon to Unc. Moses we must tote
  Some kale to get our overcoat.

* * *

Propinquity.

If I were but the Sturdy Oak,
  And you the Clinging Vine;
If you were but the golden sheaf,
  And I the binder-twine.
If you were but the Irish Sea,
  And I the Isle of Man;
If I were only Fulton Street,
  And you, my dear, were Ann!

The Pessimistic Editor.

(From the Pineville (Ga.) Herald.)

If we are to stand for our women folks wearing shadow skirts and slit skirts and transparent skirts, and our younger women learning to dance the boll-weevil wiggle, the Texas tommy, tango, the bunny hug, the bear dance, the half-canter, the buzzard lope and the puppy huddle and so on down the line, then the men folks might as well have their saloons and highballs and the whole push go to h—l together.

* * *

Believe me that all these endearing young charms
That I gaze on so fondly today,
May be hidden from view by a hoop-skirt, perhaps,
By the first of next April or May.

* * *

Fighting against long odds is one of the best little things England does.

* * *

Another Sort.

Will Be News to Julius.

(From The Tampa Tribune.)

"Of all Gaul the Bulgarians are the most warlike." So said Julius Caesar centuries ago.

* * *

Especially Spouse's.

Open letters—Wives.

* * *

Bad Places for Doctors.

Wellman, Ia.
Health, Ark.
Hale, N. C.
Hardy, Cal.
Heartwell, Neb
Hygiene, Col.

* * *

How They Say "I Should Worry."

German—"Ich sollte mich sorgen."
French—"Que je me troublerais."
Italian—"Vorrei tormentor mi."
Spanish—"Seria atormentado."
Swedish—"Jag skulla grubbla."
Yiddish—"Isch ka bibble."
Bohemian—"Mam se starat."
Polish—Ja sie man klopotac."
Danish—"Jag skudle sorge."
Finnish—Minako surisin."
Japanese—"Hoya moya."
Norwegian—"Jeg skulde Sorge."

He left no footprints on time's sands
Did wicked Mr. Kumz,
But on the police blotter he
Left prints of both his thumbs.

* * *

Vic. Should Worry.

"The Yankees have captured Tampico!"
Cried a courier, name of Matico.
But Huerta said, "Mat,
We won't talk about that;
Let's open a bottle of Clicquot!"

* * *

Austria wouldn't have to seek loans if she hadn't borrowed trouble.

* * *

Yes.

Before the average man casts his bread upon the waters, he is usually careful to wait until the tide is coming in.

* * *

Woodshed Reminiscences.

Almost every fellow can remember when his father was a strapping young man.

* * *

Significant.

Every little army movement has a meaning all its own.

* * *

Perverted Proverbs.

War deferred maketh the Heart sick.
Spare the rod and spoil the Mexican.
Disorder is Mexico's first law.
Ultimatums never come singly.
Whom the gods destroy, they first make Mex.
All things come to those who watch and wait.
Defy in haste and repent at leisure.
Barking dogs of war sometimes bite.
Dreadnaughts speak louder than words.

* * *

Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac. French and Joffre are throwing a sovereign across the Rhine.

* * *

The Cynic Says:

To make a quarrel it takes two,
The proverb says; but, son,
The biggest fuss I ever knew
Came when two were made one.

* * *

The superintendent of schools advises early purchases of school books, Georgraphies, also?

Musical Towns.

Strausville, Neb.
Verdi, Va.
Wagner, Fla.
Chopin, La.
Weber, Ark.
Mozart, Pa.

* * *

Huerta's Lament.

Occupation is vexation;
Mediation is as bad;
The A. B. C. dotn bother me,
And Woodrow drives me mad.

* * *

When Sam Johnson Turned Over in His Grave.

(The Rev. Jefferson, in a New York sermon.)

"'Tis sad, nevertheless too true, that in many instances, as Ben Johnson says, 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.'"

* * *

What Fine Weather We're Having.

(From the Mercyville, Ia., Banner.)

Mrs. Parmenter of Des Moines will be at the hotel Saturday with all her hair.

* * *

George Washington is gratefully remembered for being first in war; Woodrow Wilson will be gratefully remembered for having been last in war.

* * *

The old-fashioned man who speaks of "Proosher" and "Roosher" was at last accounts still in front of The State's bulletin board.

* * *

Heard on the street car: "They have put the Palace of Rimes, where Joanna Dark was crowned Queen of France, on the blink!"

* * *

The King of the Tonga Islands has declared his neutrality, and every European chancellory breathes a mighty sigh of relief.

* * *

It is to be hoped that the world-wide movement to persuade the belligerents to respect ancient monuments and objects of art will not go so far as to preserve that row of statues of the Hohenzollerns in Berlin.

American ragtime is popular in Germany, but it is thought that those "It's a bear!" refrains are now severely frowned upon.

* * *

The Terrible Turk is as free with scraps of paper as the old style stage manager who used to create the snow scene in "The Two Orphans."

* * *

The Red Cross ship, having crossed out its politics, has taken the wave in search of Romance.

* * *

Vic. Huerta might at least have sent a cablegram of regrets to those Baltimore flag saluters.

* * *

The estimable Georgetown Times chides us for using the split infinitive. Specify, brother, specify!

* * *

Elbert Hubbard says Norman Hapgood belongs in the Ananias Club. The doorkeeper ought to know.

* * *

Steamship aground off Jersey coast probably knows all about the offensive abilities of the skeeter fleet.

* * *

British armies are said coolly to be taking hot tea on the battlefields. The next best thing to cold grape-juice.

* * *

Once it was, "Lyons opposed liberty; Lyons is no more." Now it is, "Louvain defended liberty; Louvain is no more."

* * *

Naturally, all salacious and morbid New York turned out for the opening night of a play that was called "Innocent."

* * *

A High Tribute.

Events of the last few days have tremendously increased, if that be possible, our admiration of President Wilson's knack of doing the right thing at the right time. We can really pay the Prexy no loftier tribute than that of the negro reverend to the white preacher who promised to occupy his pulpit one Sunday: "Dis noted divine is one of de greatest men of de age. He knows de onknowable, he kin do de ondoable, and he kin onscrew de onscrutable!"

It's just as well Sayville is silent. No family newspaper could print what Sayville would like to say just now.

* * *

"Tut-tut's" Successor.

Loyal Democratic editors are now referring to it as the Guff of Mexico.

* * *

Why Not?

Would it be permissible to speak of histories of Mexico as scrapbooks?

* * *

Siege Vittles.

I do not care much for horse meat,
I am not strong on snail;
When I think what that town must eat
Words of description fail.
Roast dog, broiled sparrow, prime ribs of cat
Do NOT appeal to me,
Hence this pean of rejoicing that
I am not in Paree.

* * *

What's Your Idea?

"What," asks Mr. Bryan, "is more mysterious than an egg?" Offhand, we should say, boarding-house hash.

* * *

"Villa declares that Carranza has the brain of a Saxon and the soul of a Latin. And the whiskers of a Long Islander. And the nerve of an Atlantan.

* * *

Before going too far with this matter of Pan-American good offices, it would be well to having it definitely understood in advance who it is they intend to pan.

* * *

Jim McGilvray Exults.

(From the Pee Dee Daily.)

I am so overjoyed with victory that I feel like the old woman at the big meeting when she jumped up in church and shouted: "Glory to God. I feel like I am in Beelzebub's bosom." The preacher said: "Oh, no, sister. Not Beelzebub, surely." She said: "Well, so it's some of them old Patriarchs, I don't care a cuss which one."

* * *

Modern rifles have an effective range of 2,800 yards in battle, but their bullets hit pay envelopes three thousand miles and more away.

Shakspere.

Something is rotten in the state of (censored).
He is a soldier fit to stand by (censored).
And give direction.
A (censored) come to judgment! yea! a (censored).
When shall we three meet again?
In (censored), (censored), or in (censored)?
I am no orator, as (censored) is.
My business in this state
Makes me a looker-on here in (censored).

* * *

The Amende Honorable.

(From the Council Grove, Kan., Guard.)

The "Guard" stated last week that Mr. Sackett broke his collar bone. We saw him on the street Tuesday and learned it was not his collar bone but his wrist bone that is broken. But considering the human frame has 250 bones, we think we did pretty well to get as close to the right one as we did. The collar bone is easier broken anyway and we desired to make the matter as light on our friend Sackett.

* * *

David and Goliath.

When old Goliath in his might
Upreared himself to his full height
And buckled on his arms for war
He struck all peoples dumb with awe.
A roar of laughter 'scaped him when
Slim David strutted down the glen;
"Just watch me put a classy crimp,"
He bellowed, "in that puny shrimp!"

For more details along this line
See Samuel, 17:49.

Once more Goliath takes the field
With broad-sword, battle-axe and shield;
Once more with but an humble sling
There stands a David challenging.
Be true thine eye and firm thy hand,
And from the azure Danube's strand
Speed the stone, Servia; nor cringe
Now that at last thou mayest avenge
The insults of the centuries
And bring the bully to his knees!

In a Quandary.

Jean Baptiste Sergius Schwartzmann Jones
Filled all the air with dismal groans.
"This sure is tough," he wailed. "You see
I just can't place my sympathy!"

* * *

Even Paw is Able to Take a Little Nourishment.

(Tomahawk Corr. Marshall, Ark., Republican.)

The stork called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Stone on July 18 and left a girl baby, all parties doing fine.

* * *

Easy Way to Title.

Some men are born Colonels, some achieve Colonelhood, and some have Colonelhood thrust upon them, especially Northern visitors who take care to tip the hackman a dime.

* * *

In Darkest Manhattan.

(From the New York Evening Mail.)

Lynch Sisters at Fancy Dress Ball.

* * *

Illustrated Baseball—A Double.

* * *

Ain't it the Truth?

When a man lets you talk to him a lot about yourself he is an Entertaining Conversationalist. When he insists on talking a little about himself he is an Awful Bore.

* * *

The college president just chosen President of Santo Domingo will need to keep all his faculties about him.

* * *

It is understood that the gallant Frenchmen have tied Mary Garden's wardrobe, lost in Europe, to the lance that leads the charge.

* * *

"Ribs, 11 1-2 cents," says a Chicago dispatch. Another item in the high cost of Loving.

* * *

Woodrow Wilson is making more history than he ever wrote.

* * *

From all indications it appears that after today the only way of recognizing a Virginia gentleman will be by his accent, unreinforced by his aroma.

The German mines: "We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

* * *

George Sylvester Viereck calls England a serpent. Judging by her birth rate, she isn't an adder.

* * *

The Czar's order of national prohibition during the war is the only case on record where any man voluntarily cut the throat of his own monopoly.

* * *

An Ohio man announces that he owns "the shortest-legged chicken in the world," but that's no way to speak of one's wife.

* * *

Williamsburg county farmers are said to be living at home and boarding at the same place. They should worry about Louvain.

* * *

We hope the railroads make some dividend out of the perfect courtesy with which the President entertained their plea for sympathy.

* * *

How About the Men Voters of Her Sex?

(Headline in the New York Times.)

Mrs. John K. Williams, Candidate for Lieutenant Governor of California, Who Has Already Been Indorsed by Many Women Voters of Her Sex.

* * *

We Don't Doubt it At All.

(Headlines in the New York Sun.)

200 MEN ANNIHILATED.
By The Sun's and The London Daily Mail's War Service.
Special Cable Dispatch to The Sun.

* * *

What Has Become Of:

The dove of peace?
Alton B. Parker?
Imported beer?
Harry Thaw?
Green hats?
Bob LaFollette?
Celluloid collars?
Em. Pankhurst?
Twelve-cent cotton?
"Butch" McDevitt?
The old time melodrama?
"Suspender Jack"?
Hiram Johnson?

You Know Him, Al.

He is a very gentle scout
  Whom strong, rough words displease,
And so he mildly talks about
  The sword of Durnocles.

* * *

The Horrors of War.

Estelle offends more than the rest,
By telling us of lese majeste.
—New York Tribune.

It makes us wrathy to hear Alice
Ask if the Kaiser's captured Calais.
—Columbia State.

It bores us to hear a refugee
Speak of her trials in Gay Paree.
—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

* * *

Heard on the Hustings.

"To my mind"———
"I can not do justice to" ———
"Far be it from me" ———
"It behooves us" ———
"It is hardly necessary to say" ——
"One word more and I have done"—
"It falls to my lot" ———
"I can not find words to" ———
"In the last analysis" ———
"Be that as it may" ———
"I shall not detain you longer" ——
"It becomes my painful duty" ———
"I point with pride" ———

* * *

A Funny Guy.

The crankiest man is Jeweler Hill
  Of all the cranky bands;
He never sells a watch until
  He manicures its hands.

* * *

Wuxtry!

10:00 a. m.—(1): "Berlin says Antwerp Has Fallen."
11:00 a. m.—(2): "Paris Says Antwerp is Safe."
12 m.—Number 1.
1 p. m.—Number 2.
2 p. m.—Number 1.
3 p. m.—Number 2.
Etc., etc., etc.

* * *

Mercy!

All Europe has its war clothes on
  Designed by Brother Krupp;
And even little Holland, so
  They say, is all dyked up.

"Indian troops to fight Kaiser."
Sikh semper tyrannis.

* * *

Times Have Changed.

Nicholas: "My dear
  Jews,
  Poles."

Poincare and Wilhelm: "My dear Socialists!"

George: "My dear
  Hindus,
  Boers,
  Irish,
  Ulsterites."

* * *

These English and French Dukes and so forth may be inordinately fond of American dollars, but they certainly do squander their lives like gentlemen.

* * *

Maybe the huge flights of storks sighted in France are moblizing for the annual manoeuvres around the Spanish royal palace.

* * *

European Concert Note.

Switzerland's mobilizing fast,
  And at the break of morn
She calls her sons with one loud blast
  Upon her Matterhorn.

* * *

When a girl has to choose between a man, who is capable of big deeds and a man who owns 'em, the choice is quickly made.

* * *

The bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims destroys the most magnificent of all memorials of the first and truest of all women militants.

* * *

It is all right for a nation to try to get "a place in the sun"—but not by shady means.

* * *

We suppose that coming generations of Austrians will speak of their ancestors as forerunners.

* * *

Philadelphia is supposed to be the city of brotherly love, but we doubt if its affection for Boston at this juncture is much more than mother-in-lawly.

We understand that Boston newsdealers are still allowed to sell The Black Cat, no protest having been received from Mistah William Monroe Trottah.

* * *

Outside of cracking its neutrality into pitiful bits, burning its cities, killing half of its men, pauperizing its inhabitants, gobbling all its food and taking seven millions a month as indemnity, Germany has treated Belgium very well.

* * *

President Wilson's letter eulogizing Congress strikes us as a mighty good autobiography.

* * *

"Well, that's one on me!" groaned the Parisian, as the Zeppelin bomb nicked him.

* * *

The Kaiser seems to be another rivers and harbors Bill.

* * *

You may have noticed that no new "Rembrandts" have been discovered since those European artists went to the front.

* * *

When the society editor is up against the problem of saying something pleasant about an ugly rich girl, she usually gets out of it by calling her "interesting" or "picturesque."

* * *

Under the heading, "Fun With Famous Folks," the Boston Globe perpetrates the following daffydils:

"What train did James Montgomery Flagg?

"What kinds of fish were caught by Harrison Fisher?

"What did John eat besides Oxenham?

"What made Stewart Edward White?

"Who taught Ed. Howe?"

Well, for that matter—

Why is Samuel G. Blythe?

What made H. Rider Haggard and Victor Blue?

What is the best hand that Anna Held?

What gave Tasker H. Bliss?

Who knows how high Penrose?

Why did George Barr McCutcheon?

The Anti-Saloon League ought not to mind John Bull's seizing tank steamers.

* * *

Charity.

It is an easy thing to gloat
When you annex a foeman's goat,
But, friend, leave all them gloats unsaid:
Suppose he'd got your goat instead?

* * *

"If, as reported, Mary Garden has lost her wardrobe, she might buy a bale of cotton."—Columbus Enquirer-Sun. Shucks, a boll would do Mary.

* * *

"Poured Sauce on His Bride," says an esteemed contemporary. Turn about is fair play. Doubtless she had given him too much of it.

* * *

London's morning salutation: "What's up?"

* * *

We wish the neighbor's cat and our cat would take a tip from Mexico and arrange an armistice, even if it isn't for more than three or four nights.

* * *

Gather ye war news while ye may, old Time is still a-flying; and this same dope that's true today, tomorrow may be lying.

* * *

As we understand it, the average man is so sick and tired of war news that he is seriously thinking of quitting reading his neighbor's paper.

* * *

Austrian infantry is called an arm of the service, though leg would seem to describe it much more accurately.

* * *

It's a good thing that hard words break no bones, for some of these Russian names would have most of us looking as if we had dropped 15,000 feet from a Taube.

* * *

It's to be hoped the last British reverses aren't half as bad as the last British verses.

* * *

Our notion of the height of something is the lady baritone in the vaudeville show.

* * *

What France seems to need as much as anything else is a marrytorium.

Germany will not violate Holland's neutrality. Wet grounds.

* * *

Will President Yuan of China please inform a breathless world which side honorable Confucius is fighting on?

* * *

And to think that the Petrograd correspondent was one of the few men Colonel Roosevelt didn't call a liar!

* * *

No doubt a good deal of London's sewing for the army is done in Threadneedle Street.

* * *

The Welsh battle cry is "Gwaeli angeu neu Chywylerd," no less, and we believe there's a good deal in that sentiment, too.

* * *

"New York teachers are demanding man's wages." Well, why don't they get married?

* * *

"Holy War Moves Turkey." It's likely to move it to Asia Minor.

* * *

Store a little sunshine in your heart and the gray days will be easier.

* * *

China has executed a wealthy criminal, poor barbarous nation that she is.

* * *

We warmly agree with Col. Ella Wheeler Wilcox that a woman's clothes should reveal her temperament, but see no reason why they should stop there.

* * *

We have never so regretted the good old custom of ducking common scolds as when contemplating the case of Bernard Shaw.

* * *

When money talks, nobody cares how ungrammatical it is.

* * *

Mex. City reports indicate that General Zapata is industriously engaged in bringing chaos out of order.

* * *

"The enemy's resistance is not broken," announces the German Chancellor, thus confirming a universal suspicion.

* * *

As for the Western theatre of war, those Hindus can furnish plenty of castes.

Report that the Kaiser has lost heart is absurd for a very obvious reason.

* * *

There is always some hope for a bad man as long as he is not a hypocrite to boot.

* * *

Turkey accrediting a representative to the Pope is not the least of the war's ironies.

* * *

Blessed be the cabinet officer who expecteth criticism, for he shall not be disappointed.

* * *

General Joffre's home folks gave him a sweater the other day, just as if the Germans weren't making it warm enough for him already.

* * *

Nikalo Tesla may be Russia's greatest inventor, but the Petrograd press agent is a close second.

* * *

Not a cathedral wrecked for a whole week! Has "kultur" got the hookworm?

* * *

A good many American manufacturers are discovering the war cloud's silver lining.

* * *

The war has produced many heroes. And at the head of the list is Albert King of the Belgians.

* * *

Well, Portugal, if you must get into it, please recollect that you are a republic and endeavor to uphold the prestige of the name. As the Cockney usher told the obstreperous militant: "Remember, lydy, that you are in a church, and behave as such."

* * *

By courtesy of German-Americans, we understand that the rest of us in this country will be permitted to keep on speaking the English language.

* * *

We judge by the Colonel's latest remarks about the Same Old Wilhelm that he doesn't intend to ascend to personalities in this campaign.

* * *

Somehow, we imagine the philosopher who remarked that "Time is money" said it just after completing a trip in a taxi.

To be strictly up-to-date, you must write it "sonny Spain."

* * *

It sounds paradoxical, but the best way to make both ends meet is to keep straight ahead.

* * *

Belgium has her back to the wall, but not to the enemy.

* * *

We heartily agree with the headline artist who announces that Russia is making "consonant gains."

* * *

In the Berlin-Petrograd tale of two cities, it's the dickens to know which to believe.

* * *

Allies seem to be having a snap in the fighting at Lens.

* * *

Life below the border seems to be just one Mexican after another.

* * *

Holland refuses outside aid for Belgian refugees within her borders. She insists that it will be a Dutch treat.

* * *

English fears that Portugal will insist upon advancing to their aid seem to be well grounded.

* * *

Judging by local street scenes, King Cotton is partial to the Southern exposure.

* * *

Speaking of high churchmen, an English parson has just entered the aviation corps.

* * *

How London must envy the Eskimos those six-months days!

* * *

"A Pair of Silk Stockings" is New York's newest play, but some critics predict it will soon be on its last legs.

* * *

We wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that the Hon. Jim Mann was born on the island of Yap.

* * *

England has prohibited the exportation of wool, but nobody wanted Jack Johnson back, anyway.

* * *

Boston—the hubbub of the universe!

* * *

It's been some days now since a German aeroplane gave Paris the once over.

There is some apprehension that Wilhelm has confounded the way of the transgressor with the paths of glory.

* * *

Queerly enough, Japan hasn't used a single shogun in this war.

* * *

Some one asks for our opinion of the best end of the year. The bull moose's.

* * *

It is indeed a pathetic spectacle the way Woodrow Wilson's enemies are falling away from him every day.

* * *

"Mary Garden Reveals Her Patriotism," goes a headline. And that isn't all Mary reveals either.

* * *

They that take up the sword shall also perish by their enemies' press agents.

* * *

Determination is often just muleheadedness in a dress suit.

* * *

And to think that the kaiser once hung about ten feet of German decorations on Doc Eliot!

* * *

Now that Artist Reuterdahl has gone to the front we are looking forward to some drawn battles.

* * *

Utter nonsense—T. R. and Cap'n Hobson.

* * *

The relief of Przemysl is nothing to that of the proofreaders.

* * *

We see by the papers that Wilding, the English tennis crack, is serving.

* * *

As we understand it, Mr. Bryan's idea is to make the dogs of war setters.

* * *

"Girl Born to Braves' Pitcher"—Washington Post. It certainly must have been some feat.

* * *

George Perkins says you can't fool all the people all the time, but "there is millions in fooling half of 'em." He ought to know.

* * *

"Any man," announces John D's pastor, "who says I drink is a liar." Shake not thy gory locks at us, reverend sir. We never opened our mouth.

Like These, Frexample.

"Near Lemberg, Galicia, after heavy fighting, the Russians seized the line to Kaminonka, Gliniany, Przemyslany and Brzukovitze."

* * *

Germany promises to respect the Monroe doctrine. Poor little Belgium got one of those promises.

* * *

Judging from the missives read in divorce suits, it's a short step from correspondence to co-respondence.

* * *

Hellup!

Some styles, we know, are really crimes,
But we excuse them when
We hark back to Queen Bess's times—
How ruff the things were then!

* * *

(From a boost for Mary Garden in The American Magazine.)

She reveals herself in a way that is refreshing, while at the same time contributing valuable information.

* * *

Don't Shoot, Sistren!

The reason some girls are so crazy about palmistry is that they can't get their hands held any other way.

* * *

Our Curious Langwidge.

When we say that there were high words between the disputants, everybody understands, of course, that they were low words.

* * *

Must Have Been Some Sermon!

(From the London Universe.)

The sermon over, a collection was taken, and hardly a person present did not contribute. Mgr. Benson's sermon went to the hardest heart there. Even the journalists contributed.

* * *

Oh, You Pin.

He gently clasped her slender waist,
Then tragedy befell;
For he removes his arm in haste
And wryly muttered: "Tut! tut!"

* * *

The Reason.

He knows no North, South, East or West,
Does Mr. Julius Flagg;
And yet his is no patriot's breast—
He simply has a jag.

Judging by his testimony, President Mellen was simply the official fence behind which the New Haven was done to death.

* * *

Why does a peace journal like The Commoner make clubbing offers?

* * *

Paradoxical as it may seem, it's the part of wisdom to pass bad money.

* * *

One great redeeming feature of the phonograph companies is that none of them has put out any tenor records by Colonel Roosevelt.

* * *

Something will be done at last for the Senate's high cost of living. Georgia is about to send it a cracker.

* * *

Admiral Peary says there should be a national wind-map; but what's wrong with the Congressional Record?

* * *

"What resources," demands Ernest Thompson-Seton, "have we to compare with our young men?" Well, Ernie, there are our young women.

* * *

An optimist, as we understand it, is a man who makes the best of it when he gets the worst of it.

* * *

This war seems to bear another of those "Made-in-Germany" labels.

* * *

Earthly Advantages.

I'd rather bide upon the land
In dull, prosaic bliss,
Than be an aviator, and
Come tumbling down like this!

* * *

The militant aim is rapidly improving. One of them threw a book at the judge and missed him only five yards.

* * *

Let Theodore Roosevelt chip in his share, and we can turn over to Colombia a settlement of $25,000,000.06.

* * *

Excuse Us.

Sign of Buffalo Merchant.)

CLEANING, DYING AND PRESSING LADIES AND GENTS.

Ebenezer: No, the legislature has not yet passed the bill prohibiting the use of all pianos with black keys.

* * *

Those New York surgeons who have formed an orchestra, should be especially strong on opening overtures.

* * *

"Girl in Tights Chases Man Three Blocks."—Headline. If any dimpled sister in tights thinks she can run us, just let her try it on, as they say in dear old London.

* * *

George V was crowned on a stone, but he has been on needles and pins ever since.

* * *

That prohibition amendment is evidently Hobson's choice.

* * *

It is entirely natural that Pancho Villa regards the Zapata bandits as conspirators in restraint of trade.

* * *

Somebody asks Old Doc Evans how to get rid of chiggers. There's the rub!

* * *

It is understood that the suffragettes who carried babies to the White House have all returned them to their mothers.

* * *

Barring an oyster and John Lind, the most speechless thing yet discovered is the small New Haven stockholder.

* * *

A Marylander crept behind a balky mule and stabbed him to make him move. He did.

* * *

Ouch!

Speaking of lightweight champions, which nobody was, could you call the ice man one?

* * *

Paradoxical.

"This seems to me," said Mr. Jack,
"A most amazing stunt,
That when some one takes us aback
We always take affront."

* * *

Since the sunny kingdom repudiated the Triple Alliance, the Kaiser must believe there is a lot of truth in the sentence. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

President Wilson subscribes for the London Times, but Mr. Bryan would never allow him to take Punch.

* * *

If Hearst is really foolish enough to get into the same political bed with Roosevelt, it will not take a prophet to predict who will be kicked out.

* * *

The Old Grouches.

Some people don't seem to realize that being alive is a privilege and not a punishment.

* * *

Notice how much cheaper you can get a spool since the Thread Trust was wound up?

* * *

Ulster isn't necessarily progressive just because she won't stand Pat.

* * *

Scratch a calamity-howler and you're apt to find an ex-postmaster.

* * *

Though Senator Lewis has dropped the "James," the jokesmiths will see to it that he's a deviled Ham.

* * *

A La Mme. Caillaux.

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And hies her forth to shoot and slay,
She weeps and looks most melancholy,
And they acquit her right away.

* * *

"Possibly," remarked the office incorrigible, as he glanced over the cold wave reports, "this is that Southern shiverlry we hear so much about."

* * *

What shall we call the lady tangoer—a tangerine?

* * *

Say, Woodrow, aren't we watchful waiters going to get any tips?

* * *

After all, it is only the Swiss who can continue to yodel in the circumstances.

* * *

Beauty is only skin deep; but, on the other hand, so is ugliness.

* * *

History will rubric 1914 as the year of the mightiest of wars. The average American youth will recall it as the year waivers were asked on Napoleon Lajoie.

* * *

One half the world certainly knows how the other half dances.

The River of Doubt is responsible for many rivers of ink.

* * *

From all we hear, that Tennessee Democratic candidate is a straight Rye. The gratifying thing, however, is that he is Wilson's Rye.

* * *

Champ Clark wishes it distinctly understood that his cold is not the same one Mr. Bryan recently had.

* * *

What is so rare as a day in June that doesn't begin some honeymoon?

* * *

Having carefully observed modern fashion tendencies, a progressive Richland county farmer has just put out 200 fig trees.

* * *

Title of a new story is "The Persistent Lady." Under cover before marriage or out in the open afterward, they are all persistent and infallible as hunters.

* * *

It is a wretched slander to say that the I. W. W. won't work. Why any of 'em would gladly accept a position as lineman for a wireless telegraphy company.

* * *

Nomenclaturally, at least, Mr. U. C. Herr, postmaster at Medicine Lodge, Kans., keeps in close touch with the current fashions.

* * *

"Posterity To See Wilson," announces the Washington Post. Is Secretary Tumulty sure there is an open date?

* * *

Honest men shouldn't giggle so much when rogues fall out. Rogues have an uncomfortable habit of making up again.

* * *

As for the lady lecturer who says cigarettes are pernicious, we are glad to back 'er.

* * *

Secretary Burleson last week discontinued the Theodore, Ky., postoffice, and the Colonel recovered his voice next day.

* * *

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has returned from Europe, where she was much tigerized by her suffrage friends.

Italy evidently takes her part in the Triple Alliance in a Baltimore platform sense.

* * *

Their press-agents tell of the intense artistic rivalry between Gaby Deslys and Gertie Hoffman. Shucks! Mary Garden outstrips them both.

* * *

Rustem Bey, the new Turkish minister, declined to talk—another oyster Bey, so to speak.

* * *

Probably Colombia facetiously refers to that $25,000,000 as canalimony.

* * *

Villa and Carranza are now ready to bury the hatchet, each having selected a suitable spot in the other's head.

* * *

Hon. John Lind must have a fellow feeling for the unspeakable Turk.

* * *

That new play, "Our Wives," must be crowded with speaking parts.

* * *

Mr. Hearst will hear with delight that Looney, N. M., has changed its name to Woodrow.

* * *

What a splendid thing it would be if when we lose our tempers we couldn't find 'em again!

* * *

Sometimes we sit and wonder how long Diogenes would manage to keep his lantern in New York.

* * *

The new Governor-General of Canada is a Grand Commander of the Bath, thus queering him irretrievably with North Carolina.

* * *

Little Georgie got the axe;
Hit wee Rose some awful cracks;
Piffled Pa cried "Little pet (hic),
He always was SO energetic!"

* * *

On the Tarheel stump, oration and expectoration are synonymous terms.

* * *

Colombia probably doesn't agree that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

* * *

Two thousand Germans reported drowned near Warsaw. Luckily, our Poland water isn't that dangerous.

Germany seems to have played the deuce when she led the king.

* * *

The miserable Buffalo News man, who evinces a curiosity to "see a Democrat stuffed," is hereby cordially invited to spend Thanksgiving day with us.

* * *

All is not yet lost. The New York Sun's forecast of the congressional election says that South Carolina will probably elect a Democratic Senator.

* * *

One of the most gigglish features of modern politics is the way Woodrow Wilson can make Congress do about everything he wants 'em to and close the session by telling 'em of his high admiration for the magnificent self-reliance and unyielding independence they have displayed, sending 'em home swelling with self-complacency and firmly believing every word of it.

* * *

We don't blame the Greenville Piedmont a bit for working tooth and toenail for that Iron Cross, just as we are striving in our humble way to attract the attention of King George and maybe get the Order of the Okra, but we do think it should occasionally slip in some favorable news about the allies, such as the fact, for instance, that Winston Churchill used to be a newspaper man.

* * *

A Crushing Retort.

(From the Lamar, Mo., Democrat.)

We asked a trombone player the other day if he could mention a single great man who, when he was a youth, played in the village band. He scratched his head and pondered for several minutes. No, he could not think of one. Then he asked us if we could name one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence who ever ran a country newspaper.

* * *

We suppose you have noticed that a bad egg is usually broke.

* * *

The greatest malady among women folks is the ear-to-mouth disease.

* * *

The one best bet is that the Iron Cross will never get to Charing Cross.

What those Tarheel mountain counties want is a place in the moon.

* * *

Our idea of a telling situation is when a bunch of women get together.

* * *

No European press agent has been killed yet, but if he had been he'd lie still.

* * *

The German gospel according to St. Nietzsche: "You have heard that man hath said, Blessed are the peacemakers, but I say unto you, Blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be called, if not children of Jehovah, then children of Odin (the war god of the north), and Odin is greater than Jehovah."

* * *

The Lion at Heligoland, August 27, 1914.

They told us he was toothless, and they jeered,
Pointing derisive fingers at his cave;
"There lies he, blind, impotent; what can save
Your senile sire, unfriended, lone, unfeared?"

* * * * * *

A twilight sea, where thick the smoke-wraiths cling,
And mantle pityingly the mottled deeps;
From out the crimson heart of hell there creeps
A shattered cruiser, like a wounded thing.

And five are sinking, and the rest are fled
Home to their friendly harbor, fanged and rent;
And from the harbor sighs the low lament
Of Prussia mourning for her sailor dead.

We that love peace, not slaughter, England's sons
Soul-linked across three thousand miles of sea
Know thy Cause just—once more for liberty
Strike home with all the thunders of thy guns!

At any rate, the heathen in his blindness doesn't bow down to Krupp and Maxim.

* * *

We imagine that when a new Russian town needs a name, they get the Czar to sneeze.

* * *

Parisians denounce bomb-dropping as a sin. Well, the sin will be on their own heads.

* * *

European soldiers get only a few cents a day, but we suppose the aviators get space rates.

* * *

Hon. Dick Rudolph asserts that the Athletics are "free-swingers." Well, he and Bill James ought to know.

* * *

Governor Glynn is a newspaper editor, but sometimes Whitman must make him feel like the devil.

* * *

Boy, Page A. Comstock.

The maids of Borneo are brown
And only dress by halves;
The skirts they wear are very short,
And plainly show their elbows.
—Columbia State.

The maids of Borneo are brown,
They do not fear the breeze;
The skirts they wear are very scant,
And plainly show their shoulders.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The maids of Borneo are brown,
They dress like Easter eggs;
The skirts they wear are quite in style,
And plainly show their necks!
—Gentle Reader, Wilmington, N. C.

* * *

A stitch in time may save a ragged Belgian.

* * *

War is also what Sherman said for the babies of patriotic English parents. Imagine reading in an English paper twenty-five years hence something like this: "Petrograd Jones, the well known young barrister of Liverpool, is visiting relatives here." "Mr. and Mrs. Przemysl Stiggins are spending a few days at Brighton." "Among those present were Messrs. J. Joffre Ponsonby, Aisne Smith-White, Belgrade Smithers and Paris Green."

Dollar diplomacy looks pretty good to Belgium just now.

* * *

Of course, Hon. Jim Mann hasn't up and said in so many words that the tariff was really responsible for that Turin earthquake, but he knows what he knows.

* * *

The estimable Marietta (O.) Register-Leader declares that in saying that Sherman burned and sacked Columbia, The State paper proves itself a "poor forgetter." The subject is not one that we like to harp on, contemporary, but there are some things it's darned hard to forgive and forget.

* * *

From news furnished by the official information bureau of the British army, as published on October 24th in the Boston Transcript:

"Nevertheless, the enemy in front of us is fighting well and skilfully."

"An incident which occurred October 13th shows the resources and bravery of some of the enemy's scouts."

"The tendency of the Germans to rely on their splendid war material."

It was Herr Mencken, the Baltimore Evening Sun's "Free Lance" who said the other day, in the course of his daily tirade against the English, that under no circumstances have the allies given out anything favorable to or commendatory of their brave foes. If a newspaper must be offensively unneutral, it should not hold itself up to ridicule by publishing statements that the most casual investigation proves utterly untrue.

* * *

This is Soft for Him.

"Contribs," thus spake the Old Colonel,
"You may frolic today in this jolonel;
And, friends, just believe me,
You sure do relieve me,
Of a whole lot of worry infolonel!"

* * *

We suppose the suffs insist on announcing that the South is in the side-saddle.

* * *

There is a suspicion that in calling his soldiers brothers, Wilhelm merely cozens 'em.

Dr. Bernard Dernburg announces that Germany will not annex Canada. It is also thought that Haiti has given up its nefarious designs upon Russia.

* * *

The pocket wireless may be a great invention, but it certainly seems superfluous with so many women in this world.

* * *

London meets our idea of the centre of gravity.

* * *

As we understand it, England is hitching its wagon to a tar.

* * *

The whippoorwill would seem to be an appropriate emblem for the allies.

* * *

We rather approve the practice of dubbing legislators "solons." It puts them in a good humor and gives the people something to snicker at, and goodness knows there's precious little these dismal times.

* * *

Mr. Bryan is naturally a bit husky in these corn belt speeches.

* * *

It's a paradox of politics, how often a straight ticket is crooked.

* * *

Well, thank goodness, Caine and Cowan have thus far spared us the observation that hundreds of Scotch soldiers were found among the kilt.

* * *

The Czar must feel pretty much like penalizing Przmysl for holding.

* * *

It's a Mystery to Him.

When a fellow gets peeved with a newspaper and stops taking it, he never can understand how it manages to shuffle along day after day without any sign whatever of suspending publication.

* * *

When Tosti Turned Over in His Grave.
(From the Polk County, (N. C.) News.)

The solo "Tolstoy's Goodbye to Summer," sung by Mrs. S. C. Mockel, the leading soprano of St. Luke's cathedral, Atlanta, Ga., was very beautiful.

* * *

"Germans Repulsed on Coast.—Headline. Oh, frabjous day! Calloo! Calais! we chortle in our joy.

Europe's army of the unemployed could find some big openings in French and Belgian cathedrals.

* * *

The prophet said in his haste that all men are Petrograd correspondents.

* * *

What does Germany call those bellicose professors—the brainsturm?

* * *

The European Socialist idea, we take it, is that divine right should be left.

* * *

"Italy Gives Up Meat."—Headline. See Naples and diet!

* * *

What gentle souls Attila and Genghis Khan must have been!

* * *

We suppose the way the bespectacled music-hall artists in Boston sing it is, "It is a circuitous journey to Tipperary."

* * *

Paris reports indicate that the Turcos still have a shade on the enemy.

* * *

When one woman says another is "as pretty as a picture," she usually adds under her breath, "hand-painted."

* * *

Holland may experience some difficulty in keeping her neutrality on straight.

* * *

Here's one for Herren, Patton, Cowan and Caine, the celebrated Tarheel daffydil trio: If the British lose South Africa, what will the Zulus?

* * *

Too Bad.

We've read the latest pome
Of Colonel Rudyard Kip;
Alas! alas! once more, alas!
For Rudyard's lost his grip.

* * *

Will General DeWet turn out to be the old Dutch cleanser?

* * *

Why doesn't Queen Victoria, of Spain, quit her kidding?

* * *

A prominent leader on the other side is always a henchman.

* * *

Who Says the English Have No Sense of Humor?
(From the London Times.)

They have at last forced Mr. Roosevelt to talk.

The South would do much better in the saddle if it did not use the spur of the moment so liberally.

* * *

Germany is willing to do anything under the sun for a place in it.

* * *

Speaking of "travel slips," it's hard to beat the well-known banana peel.

* * *

Our personal experience is that money may talk, but it isn't English.

* * *

England, with all thy censors, we love thee still.

* * *

Our notion of untold wealth is an income-tax dodger's.

* * *

We see by the papers that that eminent hussy, Ann Archy, has returned to Mexico.

* * *

One of the humors of the situation is the way a fellow who hasn't set foot in a church for ten years will wax wrathful when the Germans nick a cathedral or two.

* * *

Probably the loss of her wardrobe didn't give Mary Garden a cold, as she's always wrapped up in herself.

* * *

Our notion of zero in consolation is a standpat paper pointing out that Woodrow Wilson is a minority President.

* * *

"Fashionable women," says a New York authority, "are flat-busted." So are a lot of men who aren't at all fashionable.

* * *

Guinness's brewery employees offer to form a regiment. They claim they could put up a stout resistance.

* * *

Human nature probably being just about the same then as it is now, if no more so, we suppose that when the ancient Romans read in The Daily Forum where old Hannibal had licked the socks off 'em at Cannae they said confidently that it was only another one of the subsidized press's lies, and proceeded to write anonymous letters to the editor, informing him at some detail all about his ancestry, present mode of life and future destination.

Old Philander Knox criticising Woodrow Wilson is like a horse-fly trying to sting the pyramid of Ghizeh.

* * *

Somebody has unearthed a cradle in which Former President Cleveland was rocked, presenting it to a memorial home. It only remains to discover the teething ring that contributed to T. R.'s dental equipment.

* * *

Why Not Try Your Luck Here?

Shad, Cal.
Finney, Ky.
Anglin, Wash.
Trout, N. C.
Hooks, Ala.
Line, Ark.
Bass, Ind.
Perch River, N. Y.
Mullet, Miss.
Fish, Ga.

* * *

I met a politician,
Of greetings he was chary;
He passed me by with a frosty eye—
This was in January.

I met a politician,
The same, on one hot noon;
He bade me stand and he wrung my hand—
For this, you see, was June.

* * *

The Slayers.

When one man slays another in a fit
Of rage, they straightway haul him to the pen;
There may have been some fancied cause for it,
But that poor plea won't get him out again.*
When one man slays ten thousand in cold blood,
And leaves ten thousand murders unredressed,
And nips a myriad young lives in the bud,
They pin some shiny medals to his breast;
And, though he be a scoundrel worse than Nero,
Yell themselves hoarse, and hail him as a hero.

---

*South Carolina, of course, excepted.

If, as the German Chancellor declares, this is "a life and death struggle between Teuton and Slav," why was Germany so willing to tie up in alliance with Austria-Hungary whose Slav population is over two-fifths?

* * *

No.

Some men's particular friends are evidently not very particular.

* * *

Yet We Have Plenty of 'Em.

One way to dodge trouble is to keep your mouth shut. But who loves a spineless cactus?

* * *

Teddy Dotes on That Kind.

T. R. has given the glad hand
To that Castilian twain;
One put the ma in Madrid, and
One put the pa in Spain.

* * *

Sad Mishap at Orrum.

(Orrum Corr. Fremont, N. C., Messenger.)

Mrs. A. T. Lawson was sitting on the porch at home, near here, when an old setting hen, of her's, flew off the nest and in her eagerness to get to the nest struck her foot gainst the fence and broke her leg. It is improving.

* * *

With all the men milliners called into active service, there is no reason in the world why the French ranks should not be well dressed.

* * *

It's a sad story, mates. If the dukes and counts are killed off, our heiresses may be reduced to having to marry just ordinary Americans.

* * *

Our Contemporaries.

(The Springfield Republican.)

Always reliable and always sane,
Calm, wise, judicial, temperate, stately, staid,
About one-tenth of heart and nine of brain—
Some think it is the best newspaper made.

* * *

We don't know who those Nervii were that Caesar overcame, but the name suggests that they were the original calamity-howlers.

"Are we as beautiful as the ancients?" inquires the New Orleans States. Well, perhaps you surpass Diogenes, Tyrtaeus and Socrates, but we are inclined to suspect that probably Apollo and Ganymede had a little sump'n on you.

* * *

Why Ye Ed. Left Town.

(From the Garnett, Mo., Review.)

Horse disease has already reached Anderson county. J. J. O'Mara and George Woodruff are affected.

* * *

Some Man!

(From the Miami, Fla., Metropolis.)

Wanted—Man who dug well on Frier place with Roman nose will please return pocketbook and no questions will be asked.

* * *

The Chattanooga Times says that the wild women are not heart-breakers. Nope; but they certainly excel as head-breakers.

* * *

Try the Front Yard.

(From the estimable News and Courier.)

A respectable colored woman wants a place to wash.

* * *

The new guns designed for use against aeroplanes may yet disprove the old adage that you can't keep a good man down.

* * *

As our friend, Josephus Daniels, is fond of announcing in the Raleigh News and Observer, "North Carolina sits at the head of the Table." One reason is that it lets its Senators and Representatives keep their seats.

* * *

There seems to be some apprehension that Kermit's wedding won't go off without a hitch.

* * *

That Aero club committee which is charting the air routes is probably working at space rates.

* * *

New Haven "came down." Its trunk was too rotten to permit it to stand even against a zephyr of the law.

* * *

Wilhelm seems to be a lot stronger on initiative than referendum.

It will be wholly superfluous for this French general, Paul Marie Cesar Gerald Pau, to make a name for himself.

* * *

"Foreign Cheese Prices Soar." And Abou Ben Edam leads all the rest.

* * *

Cato the Censor couldn't have had much on this English chap.

* * *

Tom Edison's reiteration that he sleeps only two or three hours a night discloses the fact that he must have one of these back fences, too.

* * *

It's high time the thread trust was rewound.

* * *

It was probably the absence of one vowel in his name that kept Mr. Billard, of New Haven acumen, from posing as the perfect type of American ivory.

* * *

When Albert Edward arrives, he should by all means meet our own Prince of Wails, James R. Mann.

* * *

Uneasy lies the head that wears a spiked helmet.

* * *

As a general thing, a cause is much oftener ruined by its fool friends than its clever foes.

* * *

A man will spend half the afternoon cackling over those awful whoppers from Petrograd, and then go home and tell friend wife in his most solemn and convincing manner that he will be obliged to sit up with a sick friend that night.

* * *

Columbia's only malady is growing pains; but Charleston is always suffering with joint trouble.

* * *

Young men who wed during this June season will discover that it is the first of a series of bridle seasons for them.

* * *

O Mars, what rimes are committed in thy name!

* * *

Pennsylvania's Progressive party platform pronounces Penrose paramount problem.

Have you noticed how that dear old word "militant" has gone out of the use oratorical since Mrs. Pankhurst appropriated it?

* * *

In this age of fraud, it's pleasant to reflect that the Liberty Bell is all it's cracked up to be.

* * *

Judging by Mexico and Hayti, some of our foreign relations are blood relations.

* * *

"Asserts 10,000 Males Could Have Been Killed in 1913 Without Detriment." At first glance, we thought some ultra-earnest suffragette was talking, but investigation revealed that the reference was merely to Alaskan seals.

* * *

A Postal Guide Comedy. In Seven Reels.

Lovelady, Texas.
Spoonville, California.

—

Bridal Veil, Oregon.
Groom, Missouri.

—

Goodnight, Oklahoma.

—

Wrangell, Alaska.

—

Scrap, Texas.

—

Olive Branch, Illinois.

—

Peace, Alabama.

* * *

Probably Cap'n Hobson's first utterance on arriving at the pearly gates will be a stern demand for mileage.

* * *

A Congressman compares Bryan to Gaby Deslys, and, of course, some miserable G. O. P. linotyper had to make it "Gabby."

* * *

Probably the German paragraphers refer to every alleged Russian atrocity as an knoutrage.

* * *

"We all have our little faults," as Mrs. Malaprop would remark, "therefore we should overlook the armadillos of others."

We expect any moment to hear that Germany has declared a boycott against Jap-alac.

* * *

Judges have something on juries. The latter are hung in every State, and the former only in effigy.

* * *

It must be admitted that if Japan is intriguing for Magdalena Bay, it is a base intrigue.

* * *

A pair out canoeing
To change seats essayed,
And these are the bubbles

O	O
O	O
O	O
O	O

That sinking they made.
—Boston Transcript.

A pair of prize fighters
Swapped rights to the eye,
And these are the planets

*	*
*	*
*	*
*	*

They saw bye and bye.

* * *

Probably it is needless to remark that the baby a Georgia couple has named "Silence" is a boy.

* * *

Of course, if there were a nobility in this country, every aviator would be called "Your Highness."

* * *

We see by the papers that German troops have entered Russia and captured a hiss and a couple of sneezes.

* * *

M. Paul Bourget declares that "literature is not life." No. Frequently it is not even a living.

* * *

"Women, Scantily Clad, Flee From Blazing Tenement."—Headline.

Thank goodness, they had time to get on their street clothes!

* * *

The heathen Turk, sardonically: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

* * *

M. Clemenceau says Wilhelm is "another Nero." Alsace-Lorraine is willing to vouch that he's a seizer's son.

Retributive justice averages up pretty well in this old world, after all. The man who has a phonograph generally has a next-door neighbor who owns a cat.

* * *

A moratorium, we take it, means that a country needn't settle up until it settles down.

* * *

If speech is silver, Bob La Follette is the right man to ask to change a bill.

* * *

We judge from Uncle Cannon's latest remarks on the tariff that he still thinks a thing of duty is a joy forever.

* * *

Yessir!

"Roll on, thou dark blue ocean, roll!"
Is what the poet bid;
You never would believe it, but
It did!

* * *

Don't Mention It, Old Socks.

Sings a Smart Set pote:
"Spurn me with one of thy feet,
Now."
Anything to oblige. Turn around, please.

* * *

The Very First.

The first poet to foreshadow the militant movement was James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland." Don't you remember "She breathes, she burns?"

* * *

Doesn't This Look Fine?

(Our guess as to the composition of the next Cabinet if the G. O. P. comes back.)

Nelson W. Aldrich—Treasury.
Simon Guggenheim—Interior.
Senator Dupont—War.
Joseph B. Foraker—State.
Boies Penrose—Commerce.
Henry B. Joy—Labor.
Chancellor Day—Postmaster General.
William Barnes, Jr.—Attorney General.
William Lorimer—Agriculture.
James R. Mann—Navy.

1009 Must Be Getting Along in Years Now.

(From the Washington Star.)

The class of 1907 had a camel and a sign reading "This is no psychological reunion," and 1009 had a manikin labeled Huerta.

* * *

Fame.

Rip: "When is a book great?"

Rap: "When it says what you think on some vital question, and what you cannot understand on a matter of which you know nothing. —D.

* * *

They Secure Our Angora.

"American dialect" in the English papers.

"Negro dialect" in the Northern papers.

* * *

The Negligible Bride.

(Hillgirt Corr. Western Carolina Democrat.)

Mr. Mark Flynn got married last week and we wish him and her a long and happy life.

* * *

Aye, Aye.

Don't squander too much sympathy when she says that she has had a trying day. The allusion may have been merely to an extended seah with the dressmaker.

* * *

Their Favorite Haunts.

When you start looking for some politicians' footprints on the sands of time, steer for the mudholes first.

* * *

Other Lands Than Ours—No. 1.

In Senegambia when it's hot
The folks don't wear an awful lot;
In fact, they say those shameless rummies
Immodestly expose their ankles.

* * *

Botanical Celebrities.

Donie Bush
Elihu Root
Beerbohm Tree
William of Wied
Herb Moran
Morton F. Plant
Ivy Wingo
Joe Wood
"Rebel Oakes.

It Might Be Worse.

When things are darkest with you, friend, and all the world is gloomy, just reflect that you might be a June bridegroom and have to eat her biscuits.

* * *

"There's a Reason."

"Fog At Last Lifts Off English Channel."—Headline.

"Colonel Roosevelt Leaves England for Home."—Headline.

* * *

Holiday Burgs.

Rest, Kans.
Retreat, Ga.
Kool, Wyo.
Comfort, W. Va.
Happy, N. C.
Paradise, Ariz.
Vacation, Cal.

* * *

This Ought to Make 'em Squeal.

(From the Chester News.)

Young men just out of college with your pigskins.

* * *

That Explains It.

(Panther Creek Corr. Waynesville, N. C., Courier.)

I noticed in the last paper that Mr. Vaughn Arrington and Mr. Robert Messer had made flying trips up Panther Creek. I don't see how they made a flying trip up there for there is not any train that runs that way, and it is so rough that an automobile can't go up there. I guess the boys went up in an air ship.

* * *

Our Contemporaries.

(The Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Flippant, slangy, breezy,
Fond of headlines bloated,
Luke McLuke's bright colyum
Keeps it always quoted.

* * *

Thirteen Months Old Soup Seems Just A Bit Venerable for Baby.

(From the Immortal Statepaper.)

Mrs. J. F. R. writes: "Will you please tell me if it is advisable to give a baby 13 months old soup made from bouillon cubes?

* * *

A Modern Standard.

A man is also known by the piano-player rolls he buys.

The Scientist Should Have Thought.

(A London scientist says that primitive woman could not cook.)

To contravert this fool contention
We could at length, but what's the use?
So we'll content ourself to mention
How neatly Eve cooked Adam's goose.

* * *

Yes.

Some criminal lawyers are.

* * *

The Wilson Brands:

Sani-tea.
Prosperi-tea.
Tranquilli-tea.
Populari-tea.
Sagaci-tea.
Abili-tea.
Veraci-tea.
Morali-tea.
Sinceri-tea.
Humani-tea.

and

The Huerta Brands:

Rascali-tea.
Iniqui-tea.
Barbari-tea.
Inebrie-tea.
Mendaci-tea.
Rapaci-tea.
Stupidi-tea.
Duplici-tea.
Atroci-tea.

* * *

Some Candidate, Likely.

(From the Pee Dee Daily.)

WILD MAN ON WAY
TO BENNETTSVILLE.

* * *

Some Shrug!

(From the New York American.)

Holt shrugged his broad shoulders and his teeth.

* * *

They're Coming Back.

Paris dispatches indicate that the new fashion cheer will begin, "Hip! Hip!"

Everyday Whoppers:

"So glad to have met you."

"Call and see us some time."

"Sorry, but I just lent Blank my last fiver."

"Send no money. This offer is absolutely free."

"We're just out of that."

"It's the principle of the thing, not the money."

"Our side lost, but we won a Great Moral Victory."

"Money always burned a hole in my pocket."

"When I was young, children never did such things."

* * *

Why Not Advertise in Charlotte?

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

WANTED—Twenty laborers right away, mostly Vulgarians.

* * *

A Forward-looking Divine.

Last Sunday a Michigan City (Ind.) pastor made the following announcement: "Next Sunday will be Children's Day, and if there are any children to be baptized, or if any of you know of people who may have children, will you kindly communicate with me."

* * *

Would be Just Like the Wretch.

We shudder with a great fear that
One wild-eyed Tarheel crony
Is going to say that the young man
Kermitted matrimony.

* * *

And Echo Thunders "Where?"

And where's the old-fashioned boy who used to save up his coppers to buy all-day suckers?

* * *

Everything Would be Gorgeous.

If Opportunity only knocked half as often as importunity!

* * *

Their Favorite Poets.

The baseball fan—Homer.
The surveyor—Bridges.
The cook—Lamb.
The housewife—Broome.
The old "reb"—Gray.
The chiropodist—Bunyan.
The circus man—Pindar.
The pessimist—Crabbe.
The fisherman—Rowe.
The speed fiend—Swift.
The sweet girl graduate—Lover.
The militant suffragette—Burns.

* * *

You're Not Talking to Us.

(Ad in the Mercyville, Ia., Banner.)

I will get your wool every Saturday—

That Ought to Hold 'Em, Wes.

(Udora Corr. Uxbridge, Ontario, Free Press.)

Parties should beware that any one molesting me on the night of my marriage will be severely dealt with, or any other time. I keep my own home and am well able to take care of a wife, my motto is to pay cash, and not stand about the store. Signed WESLEY CLARK, Udora.

* * *

It Must Be Sweltering In

Sweatman, Miss.
Heaters, W. Va.
Hothouse, Ga.
Fry, Ky.
Suncook, N. H.
Blaze, Ky.
Furnace, Mass.

* * *

Impossible Sayings.

"I would not advise you to purchase these goods, madam, as they are not as advertised."

"Sure, I'm agent for this car, but I gotta say it's the punkest on the market."

"Will you sign this subscription list, sir? We want to buy a handsome loving cup for the umpire."

"Don't put that dollar in the plate, if you please. A quarter will be ample."

"Old man, here's that ten spot I borrowed from you last month."

"Certainly, my dear; invite your mother to visit us for as long as she likes."

"I just dropped in to tell you how I admire the splendid work your paper is doing."

"Mister, you dropped this pocketbook just now."

* * *

The Class in Geography.

I've seen some funny motions,
  Pray, Gerald, do not mock!
Long, long ago, one stormy night,
  I saw a Plymouth Rock.
—Cornell Widow.

One speaks of funny motions,
  But hark, here's one I've found;
While passing near the geography
  I heard a Puget Sound.
—Minnesota Minne-ha-ha.

You speak of funny motions—
  Just list to this, I pray;
I heard one day not long ago
  Old San Francisco bay.
—Princeton Tiger.

Of the secrets of the ocean
  One hardly likes to speak;
But there was some funny motion—
  Or why did Chesapeake?
—Columbia Jester.

This watchful-waiting policy
  Is good, without a doubt;
For long ago upon the shore
  I saw a Cape Lookout.
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

To spin this whimsy out too long
  I really do not care,
So I won't mention what one day
  I saw the Delaware.

* * *

The South in the Saddle.

(From a catalogue of new dance records.)

"All Aboard for Dixieland."

"When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam'."

"Virginia."

"Waiting for the Robert E. Lee."

"There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland."

"On the Mississippi."

"Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

"I'm Going Back to Memphis, Tenn."

"Dixieland."

"Cotton."

"Southern Roses."

* * *

"Awake, Arise, or Be for Ever Fallen."

(Quinlandtown Corr. Waynesville, N. C., Courier.)

Glad to say that the people at Quinlandtown have sat on the stool of do nothing and nodded until they let the devil push them over sound asleep and have slept for some time, I am glad they have awoke at last to a sense of their duty.

* * *

Not Like Other Girls.

The mermaid is a funny girl,
  Now this we know is true;
She's never heard to ask a man
  To please tie up her shoe.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Although she's truly in the swim,
The mermaid never flirts;
She has no pesky corns to trim,
And no divided skirts.
—Youngtown Telegram.

And when the mermaid's dressing, she
Is never so incased
In steel that she must ask some one
To button up her waist.
—Johnstown Democrat.

Another of the mermaid's traits—
She never frets or blubbers,
When it has rained and things are damp,
Because she's lost her rubbers.
—New York Globe.

Another trait that you must own
Is really very shocking;
The mermaid never has been known
To show an inch of stocking.

* * *

A Strange New Malady.

(From the Bloomington, Ind., Student.)

Landis is still on the hospital list with a strained tendancy.

* * *

That Joy Ride.

Sherry,
Merry.

Hill,
Spill.

Drape,
Crepe.

* * *

That River of Doubt.

Though Teddy raves
And rants and blows,
He can't produce
His Eskimos.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He needs 'em not,
Our Ted omniscient;
He says he found it,
That's quite sufficient!

* * *

"The Secret of the Germans."—Philadelphia North American. Oh, let the women tell it!

* * *

T. Roosevelt gnashes all his teeth,
and rears and ramps and rages;
The war, you see, has shoved him back
into the inside pages.

Famous Johns.

Barleycorn.
Bull.
John, the Baker's Son.
Doe.
Lind.
D.

* * *

Can't See the Association.

A volume of the Encyclopedia Brittanica is titled "ODE TO PAY." Most poets maintain there's no sequence.

* * *

Where the Classics Hit .015.

In dark Tarheelia if you speak
Of Sappho you're looked at askance;
They think that Croesus means the things
That men have in their pants.

* * *

We All Know the Type.

The man who loudly proclaims that he gives the devil his due generally ends up by borrowing tobacco from him.

* * *

Tough Luck, Hop, Old Socks.

(From the Monroe Co., Mo., Appeal.)

While Uncle Hop Bowen was celebrating his 79th birthday last week his wife presented him with twins, a boy and a girl.

* * *

Be Careful Where You Throw Your Necks.

(Headline in New Orleans Times-Picayune.)

NECK BROKEN WHEN
THROWN INTO RIVER.

* * *

You'll Have to Forgive Us a Lot This Sort of Weather.

Paragraphs are trooping so infrequently to the grand old typewriter today that we were just on the point of falling back on that reliable old veteran, "Man proposes; woman exposes," when we remembered that we had used it already about a dozen times in the last six months.

* * *

The Savage Landor Coleridge Revision.

In Amazonia Roosevelt Khan
A stately hunting-bag did fill,
Where Bunk, the Doubtful River, ran
Through caverns quite well known to man,
Swift to its goal uphill.

Safest Thing on Earth.

"No metal can touch you," says a garter ad. Reminds us of a French duel.

* * *

Cap'n Hobson Says:

Little drops of water,
Little sips of juice,
Friend, will never land you
In the calaboose.

* * *

Sweet Secrets.

Untold good—kisses.

* * *

An Undesirable Citizen.

We wish the cops would tell him to
Leave this burg with rapidity;
He is the cause of all our woe,
You know the wretch—Hugh Midity.

* * *

The Inevitable Sequence.

Side by side in a local bookstore window are "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" and "The Hour of Conflict."

* * *

They Help Considerably.

Marriages may be made in heaven, but it looks as if the parlor sofa and the hammock ought to get a little credit.

* * *

We Didn't!

(Headline in New York Evening Sun.)
COLUMBIA'S JOY TAKES FIRE;

* * *

Drops of Water.

Naughty little rain drops
Make our straw hat nifty,
Look like something labeled:
Vintage 1850.
—New York Evening Sun.

Naughty little rain drops
Make our suit of linen
Look like we'd been getting
Something like a skinnin'.
—Youngstown Telegram.

Naughty little rain drops
Just when we are preenin'
In our Palm Beach suit make
The thing need a cleanin'.
—Houston Post.

Naughty little rain drops
Such as on Sunday fell,
Makes us cuss the sinner
Who swiped our umberell.

Why, Ruth; Ain't You 'Shamed?

Hon. Ruth St. Denis is a danseuse of the Gertie Hoffman persuasion, but she must outGertie Gertie these here days, for, take it from the Chicago Post, "Ruth St. Denis will show her whole repertory."

* * *

Other Lands Than Ours—No. 3.

It must be great to be a man
In far off, languorous Japan;
The wife there must fan spouse all day
While he loafs round in negligee.

* * *

A Midsummer Knight's Dream.

"Sir Thomas Lipton said that he placed full confidence in the ability of Shamrock IV to bring the America's Cup to Great Britain."—News item.

* * *

As Shakespere Might Have Written Them Today.

Sweet are the uses of advertising.

All the world's a film.

Baseball acquaints a man with strange Fed. fellows.

There was never yet philosopher that could endure watchful waiting patiently.

The course of true peace never did run smooth.

Discretion is the better part of Villa.

It is a wise stock that knows its own par.

For in my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious grape juice in my blood.

She sat like Pankhurst on a monument.

England, bound in with the triumphant she.

* * *

Other Lands Than Ours—No. 3.

In China when a fellow ought
To pay his tax but fails,
They send him to the block—in short.
A case of head or taels.

* * *

You Bet Your Life.

Not that our lone vote would do him much good, but Colonel Roosevelt would get it in a jiffy if he would just insist that the next bull moose platform contain a ringing anti-okra plank.

* * *

Well, Ain't They?

Union cards—wedding invitations.

You Might Escape the Heat in:

Ice, Ky.
Peary, Va.
Breezy Point, N. H.
Chilly, Ida.
Frost, Minn.
Cold Stream, W. Va.
Glacier, Mont.
Snowball, Ark.
Zero, Ky.

* * *

The Boarders Expect It.

It is time for summer boarders, and
no farmer should neglect
To practice several hours a day on
rural dialect.

* * *

Poor Old Pop!

The average young mamma may be the speaker of the house, but we know who's floor-leader during the night sessions.

* * *

T. R.'s Forenoon Programme Today.

6:30—Rise, shave, bathe and dress.

6:32—Breakfast.

6:35—Motor to the palace. (Voice: "But d'you reckon the king and queen will be up?") They'd better be up!

6:50—Receive their majesties in audience.

7:00—Work out a new foreign policy for Spain.

7:10—Drive to inspect art galleries.

7:12—Return and tell Alfonso all about that new river.

8:30—Write 2000-word address for the Royal Geographical society.

9:30—Read 15,000 volumes of modern Spanish literature.

10:02—Go to bullfight. Most of the bull to be furnished by the Colonel.

10:42—Wade over to England and choke Savage Landor.

10:47—Wade back.

11:00—Review the army and navy, visit the Cortes, organize the Spanish Ananias Club, shake hands with 345,987 people, and seriously ponder over the advisability of running for king.

12:00—Colonel's orderly drops dead from exhaustion.

* * *

The Difference.

The male humorist tells side-splitters; the female humorist wears 'em.

Whaddye Mean, Full Outfit?

(Ad in the Montclair, N. J., Times.)

Ladies' bathing suits of the most exquisite style; made of wool, brilliantine silk and other materials. The full outfit consists of shoes and rubber hand bag. All sizes.

* * *

"How's the Folks, Sif"

How doth the busy candidate
Keep always on the jump;
There's scarce a hand in this broad
land
That will not get a pump.

* * *

One Exception.

Consistency is the one jewel that very few women have any use for.

* * *

Dr. Bonn predicts a toeless age, and Harvard is gladder than ever that Charlie Brickley is alive now.

* * *

Every little donkey has a heehaw all his own.

* * *

Got Any Ma-in-Law Poison.

(From the Reedsburg, Wis., Free Press.)

Our aunt poison drives aunts out of the house. 10c. a package. Mueller's Drug Store.

* * *

To the Weather Man.

Little drops of water,
Little gobs of dew,
Is just what you ought to
Give us P. D. Q.

* * *

His One Limitation.

A clever artist chap is Hugh
Eliphalet Macbeth;
He can draw anything for you
Except a sober breath.

* * *

Many Canadians are literally in transports over the war.

* * *

He's Been There, Too.

"Chased by a Moose" is a current "Leslie's" story that Prof. Taft will doubtless read with sympathetic interest.

* * *

Maybe Doc Mary Walker'll Try a Pair.

(From the St. Joseph, Mo., News-Press.)

For Sale—1,000 pairs automatic pants. Call 517 Edmond St.

The Law Can't Get You When You

Kill a story
Steal a base
Hang a jury
Smother a yawn
Drown a sorrow
Shoot the chutes
Kick the bucket
Strike a bargain
Beat a game.

* * *

An Arboreal Retort.

"Ambitious twig, you'll suffer most from clipping!" warned the moralist.

"If the farmer neglects his hedge, watch me put these other young sprouts in the shade."

* * *

Yep.

It's too late now for money to make the mare go. The automobile beat it to it.

* * *

Famous Firms.
(Second Reel.)

Heart&Soul.
Frills&Furbelows.
Fair&Warmer.
Fuss&Feathers.
*Law & Order.
Hammer&Tongs.
Horse, Foot&Dragoons.
Thick&Thin.
Root&Branch.
Cut&Dried.
Sere&Yellow.
Touch&Go.
High&Dry.
Might&Main.
Tooth&Nail.
Short&Sweet.

---

*Regret we cannot give present whereabouts of this firm, it having moved from South Carolina about four years ago.

* * *

We Should Really Be Slapped on the Wrist.

It was unmilitary for the Americans to precipitate themselves on us with such suddenness.—Gen. Gustavo Maas.

* * *

Fact.

One doesn't have to be a tailor to take the measure of some folks.

"IF"
(To a Member and Adornment of the "Femail Sect.")

If there could be blended
All the turquoise tints that stain the western skies,
'Twould be far less splendid,
Love, than thine eyes.

If some attared, vagrant
Wind might waft the sweet a laden queen-bee sips,
'Twould not seem more fragrant,
Love, than thy lips.

If there were a measure
Glittering high with gems of pope and king and Guelph,
'Twould be a poor treasure,
Love, to thyself!

* * *

No British reverses could be as bad as their verses.

* * *

We suppose that the Czar's address to Poland began, "Gentlemen of the Jewry."

Short Lines.

From Pit to Dome.
" A to Izard.
" Bad to Worse.
" Day to Day.
" Time to Time.
" H— to Halifax.
" Head to Foot.
" Stem to Stern.

* * *

Irvin's One Drawback.

A brainy man is Irvin Cobb,
The first of all our humorists, he;
And he is always on the job
Writing things wittily.
But if we owned old Irvin's mug,
Usthinks that we would beg or borrow
The price to get a brimming jug,
And straightway drown our sorrow!

* * *

Whatever language money talks, it's all Greek to most of us.

* * *

The Reporter's Still Running.
(From the Grand Rapids, Wis., Reporter.)

The dog is a mongrel belonging to a man named Hinner, who lives near the south side mill and has a reputation of being an ugly brute.

How'd the Cards Run, T. H.?

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Echo.)

Mrs. Tyrus Henry White left Saturday for Elyria to spend some time with relatives there.

Zed Rumford, Dock Anderson and Will Higgins spent Saturday night and Sunday with T. H. White.

* * *

Yep; We Bought a Copy on the Strength of the Ad.

"The sort of book," blurbs A. C. McClurg&Co., "that appears just about once in a generation." Thank heaven!

* * *

The Dentist.

The invitation sounds polite,
And yet we're full of gloom
Whene'er he asks us to step right
Into his drawing room.

* * *

Please Omit Tears.

(Edna Goodrich, the actress, says she will never return to the United States of her own free will.—News Item.)

No more upon our Yankee boards
Will Edna languish,
But this dispatch, we're free to say,
Gives us no anguish.

For, while it may sound ungallant,
Candor requires
Agreement with the headline which
Says "Goodrich Tires."

* * *

Well, Why Not?

Could you speak of these forenoon tango affairs as morning dips?

* * *

Their Occupations:

The telephone girl follows a calling.
The horse-dealer a trade.
The seaman a craft.
The detective a pursuit.
The postman a walk of life.

* * *

Thrilling Statistics You May Not Know:

Germany has 500,000 cats.
England has 4,000,000 dogs.

* * *

Yes.

The man must be
A heathen Turk
Who's not in love
With Billie Burke.

Our Best Sellers.

(H. Rider Haggard.)

Just mix a Zulu impi and
A treasure cavern subterrene,
An undiscovered Afric land,
A captive, captivating queen,
Some battles, and a witch or two,
Some hunting yarns adroitly spun,
Some loving, and a hitch or two,
And Rider Haggard's novel's done.

* * *

Quit Your Knocking!

Burying the hatchet is all very well. but if you want to help your town the thing to bury is the hammer.

* * *

Fits the Case.

That queer old phrase "Touch and go" must have been especially invented to describe bill-collectors.

* * *

Things You Never Hear.

"No, madam, these eggs are not very fresh."

"You're sure $10 will be enough, old man?"

"Let me bat again, umps; that hit was foul by a foot."

"That cigar costs more, sir, but I think you will like this brand much better."

"What an ugly baby! Aren't you ashamed to own such a little satyr?"

"Please tell the society editor not to write up my reception tonight."

"The reason I spent so much last term, dad, was poker and booze."

* * *

Maybe the Gent. is a Ball Player.

(North Freedom Cor. Sank County, Wis., Democrat.)

Thomas Jefferson went to Madison and had an operation performed in which he had some bones removed from his head.

* * *

How Did They?

What always puzzled us, though, is how the fool and his money ever happened to get together.

* * *

Nobody will regret the war more in after years than the two helpless London infants who have been named Albert Leman Liege Hopkins and Marie Alsace Lorraine Lecomte.

They Sure Are Wonders.

As linguists mothers are the champs,
Just put that down as true;
They know just what the little scamps
Mean when they gurgle "Goo!"

* * *

Murphy has decided to back Hearst for the Democratic Senatorial nomination. Hearst's cartoonists used to picture Murphy in convict garb and Murphy has frequently flayed the yellow publisher in unprintable terms. Each has an epidermis by which a rhinoceros hide would seem like tissue paper.

* * *

Them Monkeys Again!

(From the Amsterdam (N. Y.) News.)

The authorities say that the colored soldiers are more suited for the gorilla like warfare, and to the tropical climate than the white soldiers.

* * *

Take a Look, Willyum.

If Brother Alsorandolph Hearst will swivel his bright blue eyes on the cover and pages 13-16 inclusive of the current Harper's Weekly, he will find there some natty little observations that will doubtless interest him.

* * *

Where Some Ballplayers Must Hail From:

Ivory, Mo.
Marblehead, Mass.
Boneville, Ga.
Concrete, Va.
Bullhead, S. D.
Nut, Fla.

* * *

Bow! Wow!

It's too much of a puzzle for
Me, and I'm in the dark,
Just why a ship's a dog of war
When it is not a bark.

* * *

Tennyson's Little Joke.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

* * *

We'll Take Six Brunettes, Please.

A Chicago florist advertises, "June brides! We are in a position to fill the largest or smallest bridal order."

* * *

Especially When a Hammock's Handy.

The best vacation temperature is two in the shade.

Whaddye Mean, Young?

(From the Boston American.)

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shea of South Boston upon the birth of a young baby girl.

* * *

Presidential Expletives.

The President is mild as May
In most things, but
He can upon occasion say
"Tut-tut."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When much provoked he has been heard
To murmur "Drat it!"
And once—just once—that naughty word:
"Dod-rat it!"

* * *

Unrecorded History.

"After his audience with the king, Colonel Roosevelt returned to the American embassy."

"King Alfonso at once went to bed and slept for 15 hours."

* * *

Oh, Piffle.

Many a time and oft we sit and wonder in our mildly curious way in what drawer of the weather bureau they keep the sheet lightning.

* * *

An Early Pest.

The daffydil fiend is as old as the earth,
We are willing to bet you a hat
That he loafed 'round the Ark and
giggled in mirth:
"Now what do you Noah 'bout that?"

* * *

No.

The average elderly sister doesn't have to own an automobile to run down people.

* * *

A Damm-Good Match.

(From the Toronto Star.)

William Damm and Lena Good were married recently at Listowel. It was a good move for William, but no doubt the change of name will prove rather startling to Lena for a while.

* * *

The last German naval appropriation seems to have been a sinking fund.

"Try American Wines."—Headline. We have, and found them all guilty.

* * *

A New York actress seeks a divorce merely because her spouse habitually slapped her face, pinched her, knocked her down and got drunk. Women are getting more and more exacting and unreasonable.

* * *

Wilhelm has conferred the Iron Cross upon the Crown Prince, and the Double Cross upon Victor Emmanuel.

* * *

Vale.

The wild waves call;
In fact, they shriek—
So this is all
Fr'at least a week.

* * *

Our Asheville spies report that as soon as it was learned that the English would employ Indian troops, Elder Caine laughed a fiendish laugh and asked what will the Hindu.

* * *

"God has supported him most brilliantly," says the Kaiser of the Crown Prince. Isn't that condescending of Wilhelm!

* * *

Well, Every Little Helps.

(From the Lane, W. Va., Recorder.)

Mrs. Munsan's bridge party was a great success socially. The hostess appeared in a large bunch of spring violets.

* * *

Yessir!

(No. 2.)

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the pote
Once wrote.
And (though this will astonish you),
It blew!

* * *

Probably.

The author of "America" couldn't have penned it in the more or less good old summer time, or he'd have written it "Land where my fathers fried."

* * *

Affinities.

The Eagle to the Mountain,
The River to the Sea;
The Milkman to the Fountain,
And the Sheckels to Johndee!

A Great Truth.

Presents also make the heart grow fonder.

* * *

More Geographical Notables.

Mme. Nevada.
Joe Holland.
Clyde Milan.
Edith Helena.
Dean Worcester.
Stanley Waterloo.
George Randolph Chester.

* * *

Here's a Free Ad. for Woodrow.

Dr. Tut-Tut's Little Mediation Pills. At All Druggists. One Dose Does The Work.

* * *

Journalistic Candor.

IT TAKES GAS TO RUN A PAPER. —Headline in the Ocala (Fla.) Star.

* * *

Sounds Like a Good Reason.

(Adv. in the Wheeling Register.)

Because of my recent death, I will sell all the stock and fixtures of my store. J. Benzig.

* * *

Why Do We Say: . .

Bald as a coot?
Strong as an ox?
Full as a goat?
Rude as a bear?
Busy as a bee?
Gay as a lark?
Merry as a cricket?
Pale as a ghost?
Safe as a bank?
Warm as a toast?
Sick as a dog?

* * *

If so, Let Him Join the Vamoose Party.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"Let Savage Landor rant and roar
I'll stand by grand old Theodore."

* * *

Better Quit It, Fellows!

(From the Albany, Ill., Review.)

Notice—"Bill" Smith desires the Review to warn all people against gambling on his love affairs. It makes him peevish and he threatens to prosecute.

The Albany Herald says one baby is born in Germany every 16 seconds. He must find it very tiresome.

* * *

Hellup!

Some of the stars we've seen dancing the new "twinkle" might well be a little meteor.

* * *

Uh, Huh.

Through Cupid's wiles some women wed,
Others because they're lonely;
Some marry for protection's sake,
And some for revenue only.

* * *

Some Improvement.

On the front page we'll try to bear
The Colonel's jaw;
For, anyway, he's better there
Than Harry Thaw.

* * *

Mercy!

Though he told us what Juliet,
Fair Avon's bard passed up a bet;
Now we shall never, never know
Exactly whom did Romeo.

* * *

Somewhere T. R. is speaking.

* * *

Sartorial Note.

The women's chorus, "O, Maidens Fair," displayed a pretty elasticity.—Spartanburg Festival item.

* * *

Bibulous Burgs.

Steins, New Mexico.
Booz, Tenn.
Rye, Fla.
Drinker, Pa.
Sherry, Wis.
Port, Okla.
Beerston, N. Y.
Gin, Miss.
Brewersville, Ind.
Brandy Keg, Ky.
Wine, Va.

And last, but not least:

Bromo, Ky.

* * *

Misnomers.

Why do we speak of "common" sense and "idle" rumor? Sense isn't a bit common, and rumor has the well-known and justly-celebrated little busy bee looking like a hookworm.

There is no better way to cure a fellow's itch for office than scratching.

* * *

Fhoir!

A soprano who sang in the choir
Remarked to the alto right bhoir
"I saw you last July
Kiss the Rev. on the sly,"
But the lady replied, "You're a lhoir!"

* * *

Very Little Choice.

A choice of evils twain there are,
But I can't choose, I own,
Between the male soprano and
The female baritone.

* * *

Maybe.

"The day wore on," the author writ,
But quite forgot to say
What duds they were; d'you reckon it
Could be the close of day?

* * *

I. W. W. Dames.

Ann Anarchy
Miss D. Meanor
Dinah Mite
Vi O'Lence
Fan Atic
Sue I. Cide.

* * *

Puzzle: Find the Groom.

(From the Chicago News.)

The marriage of Miss Mary Estelle Hebard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hebard, 203 South Euclid avenue, Oak Park, will take place Wednesday evening, June 3, in the home of the bride's parents. The young people will make a honeymoon tour of Canada and the Eastern States.

* * *

Suitable Clothes.

For the soldier—drill.
For the ball player—mufti.
For the circusman—canvas.
For the Republican—worsted.
For the barber—mohair.
For John D.—oilcloth.
For the financier—checks.

* * *

Was There Anything in a Name?

"Who was the first militant?" asks an exchange. Well, there is "burning Sappho."

Oddities.

A Chicago lunchroom sign: "We Bake and Cook Ourselves."

The Peoria Herald-Transcript says: "More than fifty shots were discharged, and Peter Tuddy, a bystander, was slightly wounded in the badomen."

The Cambridge City (Ind.) Tribune remarks that "Henry Ford has notified his employes that they must not live in squalled tenements."

A Lafayette (Ind.) store advertises: "Anybody who wears our shoes will have a fit."

The Allentown (Pa.) Call chronicles the fact that Superintendent of Schools Seltzer is charged with drunkenness.

* * *

A guy who was soused with champagne
Was asked if he thought it would ragne;
"Hope (hic) not," quoth he,
For I've been on a spree,
And lost my umbrella agagne!"

* * *

Wasn't it Awful, Maybelle?

Last Monday's was a business grim
For quite a large-sized group;
They thought that they were in the swim—
It proved to be the soup.

* * *

De Profundis.

The estimable Baltimore Evening Sun credited the first reel of Aftermath's "Geographical Notables" to the Detroit News, and now charges the Grand Rapids Press with the authorship of "Famous Jacks." Some weeks ago we dubbed the lady tangoer a tangerine, and that paragraph is now going the rounds of the press with great eclat, tacked on to some Cincinnati paper. When it comes to Hard Luck, this poor old colyum can always be counted on to bat 1000.

* * *

Social Note.

Mr. and Mrs. Flannel are off for the summer.

* * *

The Better Part of Valor.

The make-up man left town in haste;
His name was Mike Maloney;
The Ed. wrote of a "bonny lass"—
The wretch set it up "boney."

A Versatile Steed.

(From the New York Telegraph.)

WANTED—Industrious young man of good reputation to take care of a gentleman's horse who can play a cornet in an amateur orchestra for extra pay once or twice a week.

* * *

Superfluous Adjectives.

"Frenchmen Fight Bloodless Duel."
"LaFollette Plans Long Speech."
"T. R. Shoots Huge Jaguar."
"Wilson Makes Deep Impression."
"Hearst Prints Sensational Story."

* * *

More Bibulous Burgs.

Barley, Mont.
Malt, Ky.
Champaign, Ill.
Cognac, N. C.
Madeira, O.
Bordeaux, S. C.
Bourbon, Ind.

* * *

His Majesty's Little Joke.

Chef—"How will you have the missionary roast, your maj?"

Cannibal King—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

* * *

Why the Make-Up Man Left Town.

(From Fort Dodge, Ia., Messenger.)

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hanson, a daughter, today.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Holderbaum, a daughter, this morning.

Mary had a little lamb. Read sign corner 11th St. and Central Ave.—Adv.

* * *

The Exception.

I love a double-eagle,
A joyful thing to see;
A double-wedding is a sight
That always pleases me,
I love a double-header,
The more so when we win;
The only double that I hate
Is this here double-chin.

* * *

Nocturne.

At even we lay us down to snore
In Morphean fetters,
That is, when the adjacent corps
Of cats will let us.

Little Facts About the Great.

Mayor Mitchell uses words.
Vice-President Marshall eats food.
Oscar Underwood sleeps in a bed.
Ollie James wears trousers.
Admiral Mayo brushes his hair.
Woodrow Wilson writes on paper.
Joseph G. Cannon smokes tobacco.

* * *

A Very Belated Discovery.

London doctor says the average person has one leg longer than the other. Especially the average papa.

* * *

Famous Jacks.

Tar.
A. Napes.
O. Lantern.
Sprat.
Frost.
The Giant Killer.
Robinson.
Ass.

* * *

Hints to Tourists.

Brewers should to Malta go,
Fools to the rocks of Scilly,
Quakers to the Friendly Isles
And furriers to Chili.
—London Standard.

Hungry men to the Sandwich Isles,
Anarchists to Bombay,
Topers to Bar Harbor—tramps
In Bath should make a stay.
—Boston Transcript.

Tangoers should rush to the Steppes,
There's Greenland for the crook,
Musicians all might try Cape Horn,
The anglers Holland's Hook.

* * *

A Brilliant Thought.

But if the purpose of the mediators is to patch up a peace, why not meet in New York, where Cleopatra's needle is so convenient?

* * *

They Should Fret.

I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago;
Which fact no doubt's a great relief
To folks the floor below.

* * *

Meow!

Every dog doth have his day,
So says the proverb trite;
And here's where we horn in to say
That the cat has the night.

Tender Recollections.

The carnation is the official Mothers' Day flower, though most small boys regard the lady-slipper as much more appropriate.

* * *

Proof Wanted.

To silence the numerous doubters,
We reckon it's up to Ted
To show a tooth from that rivers' mouth,
Or some feathers from its bed.
—Boston Transcript.

Some volts from its current might serve him
To silence the ignorant cranks,
But the surest proof that I know would be
A deposit from its banks.

* * *

What Secretary Daniels did as a social affront to our navy, all the other admiralties have done as a war measure to theirs, so there you are.

* * *

Unusual Frankness.

(From Centralia (Mo.) Messenger.)

. . . The couple were married at the home of the bride's parents, where they will remain until the groom gets a position.

* * *

More Famous Firms.

Coming & Going.
Ever & Anon.
Worse & Worse.
Neatness & Dispatch.
Rough & Ready.
Beer & Skittles.
Fine & Dandy.
Rank & File.
Blood & Thunder.
Neck & Neck.
Far & Near.

* * *

"Americans to fight for France," says a Paris cable. Well, turn about's fair play.

* * *

If you don't like this soaring sugar, you'll simply have to lump it.

* * *

What's in a name? Well, there's generally lockjaw in a Russian one.

* * *

Things might be worse. Suppose T. R. were a war poet!

Music Hath Charms.

I saw an old musician get
A hundred fish from morn to noon;
For every time he castanet
He caught a big bassoon.

* * *

France insists that she can stand a loan.

* * *

Belgian hares seem to be so built that they do not know how to run.

* * *

Maps of Finland are naturally drawn to scale.

* * *

The latest from Washington—a "broke" office-seeker.

* * *

Anyway, we can still get Bacon and Lamb at the bookshops at the same old prices.

* * *

The devil never has to use want ads.

* * *

Chicago Germans are aroused over a sculptor's assertion that Bismarck was bow-legged. Why did not this tactless gentleman simply say that his legs were without a parallel?

* * *

Mrs. Pankhurst resembles a thoroughbred in this, that it's hard to get a bit between her teeth.

* * *

Elder Wilson, it seems, gives more thought to the doctrine of election than the doctrine of appointment.

* * *

Be good, but don't be forever talking about your prowess in that line. And, above all, don't be goody-goody.

* * *

"Dr. Charles F. Aked Disgusted With Kings," says a headline. Our sympathies, Doctor. Others know how it is to hold queens against them, too.

* * *

The chief trouble with an idle rumor is that it is never idle.

* * *

But how can all the 2:30 a. m. incomes be taxed at the source?

* * *

There is a place open for Hennessy in the Irish Legion.

* * *

"Great Battle Nears Crisis."—Headline. What, another one?

It isn't necessary, however, for a barber to have a cast-iron stomach, simply because he lives on shavings.

* * *

A lot of family trees are shady.

* * *

The course of true love never runs so smooth as when there are banks on both sides.

* * *

Why doesn't Mexico shuck off that greasy uniform and get a Union suit?

* * *

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands of scenarios.

* * *

Delaware should make its State bird the whippoorwill.

* * *

Stone broke—the Venus de Milo.

* * *

The Progressive party seems to have shrunk to the size of a bull mouse.

* * *

"Life is not a dress parade," says Secretary Garrison. Quite the reverse, if he refers to the weekly.

* * *

Nothing cheers the heart so much as when the Democratic rooster crows "McAdoo-dle—doo!"

* * *

London daily sees a demonstration of woman's rights—to the jaw.

* * *

Have the militants burned any millinery shops? No!

* * *

"Parrot Reels Off Long Words"—Pollysyllables, of course.

* * *

A kiss is an emergency that a sensible girl meets face to face.

* * *

The three most unfathomable things in this world are a woman, a doctor's prescription, and a Chinese laundry ticket.

* * *

In attempting to show the antiquity of baseball, it is strange that the usually alert Asheville Citizen forgot to cite that thrilling moment in the ark when the dove went out on a fly.

* * *

Somebody asks why cities are called "she," and our guess is that it is because they have outskirts.

"The new Mexican loan will run for ten years." Reminds us of T. R.

* * *

The president of the chewing gum trust is suing for divorce, though one naturally expected he would stick.

* * *

A dollar in a stingy man's pocket represents close quarters.

* * *

The Kodak Trust naturally thinks the Government's suit is the result of snap-judgment.

* * *

Chauncey Depew is the latest yarn manufacturer to disapprove of the Underwood bill.

* * *

Nurse a grievance and it'll grow.

* * *

That chip on Carranza's shoulder must have dropped from his head.

* * *

We suspect that a bearded bird in Washington is much more in T. R.'s thoughts these days than the Trinidad one.

* * *

Well, if Ireland doesn't like a draft, there's her Ulster.

* * *

Prussia is determined to win Verdun, if it takes her last Bavarian.

* * *

If Mexico can't form a stable government, it isn't for any lack of donkeys.

* * *

The old-fashioned man who proposed on his knees now has a son who proposes while she is on his knees.

* * *

Leonard Wood, but Congress wouldn't.

* * *

It's a dead cinch that there couldn't have been any British blockade when Joseph got that coat of many colors.

* * *

Amy Lowell says that people should not write for money. We take it that Amy has a boy at college.

* * *

Who sows mines does not always reap disaster.

* * *

Don't squander too much sympathy when she says she has had a trying day. The reference may be merely to an extended sesh with the dressmaker.

Germany's real food dictator seems to be Admiral Jellicoe.

* * *

Even that extra hour of daylight probably won't hinder the censor from keeping England in the dark.

* * *

The man of the hour is the one who is right up to the minute.

* * *

Villa may be in straits, but bringing him to bay is something else.

* * *

Every time the Germans get mad with the British Navy, they go out and blow up a Dutch ship.

* * *

Pacifists may at least point with pride to the fact that the Venus de Milo is unarmed.

* * *

Sound sleep—snores.

* * *

We couldn't help having some little sympathy with the biggest scoundrel unhung, if we knew he wrote to his mother pretty regularly.

* * *

Costly Gentleman Cow Changes Hands.
(Hamilton, Ohio, Republican-News.)
Paul King purchased a valuable red male cow last week.

* * *

The fly in the Old Guards' ointment seems to be T. R.'s bee.

* * *

When a fat girl has a rich father she is not fat. She has a Becoming Embonpoint.

* * *

And the wages of Sinn Fein is death.

* * *

Ever Lamp the Colonel's Mouth!
An exchange says that the Colonel was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. It must have been a tablespoon.

* * *

Probably the quickest way to make yourself solid with a man is to tell him that people do not understand him.

* * *

Brooklyn's barber's strike is spreading from pole to pole.

* * *

If International Merchantile Marine, which has $50,000,000 in cash on hand, is a war bride it must be a mermaid.

* * *

"America first" is the best policy to make America last.

Looks as if necessity may be the mother of intervention, too.

* * *

Now that we have a Baker as well as a Kitchen, it should be easier to cook Villa's goose.

* * *

Astonishing discovery by the Washington Post's headline writer: "Man Starves to Death for Want of Food."

* * *

Soap is 60 cents a cake in Mexico. The high cost of laving, so to speak.

* * *

Nothing to speak of—Kisses.

* * *

A belligerant nation naturally has to put up a good front.

* * *

Present status of the submarine controversy may yet make it necessary to change it to "Yankee Dawdle."

* * *

From his own record Leonard Wood would be a rotten golfer. He went out in '98 and came back in '99.

* * *

It sounds paradoxical, but when two men have it in for each other they usually have it out.

* * *

If there is anything sadder than a comic weekly, we suppose it is a dear old Yankee trying to tell a negro dialect story.

* * *

A woman will take it philosophically when a yegg jimmies into the dining room and gets all the family silver. But she will have a twin-six, 18-karat fit if another woman copies her hat.

* * *

The T. R. demand will never exceed the T. R. supply.

* * *

Colonel Edward M. House's motion of reckless garrulity seems to be admitting to the reporters that it's a fine day.

* * *

T. R., with all thy faults, we love thee still, or as still as possible.

* * *

Ulster just can't stand Pat.

* * *

"I was profoundly touched," began the Colonel. Something tells us that Perkins is also going to be profoundly touched before long.

"Of All Glad Words———"

"Have one on me."

"With the compliments of the season."

"Fuscallfordinnerinthe dinincarforrud"

"Your examination paper was perfect."

"I'm going to try you out on the varsity."

"She said she was simply crazy about you."

"Yes, sir; your train's on time."

"The boss has decided to raise your salary."

"Enclosed find check."

"It's a boy."

* * *

What Candidates Don't Say.

"I'm after the salary—darn the honor of the office!"

"My opponent has made an excellent record."

"I have about given up hope of carrying this county."

"I must confess there is more gentleman cow than common sense in my speeches."

"I can't say much for either the good looks or intelligence of this audience."

"No, ma'am, I don't want to kiss your baby, the hideous little brat."

"Probably John C. Calhoun had a little something on me as a statesman."

* * *

Some Famous Columns.

Pershing's.
Nelson's.
Trajan's.
Flying.
Spinal.
(Business of blushing.)

* * *

Life, liberty and the pursuit of Villa!

* * *

This peroxide famine certainly is tough on the bleachers.

* * *

Sprinkle, sprinkle, water wagon!
When we hap to have a jag on
You wake in us derisive laughter—
But, ah, not so, the morning after!

* * *

Congress still seems more partial to the pork-barrel than to the gun-barrel.

The trouble about a huge navy is that we'd have to use it or we wouldn't.

* * *

Persons familiar with his habits will be hard to convince that Villa got clean away.

* * *

When a woman goes into a store to buy a spool of thread, she usually begins by pricing a $2,000 set of furs.

* * *

Mr. Bryan has refused a $150,000 chautauqua offer in order to remain in Nebraska and stump the State in the interest of his brother's candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor. Mr. Bryan is the man the standpat press tells us "cares only for dollars."

* * *

What's in a name? One of the strongest preparedness advocates is Congressman Meeker.

* * *

With all his faults, you must say this for Villa. He does not pretend that he carries on his rascality for the sake of culture.

* * *

It would take a lot fatter volume than Dickens' to hold present-day "American Notes."

* * *

Suggested motto for Mex. border: "All soap abandon, ye who enter here."

* * *

Magazinely Speaking.

The European outlook is that a lot more woman's home companions will soon be harpers.

* * *

Herr Viereck should be satisfied at last. Indiana's new Senator hails from French Lick.

* * *

We see by the Petrograd cables that the Russians yesterday captured 18 assorted consonants and a vowel.

* * *

The war is costing millions of pounds, and it may also cost a few sovereigns.

* * *

Raw recruits are soon roasted.

* * *

Texas expects every militiaman to do his duty as he feels like it.

Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods. Here's an English stylist like Doc Eliot of Harvard writing: "The Rockefeller Foundation is the largest and freest benevolence ever attempted in the world that I have ever heard anything about."

* * *

A lassie with a smile and
A tall, good-looking feller,
A shipwreck and an island—
Behold! a six-best-seller!

* * *

Some Headline Horrors.

"Rain of Shells."
"Limps Into Port."
"Fleecy Staple."
"Fleecy Blanket."
"Plunges to Its Doom."
"Limbs of the Law."
"Mexican Crisis."
"New Teut Drive."
"Przasnysz."

* * *

The Day's Doings in Rhymed Review.

"The President Dons His Fighting Togs."
"Chicago Has Disastrous Fire."
"Amundsen Gives Praise to His Dogs."
"The Colonel Calls a Man a Malicious Trifler with the Truth."

* * *

The more one considers the Senate the more is one convinced how applicable to it is Henry Labouchere's famous division of the House of Lords into "mentals," "ornamentals" and "detrimentals."

* * *

Wild oats are responsible for many a man's seediness.

* * *

Motto for Baby Week: "Ask the man who owns one."

* * *

It's funny how empty a man's conversation is when he is full.

* * *

Villa may have taken the grin out of gringo, but he left the go.

* * *

That this column appears today is nothing short of a miracle. They have just plastered the windows across the street with gorgeous circus posters a fellow could gaze at for hours on a stretch.

A cushioned hammock underneath the bough,
A seasoned pipe, a twilight sky—and Thou
O mint-sprig rustling in the frosted glass—
Oh, summertime were Paradise enow!

* * *

Miss Ellen Glasgow says that women have always been ready to buckle on man's armor. That's just the trouble with women; they are usually so busy buckling on a fellow's armor that they never can find time to sew on his buttons or fill up the crevasses in his socks.

* * *

Why School Teachers Fracture the Third Commandment.

Q. Who is Jane Addams?

A. Jane Addams is a famous actress.

Q. Where is Tasmania?

A. In Indianapolis.

Q. What was the era of good feeling?

A. The whiskey rebellion.

Q. Who was Capt. Scott?

A. He was the head digger of the Panama Canal.

* * *

"Going Hunting."

Scene: National Loan and Exchange Bank corner.

Dramatis personæ: Four more or less youthful nimrods, dressed the part and provided with guns and other accessories, waiting for a street car.

Passerby (with knowing smile): "Ah, I see you're going hunting!"

2nd Passerby: "You all going hunting?"

3rd Passerby (a cousin of Jack Keefe): "You boobs look like as if your goin' huntin' I wisht as I could of got off to day and go huntin' 2 like what you all is you lucky stiffs."

4th Passerby: "Well, well! Going hunting, eh?"

Etc., etc., etc.

No, Sherlocks, we weren't going hunting. We were going doodle-fishing in Hurleyville and the terrier was along to drag the cowering hippopotami out of the topmost boughs of the forest.*

*This was the most withering comment we could think of at the time.

There is no pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is no rapture on the lonely shore;
For everywhere that cussed sign intrudes:—
"Down With the Bosses—Vote for Theodore!"

* * *

In Mexico things tranquil are;
There is no rage or fury;
Aye, life flows on without a jar
In Mexico—Missouri.

* * *

It was at the Battle of the Pyramids:

"Soldiers!" cried the Corsican. "Forty moving-picture operators are looking down upon you today!"

Immediately thereafter he overthrew the Mamelukes with prodigious slaughter.

* * *

Though once, alas, 'twas "Theodore" and "Will,"
And Theodore says "Will" no more,
Yet on Will's lips the fond names linger still:
"Will Theodore?"

* * *

According to the prohibs,
Little drops of water,
Little sips of milk,
Make us—or they ought to—
Feel as slick as silk.

* * *

Why Editors Hit the Pipe.

"Your paper has become altogether too pro-German for me, and I wish my subscription discontinued at once."

"Vy iss it der Chermans gredit you do nicht gif, hein? Vy apout der Pritish seesing uhr males you no nichy gomplain? Schtop mein paper!"

'I'm taking the ——— now, instead of your sheet. I don't want any subservient Wilson organ in my home, no, sirree!"

"Say, are you a Democrat or not? Then why in blue blazes did you say our last note to the Dutch wasn't what it might have been? I believe you're subsidized by Teddy Rosenfelt and I want my money back."

"deer sir I See by your Papper where your jumpin on Hon. Heck w. Blohard the tribbune of the Peepul & I want you should stop my Papper to

onct I dont want to take no co-operation little Pin head Papper as jumps on the tribbune of the Peepul the greatest man the Grand old Stars & strips has ever give berth to so stop my Papper to onct."

"Why you slew-footed, knock-kneed, cross-eyed, bow-legged, spindle-shanked, lantern-jawed simian, how dare you cast asparagus upon Theodore Roosevelt. You are not fit to shine his shoes, your poor simp!"

"Hon. Sir: I am poor Jappan boy which subscribe for your Hon. paper, but I do not want your Hon. paper not any more if you say once more again what you said about Hon. Mike Ado. By illustrious shade of Hon. granmother, no. Hoping you are the same."

* * *

Bland counsel to cotton growers from the unconcerned, as to the supposed futility of attempts to reform exchange procedure in regard to "futures," reminds one of the fact that—

"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes—
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad."

* * *

Where the Antlered Gentlemen Lose.

Colonel Roosevelt's hopes of gathering the woman suffragette into his new party and thereby gaining strength each year as the women voters increase is doomed to early demise.

Collier's Weekly, responding to inquiries as to the feminine for Bull Moose fixes the designation of the lady moose by quoting Kipling as follows:

"So for one the wet sail arching
through rainbow round the bow,
And for one the creak of snowshoes
on the crust,
And for one the lakeside lilies where
the bull moose waits the cow—"

Our bull mooses may wait the cow till the crack of doom and wait vainly. Suffragettes may be determined, and bold and ready to dare and die for the cause; but the cause never contemplated that they admit themselves to be cows! Feminine flesh and blood has limits. They may stand for calves perhaps, but cows, never!

"Woodrow Wilson today was formally inducted into the Tribe of the Sioux."—Sioux City dispatch.

"Governor Wilson likes limericks."—News item.

Let 'er go, Gallagher!

Woodrow, with a lot to dioux
Has been let in the Tribe of the Sioux;
Now his name will appear
When it comes out next year
In the Ioway list of "Whiouxs Whioux."

* * *

In putting Roosevelt's face on their campaign stamps the Progressive committee disregards the fact that when Roosevelt is licked and stuck in a corner he won't stick.

* * *

"A paradox
That comforts while it mocks":

Viz, that while Mary Garden is no procrastinator, she can put off more things than any woman on the stage.

* * *

Although our ante-bellum vaunt that one Southerner can whip four Yankees before breakfast was not entirely sustained by subsequent events, we still maintain that the average Democrat has more sense than four Republicans.

* * *

Progress of the campaign told in phrases:

1—Cocked hat.
2—Serpent's teeth.
3—Neurotics.
4—Political Paranoiacs.
5— ?

* * *

Roosevelt's Recessional.

The tumult and the shouting swells
Of frantic statesmen undeterred
By that first of Truth's articles:
"A man shall hold his plighted word."
But Uncle Samuel? Well, you bet
He won't forget—he won't forget.

* * *

Political Schedule for Next Week.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday: The Colonel is quoted as saying he will run.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday: The Colonel is quoted as saying that under no circumstances, etc.

Sunday: Begin all over again.

The Wedding-Guest had just been stopped by the Ancient Mariner: "Anything I may have to say," he declared, "will be published in The Outlook."

Whereupon, the Ancient Mariner, realizing that his disguise had been pierced, hied him back to his City Editor.

* * *

Memorable Discoveries of History.

1,000,000 B. C.—Eve discovers a figleaf.

1492 A. D.—Columbus discovers the Beautifud Isle of Somewhere.

1909 A. D.—Dr. Cook discovers the copyright law.

1910 A. D.—Marse Henry discovers a second Tilden.

1912 A. D.—Col. Roosevelt discovers the Ananias Club.

* * *

"Greeks in the United States have been called to their colors."—News item.

Son of Athens, 'ere we part
Cheer me with a cherry tart!
Or, if cooking's not your line
How about a farewell shine?

* * *

A marriage ceremony:

1—Two singles.
2—A double.
3—The home plate.

* * *

Once I saw
Tombed in a shard of liquid, golden amber,
A cruel spider and a silly fly,
And a wise ant, quite close together.
—Allen Updegraff, in Lippincott's.

Once I saw
All in the midst of golden, burning summer,
A hat of velvet and a set of furs
And thin silk hose, quite close together.
—Clement Wood.

Once I saw
As I skinned back in haste the painted pasteboards,
A pair of aces and a pair of kings,
And one more ace, quite close together.

* * *

One of the greatest mistakes a girl can make is when she says her stockings are not fit to be seen.

"Our choice is W. W. Name yours."—Union Progress. "The same, bartender."—Our Own Paper. "Just make it three."—Nashville Banner. Come in, Deacon; there are several glasses left!

* * *

"Like Col. Roosevelt, he (Mr. Bryan) believes that he hasn't had a square deal," says the Savannah News. And in that belief he is backed up by several million Democrats that are not "practical men."

* * *

"Durst is the sole survivor of the crew of the little cheesebox that whipped the ironclad Merrimac."—Philadelphia dispatch to the Chicago Tribune. That paragraph contains one mistake and one lie. The mistake is that the Confederate ironclad was named "Virginia." The lie is obvious.

* * *

Careless.

He's the most careless man I know:
I speak of Lawyer Till;
For almost every day or so
He goes and breaks a will.

* * *

If England is ever driven to making peace overtures, we suppose she'll entrust the job to the Duke of Fife.

* * *

"My love is dressed in sunbeams," sings a Western poet. Well, if that's all, we wouldn't mind having a squint at her.

* * *

Mean Place to Be Hit On, Too.

(From the Colorado Springs Steamboat.)

Mr. Carger did not escape entirely. He was hit on the contrary.

* * *

Even a typographical error often tells the truth. For instance, we find an exchange speaking of "Oyster Bray."

* * *

Things have arrived at the pass where Germany is much more interested in the alimentary canal than the Kiel canal.

* * *

When it comes to a choice between a man who is capable of big deeds and a man who owns 'em, it doesn't take a girl long to decide.

Well, it seems appropriate that Bacon should get the decision over Shakspere in Chicago.

* * *

A very bashful girl and quaint,
Who simply loathes the use of paint;
To modesty's she's so inclined
She even won't make up her mind.

* * *

We see no ground for apprehension because the Colonel does not open his mouth. Probably he is talking through his nose, like the rest of the dear old Yanks.

* * *

Should Be Strong Suff Territory.

Missis Sippi
Ida Ho
Miss Ouri
The Carolinas
Georgia
Virginia
Callie Fornia
Louisa Anna
Minnie Sota.

* * *

A woman is funny. She will dust little Willie's britches to a fare-you-well when she catches him in a fib. But when the door bell rings she will send word that she is Not at Home. And she will peck another woman on the cheek in the most affectionate manner when she hates her like poison.

* * *

Epitaphs You Never See.

"Here lies William Blank—or would if he could."

"Beneath this stone rests John Doe—one of the durndest scoundrels who ever drew the breath of life."

"Hic jacet Jeremiah Jenkins—swindler, booze-hound and general crook. The devil has our deepest sympathy."

"This stone is reared to Richard Roe by a grateful community, which thanks heaven on its bended knees that it is rid of the cuss at last."

* * *

Sun spots—freckles.

* * *

The hit hyphenate howls.

* * *

Give us this day our daily Ted.

* * *

Half a loaf is better than no vacation.

Don't Read This. It is a Lie.

Once upon a time there was a woman who waited up for her spouse at nights. And when he staggered in about 3 g. m., she wheeled his armchair before the fire and put his comfy slippers on his hoofs and placed the tobacco convenient to his arm and mixed him a hot toddy. Then she said, "Dear, if you want to stay up a while and punish some more booze, go right ahead and don't mind me."

* * *

Needs must when the Russian drives.

* * *

The Gold Dust Twins—Hughes and Fairbanks.

* * *

Love makes the world go round. But it takes Law to make it go square.

* * *

Some men are born wise; and others learn when to lay down threes.

* * *

Oh, You Short Skirts!

We must say that modern styles suit us down to the ground, but more especially from the ground up.

* * *

It must be admitted that Congress has the courage of Woodrow's convictions.

* * *

Proper.

A highly proper damsel is
That pretty Jenny Moore;
She hates to see, so they tell me,
A ship that hugs the shore.

* * *

"Bernstorff is a man of parts," says an editor. The likelihood is that they'll soon be foreign parts.

* * *

Some men in this town are so stingy that before casting their bread upon the waters they always wait for high tide.

* * *

Whoops, M'Dears!

There was a young damsel named Anna
Who slipped on a piece of banana;
Her fall was quite shocking,
And showed so much stocking
The wicked men hollered: "Hosanna!"

* * *

Ever Tell One of 'Em a Joke?

"England will laugh last," says a London paper. That's what the English have always been famous for.

A Postoffice Crisis, in Four Reels.
Shipp, Ark.
Sink, Ore.
Note, Ga.
Promise, S. D.

• • •

Evolution of a Mex. Government.
De facto.
Defecto.
Defuncto.

• • •

However, those gallant Zep. officers always prided themselves on being ladykillers.

• • •

An atrocity can always count on slipping by the censor when it's the other side's.

• • •

It may not sound nice. But it is a fact that a whole lot of nuptials we read about under the heading "Weddings" ought to have been listed under "Sales."

• • •

For every man who goes to the polls to vote for somebody, probably five men go to vote against somebody.

• • •

Some Famous Lines.
Wash
Firing
Waist
Fishing
Railroad
Steamship
Mason and Dixon's.

• • •

Colonel Laura Jean Libbey announces in one of her helpful little articles that girls should not take rings from unknown men. That may be first-rate etiquette, Laura, but it would play the very devil with the telephone industry.

• • •

Short Orders.

A campaign lie is something your crowd didn't think of circulating first.

It's a rare household where the better half isn't the whole thing.

Considering that there are only ten commandments to break, some men do pretty well.

The quickest way to get a head in this world is to fall off the water wagon.

Rolling stock—cigarette papers.

Probably the only serious drawback to having a pretty good sized circulation is that every subscriber seems to think that with his eight iron men he also purchased the privilege of having an original poem printed at least once a month.

• • •

Some Famous Boards.

Score	Bill
Side	Black
Bulletin	Paste
Tariff	Chess.

• • •

Pest.

If we but had the nerve and strength
One wop we'd love to collar:
The self-made man who tells at length
How he earned his first dollar.

• • •

The old-fashioned lad who used to save up his Octagon soap wrappers to get a catcher's mitt now has a son who saves his Dromedary Cigarette coupons to get a silver-mounted manicure set.

• • •

Some Famous Steps.
In
Lock
Goose
Side.

• • •

"Lengthening the skirts," allows the Pittsburgh Post, "shows a feminine disposition to leave something to the imagination." Likely enough. And we violate no confidence in stating that Old Colonel Imagination is fully competent to handle the situation.

• • •

"Let us cease to be ridiculous," shouts the New York American, and we cordially second the motion. Such editorial candor, however, is certainly very unusual.

• • •

"You can always tell a pinheaded man," observes The Edisto News. Brother, our experience has been that you can't tell a pinheaded man anything.

• • •

Add current humor:
"Merrie England."
"Sunny Italy."
"Gay Paree."

"I desire to give credit to the Russians," says Lord Northcliffe. Well, they'd prefer that to one of those checks.

• • •

"But Mann, proud Mann,
Drest in a little brief authority—
. . . . . .
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

• • •

Short Orders.

It is no sign a girl smokes because she is anxious to strike a match.

Opportunity knocks once, but importunity is always knocking.

Whatever its defects, spooning at least teaches a fellow a lot about astronomy that he never knew before.

A cracksman's ambition is naturally to be on the safe side.

A man is never so dense that his wife can't see through him.

When a man goes out hunting trouble he will usually find a quorum of it in session.

There's no use trying to set sail on the sea of matrimony until you raise the wind.

One touch of scandal makes the whole world chin.

• • •

Some Belligerent Communities.

War, W. Va.
Battle, La.
Scrap, Tex.
Kilgore, N. C.
Gore, Okla.
Slaughter, Tex.
Blood, Ky.

• • •

Queer.

The rhino is a funny beast,
As sure as you are born;
He never seems to have the least
Desire to blow his horn.

• • •

Speaking of Music and Grand Opera.

"Twenty-two persons and a woman were ejected by the police."—New York American.

• • •

A woman can't cuss when she gets mad. But don't you believe for a minute that she isn't thinking a few torrid thoughts.

The Cynic Says.

To make a quarrel it takes two
The proverb says, but, son,
The biggest fuss I ever knew
Came when two were made one.

• • •

A Wrathful Rondeau.

(Reprinted by request*)

("'Try not to pass!' the old man said."—Longfellow.)

"Try not to pass!"? Thou hoary skate!
I'm not caught with that sucker's bait.
Me at the ticket man's delay.

• • •

And from my hard-won hoardings pay
The customary four-bit rate?
I'm really inarticulate
With righteous anger; yea irate
That thou shouldst have the nerve to say
"Try not to pass!"
The little ticket signed "The State"
Which I present 'em at the gate
Gives me immediate entree;
(The others pay a piece of eight.)
Off with thee, then, and cease to bray
"Try Not to Pass!"

• • •

If the children are clever and well-behaved, mother and mother's mother know they take after her. If they are stupid, mean little brats, they take after the old man.

• • •

Ain't It So?

As linguists mothers are the champs,
Just put that down as true;
They know just what the little scamps
mean when they gurgle: "Goo!"

• • •

Some Birds of Burgs.

Pigeonroost, Ky.
Lark, N. D.
Parrott, Ky.
Sparrow, Ky.
Swan, Tex.
Swallow, Ky. (Speaking of the eternal f. of t.!)
Wren, S. C.
Crow, W. Va.
Blue Jay, W. Va.
Nightingale, Ala.
Redbird, Neb.

• • •

Mexico's idea of a stable government is Augean.

'Ray!
The praise we shout
Of Jennie Hocking;
She shows about
A foot of stocking.

• • •

One reason the younger generation is getting so flip and impertinent is because the old fashioned boy who used to be taken out to the woodshed every once in a while to have his pants dusted with a trunk strap now has a son who inhales a pack of cigarettes a day, calls his dad "the guv'nor" or "the old man," and fills said old man's car with a bunch of giggly chickens every afternoon and burns up the country roads to the tune of 50 parasangs an hour.

• • •

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and it will also save a peck of trouble.

• • •

Most of the standpat press is airing its views about Bryan, and heaven knows they need airing.

• • •

In that "Gott Mitt Uns" boast, isn't an "h" dropped from the last word?

• • •

The British fleet is wonderful and the Russians are marvelously.

• • •

A distant relative isn't always so distant that he can't touch you.

• • •

We wish we could be best man or something for one or these Wall Street "war brides."

• • •

An exchange refers to Bismarck as "the father of his country." Asphyxiating gas, of course, is one of its smothers.

• • •

We'd hate to be a Russian bard
And have to knock
Our stanzas on a place called Skard—
katchatakrivolok!

• • •

England has barred treating, but we understand that setting-up exercises will continue in favor on the drill grounds.

• • •

One lesson this war has taught is that a man named Rene or Marie can fight just as well as the roughnecks.

As we understand it, there are about 250 reasons why the Sultan isn't at the front, young, middle-aged, old, short, tall, lean, fat, ugly, pretty and betwixt-and-between.

• • •

Is not the physician who forbade Harry Lauder to play Hamlet a worthy candidate for the University's medal for a notable benefaction to mankind?

• • •

Now that the Russians are stationary, it should be easier for von Hindenburg to envelope 'em.

• • •

Mr. Bryan doesn't think much of preparedness, but we'll bet he always carries an umbrella on a cloudy day.

• • •

There is more joy in Lincoln over one jingo that repenteth than over the ninety and nine that went not astray.

• • •

When nobody is about to get married a woman, especially if she is an old maid, can always derive considerable satisfaction from discussing somebody's recent operation.

• • •

Women are funny. The more they hate each other the more affectionately they kiss each other.

• • •

Germany emerges from the submarine controversy with several disavowals and a promise not to do it again. Nothing was lost save honor.

• • •

That homely simile, "As sure as shooting" doubtless originated in Mexico.

• • •

Cap'n Hobson's well known tongue is evidently out for another non-stop record.

• • •

Well, Representative Kitchen acts on the defense proposition just about as you would expect a man named Claude to act.

• • •

Our cost-of-living statistics pale before the price the Allies have paid for just one slice of Turkey.

• • •

Of all sad words
We hear, by heck,
The saddest are these:
"Please hold this check."

"Italy's Envoy Sees Grey." Germany's envoys usually see red.

• • •

Naturally, the Turk is unspeakable, Germany having made a dummy of him.

• • •

British subjects seem to be Zeppelin objects.

• • •

When it comes to preparedness, we don't know of anything to beat old Colonel Porcupine.

• • •

Another disadvantage of the Kaiser-business is the way he always has to pretend for publication that he is proud of his glorious Turkish allies.

• • •

And when Woodrow writes a note with teeth in it, they are very apt to be wisdom teeth.

• • •

Peace is now raging in Haiti.

• • •

When in doubt, swat the corporations.

• • •

T. R. still seems to be the battle him of the republic.

• • •

Before you laugh at the Russians for spelling it "Dniester," remember ptomaine and ptarmigan and pthisis.

• • •

It's now proper for von Tirpitz to refer to his captured U-boats as net losses.

• • •

We had no idea there was so much kultur in Turkey until those Armenian massacres started.

• • •

Our notion of the height of something is a very stout little woman trying to look haughty and important.

• • •

Mr. Wilson should get a prophet for himself, the Colonel wishing it to be distinctly understood that Ezekiel is his prophet.

• • •

The great fear is that after the war is officially over, some of the nations may start a post-season series.

• • •

"The telephone girl wears a hello around her head," as the Marion Star remarks. Yea, verily; and gets many an ohell in her dainty ears.

An Italian professor has found the house of Tiberius, but it is understood that on account of unavoidable circumstances the host was unable to be present.

• • •

They also serve who only watch and wait.

• • •

The bears have again sent down cotton. Trouble bruin for the South!

• • •

The simple subjunctive: Leonard Wood.

• • •

To a financial ignoramus like us, the pound begins to look like a mark.

• • •

We suppose the most appropriate beer for sunburned vacationists is Piel.

• • •

A Detroit G. A. R. man challenges any Johnny Reb to a foot race. If the course is from Manassas to Washington, we'll lay 50 to 1 on the Yank.

• • •

The Czar has declined Germany's peace offer, but we doubt if there are many negative Poles.

• • •

Let sleeping Petrograd correspondents lie.

• • •

King Constantine is now in a position to appreciate how Damocles felt.

• • •

"Every woman has several hundred friends on her hating list," according to the oldest and most unconfirmed bachelor of our acquaintance.

• • •

Because a man is a distant relative is no sign that he isn't close.

• • •

It is old King Cotton's explosiveness that has gotten him into trouble—has made him contraband.

• • •

Dumba case seems to solve the mystery of who put the ass in ambassador.

• • •

Even Cain didn't have the nerve to claim self-defense.

• • •

Better fifty years of Harvey than a cycle of Bill Hearst.

• • •

"Back Home," Irvin Cobb's new play, ought to make a big hit in the war zone.

Strange the Kaiser still has boils after all the Lansing we've given him.

• • •

The German U-boats are, however. not letter perfect.

• • •

Seems paradoxical that cotton should be all at sea because it isn't.

• • •

One touch of Teddy makes the whole world grin.

• • •

Looks as if peace had broken out in Santo Domingo.

• • •

While von Hindenburg has crossed the Bug, our understanding is that the grand old prohibitionists are planning to give the jug the doublecross.

• • •

Almost anybody would rather be right than President of Mexico.

• • •

It may be that money talks, but the pound sterling is groaning.

• • •

"The time has passed for words!" shouts the Colonel, emitting some 6,000 of 'em.

• • •

New York exchange reports that Prince Zu Hohenlohe was "snappish." Why not call him Prince Zu-Zu?

• • •

What has become of the old-fashioned maiden lady who used to look under the bed before retiring?

• • •

Be virtuous and you will be respected. But you won't have very much fun.

• • •

Every British soldier will get an American apple, and they certainly do seem to need another corps or two.

• • •

Probably there would be such a thing as a wreckless auto if there were not so many reckless chauffeurs.

• • •

The hand that rocks the cradle is seldom seen making gestures in a suffrage meeting.

• • •

Belgium's "Gray Book" ought to be read.

• • •

Some gentle souls who would never dream of shying a brick seem to think it's entirely all right to shy a pot.

Silly of John Bull to hold up the tankers, as those kultured Germans wouldn't accept anything but refined oil.

• • •

If Germany and Uncle Sam fall out, we may all have to fall in.

• • •

A tidy and a dainty dame
Is Miss Amanda Fitts;
She loves to watch a baseball game
Because of the clean hits.

• • •

One particularly devilish member of the staff suggests that it's the high car step that put the linger in lingerie.

• • •

"Amundsen to Greet Peary."—Headline. Thought it is usually difficult to make both ends meet.

• • •

Generous to a fault—its owner.

• • •

What a magnificent auctioneer was lost when Ferdinand of Bulgaria went into the king business!

• • •

Blood is thicker than contraband.

• • •

Possibly they call it the "water" wagon on account of its springs.

• • •

Not the least of Nature's numerous mistakes is the female baritone.

• • •

Another amusing aspect of the situation is the way Georgia is all wrought up over those Armenian atrocities.

• • •

The hyphen most in disfavor with Uncle Sam just now is Austria-Hungary.

• • •

The Allies may not be much with the stick, but Saloniki knows they can steal bases.

• • •

Charity is a great thing in its place. But when a lad claims that he really loves his enemies, you can put him down as a 12-cylinder liar.

• • •

When a girl says she hasn't any stockings fit to be seen, the statement must be accepted with reservation.

• • •

That Utica hyphenated meeting cheered the sentiment, "German to the marrow." The rest of the country will emphasize the bone.

Seems to be getting high time to put a . to the -.

* * *

Cannibals are no respecters of parsons.

* * *

There are those who if less "dry" might write less rot.

* * *

Well, it's high time the Bulgars captured Babuna—they monkeyed with it long enough.

* * *

It's an even wager whether La Follette makes the flag disappear before Bryan does the flagon.

* * *

If there are two disgusted shades on the thither Styx, they are probably those of the late Messrs. Miltiades and Themistocles.

* * *

For an international boil Lansing is all right, all right.

* * *

A hyphen divided against itself can not stand.

* * *

Prohibition in South Carolina would indeed be a rum go.

* * *

That Philadelphia society that secured Roald Amundsen to lecture and Peary to introduce him knew how to make both ends meet.

* * *

In politics, the fruits of victory are plums.

* * *

Mr. Bryan evidently doesn't want Americans to get either shot or half-shot.

* * *

When a man has money to burn he often does it with chips.

* * *

Add journalistic goat-getters:
"Tonsorial artist."
"Groaning with good things."
"Festive board."

* * *

Marriages may be made in heaven. But history is going to give the old-time horse and buggy a lot of the credit.

* * *

On second thought we simply have to reopen the journalistic-goat-getters contest to let in our venerable friend, "Staggers Humanity."

A man may be a loafer, a thief, a blackguard, a bigamist, a murderer and about everything else mean and despicable. But he can never get so low that his mother won't stick by him.

* * *

Human nature is pretty funny, and we suppose the Americans who persist in living in Mexico have no severer critics anywhere than the inhabitants of those Arkansas river bottoms.

* * *

California favors the see-America-first movement, but not for the Japanese.

* * *

Tuskegee's new head announces that he will follow Booker Washington's policies in everything—a carbon copy, so to speak.

* * *

You can't tell the average man anything about Turkish atrocities. He's smoked many a 25-cent package of 'em.

* * *

We are not greatly surprised that the French women so unanimously approve that new clean-shave edict in the army. For years they have resolutely set their faces against mustaches.

* * *

One of the most active of Britain's ships of war seems to be the censorship.

* * *

The only hyphen problem that's worrying France is Alsace-Lorraine.

* * *

Villa used to be a hard-working cowboy, but now he takes life easy.

* * *

Two Strike, the famous Sioux chief, has died at home.

* * *

The multi-colored "books" issued by warring nations seem to be in the nature of scrap-books.

* * *

About ten minutes after the average woman captures a secret she lets it out on bail.

* * *

We suppose that the minute the Petrograd man enters the pearly gates they'll hand him a lyre.

* * *

"Harvard's oldest living graduate is dead," announces the New York World. It would be interesting to know how he managed it.

That German success on the Bug is undoubtedly a pronounced victory.

• • •

Listen to the honeyed words and get stung.

• • •

Nobody hates the spoils system with such virtuous indignation as the party out of power.

• • •

It must get Mr. Bryan's dander up to read that a pitcher was tight in the pinches.

• • •

Speaking of disarmament, the Venus de Milo must have been the original pacifist.

• • •

Here's hoping the devil is not as bad as he is Sundayed!

• • •

However, in talking extensively, T. R. Marshall merely lives up to his initials.

• • •

Speaking of the feminine prop, the girls just seem to grin and bare it.

• • •

An Everynight Tragedy. In Six Reels.

1—Gin.
2—Spin.
3—Rash.
4—Smash.
5—Nurse.
6—Hearse.

• • •

Loud call for Greek reservists is calculated to take the rest out of restaurant.

• • •

Seems to take more than the Crown Prince to make the French walk Spanish.

• • •

It is rapidly becoming the English slanguage.

• • •

A bad egg, as you have doubtless observed, is generally broke.

• • •

It is announced that Prof. Taft has lost ten pounds. Along the rest of the front there is nothing to report.

• • •

At present writing—Robert Lansing.

• • •

Russia evidently has lost her punch as well as her vodka.

• • •

Mexico may not get her loan, but she'll keep on borrowing trouble at the same brisk rate.

Our musical neighbor named Biddle
All day long scrapes on his fiddle;
When he goes to dwell
In the bottommost—well,
We pray they'll fry him on a griddle.

• • •

The Zeps have bombarded another "fortified" English town, killing or wounding seven fortified women and nine fortified babies.

• • •

"We have been calling for ten years," begins an ad. in the telephone directory. So have we, and we wish to goodness we had laid down about half the time.

• • •

Before he gets her, he is always paying her attentions. After he gets her, he is always paying her bills.

• • •

The seat of war must be getting awfully shiny.

• • •

"To hell with Massachusetts!" shouts the Macon Telegraph. It is very right and proper to entertain bitter sentiments against this well known resort, but there is such a thing as carrying one's hatred entirely too far.

• • •

Men always laugh at the women for being slow. But you never saw a man who could take a bird cage and a few feathers and make a pretty nifty hat out of it.

• • •

Every one to his taste. But to our mind a tomboy beats a willy boy any old day.

• • •

As we understand it, the prohibitionists contend that the country's worst malady is bourbonic plague.

• • •

Constantine evidently prefers to stand pat on the glory that was Greece.

• • •

Where is the old-fashioned woman who used to call it a "shimmy"?

• • •

"I was in danger of my life," explained the elephant, as he stepped on the flea.

• • •

If Dumba hadn't taken the initiative he would not have experienced the recall.

Lord Reading must be a lineal descendant of Oliver Twist.

• • •

Add prominent South Carolina emigrants: Tom and Jerry.

• • •

If you want to make a thing fashionable, hint that it's immoral.

• • •

A whole lot of self-made men ought to have consulted an architect.

• • •

Edison made a big reputation for inventing the talking-machine. But Adam beat him to it ages ago.

• • •

Trust Pan-America won't have to pan Mexico.

• • •

That New York society woman who wears her watch on her instep at dances is probably amazed to find the number of men who forgot to bring theirs with 'em.

• • •

We surely wish that we were with
The Russian troops, by heck;
Because, and, son, this is no myth—
We'd always get a check.

• • •

Every tailor's goose seems to have a bill.

• • •

A "booze-fighter" wins many an empty victory.

• • •

Slogan of the Yankee tourist: "Palm Beach suits."

• • •

It is thought, however, despite the urgent admonitions of the prohibition brethren that she stick around the Milky Way and the Big Dipper, that old Sister Moon will continue to get full regularly once a month.

• • •

They may call you weak, and wonder
At your motives and your ends;
Say you fear to fight the greasers,
When you try to make 'em friends.
There are some that want to make you
Push us in this hell of war;
There are others that point treason,
Poisoning every breath they draw.
But your people understand them—
Matters not what lies they spew;
Ninety millions give the toast, sir:
Woodrow Wilson—here's to you!

Mr. Roosevelt has to shave night and morning. Nothing like the genius of versatility. In three weeks he could be Aaron—or Carranza.

• • •

The pen is mightier than the sword in the censor's office.

• • •

Judging by T. R.'s remarks, the bull moose doesn't belong to the Reichstag branch of the family.

• • •

The Germans may be the best hitters, but the Russians are world-beaters in running to bases.

• • •

Georgia is now not so much in the public eye as the public nose.

• • •

Indications are that von Hindenburg didn't slice that drive, after all.

• • •

When a girl is wearing a classy ring or two, she can always find some excuse for inspecting her finger nails in public.

• • •

Probably nothing in this old vale of tears is more pathetic than when a rich woman who hasn't very much sense tries to put on dog.

• • •

If there's anything in the reincarnation theory, some present-day Georgian must have built Babylon's Hanging Gardens.

• • •

There appears to be a disposition in some quarters to mistake the public nose for the public eye.

• • •

As we understand it, before a fellow can take any stock in the matrimonial market he must go to par.

• • •

"Worth makes the man," wrote Alexander Pope, but that was before the Paris gentleman had opened his establishment.

• • •

South Carolina may "go dry" but the "tigers" will milk her right along.

• • •

"Texas fears Mexican invasion," is a headline which, be it confessed, never fails to acquire our nanny. Texas fears a Mexican invasion about as much as a Kentucky gentleman fears his prandial julep. Texas' only "fear" is that the greasers won't come.

We suppose you have observed that when friend wife gives you a piece of her mind it's usually a cross section.

• • •

Sheet music—snores.

• • •

Add current humor: "International law."

• • •

There is no such thing as a square meal in Boston. Codfish balls are, of course, spherical.

• • •

The British are not "forward-looking men." The zeppelins have made them upward looking.

• • •

Nothing from Flanders at this writing, but it is understood that the line's busy.

• • •

Mexican
Meximay
Meximust
—New York Sun.
Mexiwont.

• • •

And why, you ask, does she wear specs,
This proper Helen Bly?
Such questions sorely do me vex:
She scorns the naked eye.

• • •

The ankle watch isn't such a much. They've been wearing clocks on their stockings for years.

• • •

The Kaiser has been called the father of the war. Asphyxiating gas is one of its smothers.

• • •

Too many people look on friendship as a "shake well after using" proposition.

• • •

It's a wise speculator that knows his own war-baby.

• • •

The Wilmington Dispatch thinks that at future Palmetto banquets the swallow-tail coat will be inappropriate, but we imagine that in colored hot supper circles the cutaway will retain its former popularity.

• • •

Those aero raids on Venice are calculated to put a quietus on the last rows of summer.

• • •

Something incongruous about calling a big gun "she" when it can be silenced.

While we are furnishing the Allies with cash, the Germans seem to prefer giving 'em checks.

• • •

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the talk of war.

• • •

The farther the Germans penetrate into prohibition territory, the feebler becomes their attack.

• • •

We see by the Russian dispatches that von Hindenburg has been hurled 50 miles nearer Petrograd.

• • •

Every day is Belabor day in Europe.

• • •

When a man gets out his hammer, it's a pretty good sign that he has an axe to grind.

• • •

At the opposite pole to Dr. Dumba is Ambassador Chinda, who has nothing at all to say.

• • •

They also serve who only sit and bait.

• • •

With some people charity begins at home, but it never gets as far as first.

• • •

Bob La Follette may have to make that law more stringent, as there's still one American liner left on the Pacific.

• • •

We heartily wish a certain Teuton frau had not raised her Boy-Ed to be a diplomat.

• • •

After all, the real "perfect woman" is the one on the back of the silver dollar.

• • •

And it won't do for Berlin to discount our note, either.

• • •

Mr. Bryan's hope, of course, is to take the fist out of pacifist.

• • •

Judging by its speed so far, the peace dove must be a turtle dove.

• • •

Our idea of an exclamation point is Oyster Bay.

• • •

"The glory that was Greece" is right!

• • •

"T. R. likes Wilson's stand." To say nothing of his seat.

Connecticut is the Nutmeg State, and her railroads certainly do grate on some people.

* * *

After the ceremony, he generally finds out that she has control as well as curves.

* * *

We trust that travelers in the Canadian woods will be very careful not to step on Colonel Roosevelt's ear.

* * *

"No man is indispensable," says T. R. We hear no corroborating voice from Mr. Hugh Jennings of Detroit.

* * *

Some New York financiers of Teuton descent are evidently even more pro-dollar than they are pro-German.

* * *

Speaking of the Liberty Bell, it isn't often Philadelphia has such a chance to show her metal.

* * *

Yep, it's a funny old language. A going business, frinstance, is often run by a coming young man.

* * *

We see by the morning's paper that a U-boat has scored another sweeping victory over a Norwegian ship.

* * *

Every British soldier is to be given an American apple. Many of them already have American peaches.

* * *

Cap'n von Papen's opinion of the Yankees couldn't be any more bitter if he were a leading lyncher of Marietta, Ga.

* * *

We are willing to bet something that the California centenarian who says no oath has passed his lips never stepped on the cat's tail in the dark.

* * *

Burian and von Jagow are not stenographers, but Woodrow knows how to make them take dictation.

* * *

Germany has forbidden all males between 17 and 45 to leave the country, but the order comes too late to do poor old Russia any good.

* * *

A surgeon writes from the front that the staff is "taking great pains," and probably all the patients would add that they're also giving 'em.

It is believed that next New Year's Day will not be observed as an alcoholiday in South Carolina.

* * *

The French, Germans and English are nothing to our South Carolina office-seekers who have been "last-ditch fighters" all their lives.

* * *

Frugal people of Petrograd will not lay in large stocks of letterheads and envelopes—the name of the town may be changed again.

* * *

The Montgomery Advertiser denies that it said the United States should own the continent from Panama to the Pole. Nevertheless we believe Uncle Sam should get the pole and keep it.

* * *

At least, "Cyclone" Davis wears his newly-acquired collar where it can be seen, which is more than may be said of some other Congressmen.

* * *

Virginia doesn't seem to have very much on Haiti as the mother of Presidents.

* * *

The world-war sinks into the paltriest insignificance when a girl feels a pimple coming on the end of her nose.

* * *

"Is Germany keeping her promises?" asks an editor. She might as well; we don't want any more of them.

* * *

A woman's idea of a perfect newspaper is one that would print the society dope and Mrs. Rorer on the front page and consign the war to a few paragraphs on page 11, next to the liver pills ads.

* * *

The pound sterling is now in a position to reflect how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless par.

* * *

Speaking of that "place in the sun," it's yet to be seen whether Wilhelm gets tanned or a tanning.

* * *

Possibly this Strippa river which Bud Stephenson has discovered in the news from the Eastern front is where the Russian ballets live.

Why is it that a woman with a voice like the booming billows always picks out some male soprano to marry?

• • •

"Daughter Hears Godowsky's Voice on Phone; Faints," headlines the m or l esteemed American. Not knocking pa's voice, of course.

• • •

That German answer must have been written by Herr von Kuttlefish.

• • •

The valued New Orleans States will kindly not annoy us further with reports of what Edna Goodrich says. Goodrich tires.

• • •

The Houston Post tells us that a piano fell 30 feet on a man and didn't hurt him. No doubt the fellow was hit by only the soft pedal.

• • •

A Cracker editor calls Tom Watson "Georgia's greatest asset." Little puzzle for today: Find the superfluous letters.

• • •

Add current humor:

"I'm goin' to quit at 11, if I'm $50 loser."

"Thanks, old man; I'll pay you back tomorrow, sure."

"So pleased to meet you."

"Weather Bureau Promises Relief From Hot Wave."

"Reduced to $9.95. Worth $20."

"Speed limit 12 miles an hour."

• • •

"Your views," some one writes Hearst, "are absolutely sound." Righto!

• • •

In South Carolina it is much easier to go to Congress in a Ford than in a Packard or a Pierce-Arrow.

• • •

"So at 9:30 prompt Mr. Baldwin kissed his beloved on the doorstep and departed."—New York American. Which, believe us, Judge, is NOT where we would kiss our beloved.

• • •

After this, the President's appointees will get the Senate's O. K. instead of its K. O.

• • •

Some Mexicans along the Rio Grande seem to be pursuing a watch and wade policy.

It's a rare household where the better half isn't the whole thing.

• • •

It's hard to believe an English suffragette ever played with dolls.

• • •

"Weather bureau sees no change until Saturday." Neither do we, for that matter.

• • •

How much do those Zeppelin chauffeurs get—space rates?

• • •

Some of those Yankee editors are such rabid sectionalists that they won't even live in a house with a Southern exposure.

• • •

Half the world is wondering how long the other half will live.

• • •

In time of peace prepare for war, and the chances are you'll get it.

• • •

South Carolina has stamped out the Bourbonic plague.

• • •

The Columbus Enquirer-Sun thinks Dr. Dumba has struck out. Looks to us more like a home run.

• • •

In time of Bryan, prepare for Roosevelt.

• • •

Trouble about this "wave of prosperity" is that it has such a terrific undertow.

• • •

"London is fortified," explains Count Reventlow. Maybe; but those dead women and babies weren't.

• • •

Looks as if the key to the Mexican crisis is located on Mr. Lansing's typewriter.

• • •

Speaking of the Persia case, it's to be seen whether Turkey's silence is golden or just guilt.

• • •

How ashamed the valued prohibs must feel of their Revolutionary ancestors who battled at the Brandywine!

• • •

An Italian tenor, thrown out of work by the war, is over here looking for a job. Perhaps the Singer works would oblige.

A Haitien President usually runs best after election.

* * *

France is debating whether to raise more troops in Senegal. It seems to be a kinky question.

* * *

Those field telephones are not so different from ours. They usually report that the line's busy.

* * *

We are enthusiastically for the red, white and blue, especially when we happen to have a healthy pile of each before us.

* * *

It has been pointed out that the initials T. R. are the beginning of trouble, and the Anniston Star adds that they also stand for "to rest." To say nothing of "to run."

* * *

"The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her. We must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies." Wilhelm von Sherman lived before his time; what an apostle of kultur he would have made!

* * *

A word to the wise is superfluous.

* * *

A Bennettsville correspondent inquires what is "South Carolina's toast." Dry toast just at present.

* * *

Austrian dreadnaught, Izglad, is probably the only one of 'em feeling that way.

* * *

It's not the "will" in Wilson that irritates the jingoes so much as the won't.

* * *

Those Armenians must be one of those elimination races we read so much about.

* * *

Germany's merchant marine seemingly couldn't be any worse off if it had one of those La Follette laws.

* * *

A few more years of carnage and unhappy Mexico will need the stork as much as the dove.

Where there is a Wilson there is a way.

* * *

The jingoes in their blindness bow down to Wood and Stone.

* * *

The common people, it is true, have a hard time, but it is the common stockholders who deserve most sympathy in this world.

* * *

Times have changed indeed when a Czar executes reforms instead of reformers.

* * *

Somebody wants to know if anything has been discovered on Venus. Not on any of the pictures of her we've ever seen.

* * *

The inspired compositor who made it "Sarah Bernhardt" seems to have added insult to injury.

* * *

Our own notion of a telling situation is when a bunch of women get together.

* * *

Doubtless that State of Tabasco is where the Mex. generals get their seasoned veterans.

* * *

The ankle watch is New York's latest feminine fad, but we seriously doubt if they'll ever manage to fit Hon. May Irwin.

* * *

Dr. Woodward of London says that primitive woman could not cook. What bosh! Didn't the mother of us all cook Adam's goose?

* * *

The President, in short, has renewed his note.

* * *

A courteous man, we must admit,
Is General Fritz von Pfamp;
But last week in an angry fit
They say he struck his camp.

* * *

A Washington bride wore a pair of $50 stockings on the street the other day, and a lot of sinners hovered around the windy corners trying to see about $15.75 worth.

* * *

A mummy was sold in New York the other day for $200. That's certainly a stiff price.

Funny none of those "accidental" fires ever occur in a brewery.

• • •

Speaking of Ottawa, it was a bomb joke, but it brought down the House.

• • •

Carpathian reports indicate that Austria badly needs an anti-pass law.

• • •

While Europe calls to arms, America is calling to alms.

• • •

Greece seems to have a good deal more wish-bone than backbone.

• • •

Dan Cupid is the President of the Match Trust.

• • •

It's a short, short way from the pensive May maiden to the expensive June bride.

• • •

When the women tell it, it's gossip; when the old men do it's interesting reminiscence.

• • •

German General Staff order, no. 10,-987,654:

"By His Imperial Majesty's desire, Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 4 to 5:30 will be henceforth devoted to weeping for degenerate France. All weeping after the latter hour strictly verboten. England will be Gott-strafed as usual on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Sunday will be observed as a day of prayer for our glorious Allies, the Turks."

• • •

Fleeting is fame, Ambassador Page has dwindled to a paragraph.

• • •

All men may be born free and equal, but numbers of them spoil the equation by getting married.

• • •

A writer says Russian officers are fine dancers. We've often noticed that proficiency at leading the German.

• • •

Hell hath no fury like a hyphen joshed.

• • •

"I object," smiled the President, "to riding a horse in a frock coat and a silk hat," and very properly, too. On our morning canters we invariably insist that our horse wear only business clothes and a derby.

Some men were born with silver spoons in their mouths and others, judging by their table manners, with knives.

• • •

Trouble with a blooming idiot is that he thinks he's the whole flower-garden.

• • •

Evidently the most popular proper name in Congress is frank.

• • •

A woman never cancels her speaking dates.

• • •

The cracksman's ambition naturally is to be on the safe side.

• • •

The King of Spades—Colonel Goethals.

• • •

The old-fashioned woman who would have shrieked with indignation if anybody saw her props, now has a daughter who trips out on the street with about 6 husky inches of 'em showing.

• • •

The fly is the Autocrat of the Multiplication Table.

• • •

April breezes uncover a multitude of shins.

• • •

"After you, my dear Alphonse," has a sinister connotation in Spain.

• • •

Necessity may be also the mother of intervention.

• • •

We presume that the favorite poet of the Peanut Trust is Pindar.

• • •

"Man alive!" is an exclamation seldom heard in Mexico nowadays.

• • •

Dickens said the parks are "the lungs of London," but Mrs. Pankhurst appears to be a hot second.

• • •

There's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lipton.

• • •

The jingo press uses the American eagle to catch a lot of gulls.

• • •

"President Cuts Sentence," says a headline. Ah, if it were only a Henry James sentence!

• • •

But can the Allies baste Turkey without Greece?

Woman's hand seems to have been especially modeled so as to fit comfortably in the trousers pocket.

• • •

Mrs. Pankhurst's favorite linear measure is thought to be a stone's throw."

• • •

Secretary Daniels has abolished "port" and "starboard," but sherry and sideboard are still pretty husky.

• • •

Secretary Lane has a keen sense of humor. He has given Mary Full Stomach a job in the Interior department.

• • •

"George F. Baker certainly has a head on him," admiringly exclaims an exchange. And a lot of other people think well of Baker's coco.

• • •

We see by the Kansas papers that Mrs. Mudd, nee Dirtt, of Clay County, is asking for a divorce, and it takes sand.

• • •

King George has bestowed the Order of the Garter on a woman, but we'll bet Mary was right there when he did the decorating.

• • •

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep. "But nobody's got my goat," she was careful to explain.

• • •

Woodrow is so hard to please. Doesn't Germany concede practically everything we didn't demand?

• • •

We observe that a lot of people still cling to the old-fashioned doctrine that the State, not the mob, should show its lawbreakers the ropes.

• • •

Two heads may be better than one, but who wants more than one head the morning after?

• • •

The New York woman who says her affinity is the planet Neptune must not have heard about those lovely rings Saturn has.

• • •

Somehow, these Austrian notes seem to bear a striking similarity to the literary style of the Wilhelmstrasse gentleman who used to answer ours.

"Laugh, and the men laugh with you," says May Irwin. A lot of them prefer a smile.

• • •

All the world's a stage, but the women have most of the speaking parts.

• • •

"What Women Are Doing."—Headline. Men.

• • •

Money talks, all right, but it's usually saying "Goodbye!"

• • •

Cuba expects the Johnson-Willard bout to bring thousands of visitors. Sort of Havana filler, eh?

• • •

All the Greek reservists here are not roughnecks. Many are men of polish.

• • •

Well, the Young Turk should feel at home among the Asia Minors.

• • •

The Sick Man of Europe appears to have arrived at the pulmotor stage.

• • •

Some of the original thirteen States are entirely too original.

• • •

Von Bernstorff should be deported at once. He has committed a most barbarous atrocity, we observing by the papers that he got President Wilson's ear.

• • •

We expect any day for Herr Jagow to discover an incriminating document proving that Jamaica and the Isle of Wight were planning to invade the United States.

• • •

Some one speaks of the "unsophisticated Georgians"; but haven't they proved that they know the ropes?

• • •

There's a decided diplomatic flavor in the fashion note which says that "spats will be fashionable this fall."

• • •

We see by the papers that T. R. is still standing behind the President—with a sandbag.

• • •

Some men are born diplomats and others laugh heartily at the boss' jokes.

• • •

"Haitien army wants to fight us." That darky's evidently been drinking again.

A literacy test is an examination imposed upon immigrants by statesmen, most of whom couldn't possibly pass it themselves.

* * *

Bavaria bans the tango, doubtless on the theory that there are already enough hops there.

* * *

Some Famous Crosses.

Iron
Victoria
Red
Charing
Double.

* * *

There is something wrong with the fellow who boasts that he hasn't an enemy in the world.

* * *

The Petrograd lad may be some liar. But we never heard of his announcing that he takes a cold plunge every morning of the year.

* * *

Doc Dumba will be knighted, but hasn't he always been?

* * *

Another thing we're grateful for is that Woodrow's head is as long as his chin.

* * *

It's not the best advertisement for Georgia, being the State of Toombs and Graves.

* * *

There is really not a great deal of difference. Plattsburg drills and the Colonel bores.

* * *

Legislative bill prohibiting fortune tellers looks like an underhand dig at Dun and Bradstreet.

* * *

"Lost" adv. in the New York Herald: "Diamond and pearl lady's Pin." A jewel of a woman, obviously.

* * *

Fiji's contingent, which has arrived at the front, devoutly trusts there is something in the report that the bravest are the tenderest.

* * *

With due respect to the proverb, the race is always to the swift when he carries extra tires.

* * *

Russia knows that these are the times that try men's soles.

The Frenchman who said man is descended from the bullfrog was probably full of hops.

* * *

Delaware has decided to retain the whipping-post, but the dear old critical Yanks are as silent as the grave, Delaware unfortunately not being one of those uncivilized and benighted Southern States.

* * *

Richmond distilleries are responsible for many a Virginia reel.

* * *

"German-Americans are just Americans," says one writer. But some of them are a great deal more just than others.

* * *

Our notion of a study in scarlet is the Turk's hands.

* * *

Slogan for 1916: One good term deserves another.

* * *

John Bull's idea of foul tiles is those Zep. ones.

* * *

Some men are born heroes, and others tell their barber that they occasionally use safety-razors.

* * *

If you have ever seen a picture of Bagdad, it will be difficult to understand why the British are fighting so hard for it.

* * *

Italy claims to have the flower of her armies in the field, and they seem to be daisies, too.

* * *

These magicians who claim they can make water wine must take a back seat now. The Allies have made Turkey quail.

* * *

Probably nothing in this old vale of tears is more disillusioning than seeing a pretty girl eating corn on the cob.

* * *

Truth also appears to have been interned for the war.

* * *

It doesn't require a palmist to predict that the Turk is about to take a long journey.

* * *

The canny criminal in these times confesses to the magazines.

Though she won't join in, the Allies must admit that Hellas is paved with good intentions.

* * *

We suppose Wilhelm has come to feel that a boil on the stove is worth two on the neck.

* * *

Charity begins at home, and in nine cases out of ten it never gets farther than the front door.

* * *

There certainly is irony in the fact that America's biggest gun factory is located at Bethlehem.

* * *

Judging by the pictures of those bemedalled officers, every day is decoration day in Germany.

* * *

Success consists of one-fifth inspiration and four-fifths perspiration.

* * *

War is Mexico.

* * *

London's morning query: "What's up?"

* * *

They made a solitude and called it kultur.

* * *

One touch of summer makes the whole world skin.

* * *

Give the dear creatures a little credit. Some of 'em are not as pink as they are painted.

* * *

We see by the Petrograd news that the Russians have withdrawn from East Prussia without losing a man or a gun—or a minute.

* * *

We see by the news from Haiti that the chocolate soldier is still having a long run.

* * *

Another great trouble with this suffering old world is that it contains too many males and too few men.

* * *

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points, as old Euclid pointed out that time, but it is difficult to convince a gentleman who has had about eight snifters of this immortal truth.

* * *

"Out of sight, out of mind" doesn't apply to the submarine.

A cotton planter's notion of the good old days are those in which the sisters used to wear three pretticoats at a time.

* * *

Man's inhumanity to man also makes countless thousands rich.

* * *

About the only bright side of the Balkan fighting is that it'll keep us in Pullman car names for a good generation.

* * *

It may sound paradoxical, but the apple of a man's eye is usually a peach.

* * *

For sake of Turkey's treasury, it's to be hoped she has no widow's pension fund.

* * *

China wants to buy submarines here on credit. I. O. U.-boats, so to speak.

* * *

Penrose must sympathize with Judge Lindsay. He, too, has never betrayed a trust.

* * *

Nick Longworth is out in praise of the hyphenates, but the Colonel feels in this crisis that necessity knows no in-law.

* * *

Here's Carranza's chance to show that all his gray matter isn't on his chin.

* * *

Germany says she has enough bread. Yes, but what about her dough?

* * *

Says the Cincinnati Enquirer: "When a High Brow gets in bad with a woman, he is a Disciple of Old Man Plato." He's liable to become a Disciple of Old Man Pluto if friend husband happens in about that time.

* * *

And when a fellow goes out and paints the town red, he doesn't use water colors, either, not by a jugful.

* * *

However, we are not too unprepared to lick the socks, if any, off Mexico should the need arise.

* * *

When a society editor can't conscientiously say a girl is pretty, she always gets out of it by calling her "chic" or "picturesque."

An exchange advertises a device that will permanently cure snoring in 20 minutes. We understand that Messrs. Krupp and Creusot have several devices guaranteed to cure it permanently in about 20 seconds.

* * *

Somehow, Marse Henry's scorn of the hyphenates doesn't appear to extend to The Courier-Journal.

* * *

The same earnest local prohibitionist who won't stand in front of a mosquito bar also insists always that the barber brush his hair dry.

* * *

Poor Boob.

He is a very simple cove;
We speak of Ferdy Fife;
He thinks that if he eats a clove
He's sure to fool his wife.

* * *

Every now and then the Kaiser experiences a moment of great magnanimity, when he announces that probably heaven is fighting on the Austrian side, too.

* * *

A girl whose face looks like a marshmallow isn't necessarily a candy kid.

* * *

Greece and greaser still hold the lime-light.

* * *

Our understanding is that the late Mrs. Cleopatra had no use for the pat-pat kiss.

* * *

Mr. Underwood says the country is "braced" for the tariff change, but a close inspection reveals that Louisiana's suspender buttons are only hanging by a thread.

* * *

Indiana's novelists are all very well, but give us those Kansas cereal stories every time.

* * *

Yet We Snicker at the Russian Names.

Ossawatomie.
Kalamazoo.
Pocomoonshine.
Schenectady.
Tloughniougha.
Ronkonkoma.
Cheektowago.
Skaneateles.

We suppose those patriotic French long ago renamed the book "Robinson Creusot."

* * *

Idiot.

We mourn the fate of old Gabe Gratty—
He can't survive, we fear;
The mutt dropped into Cincinnati
And bellowed: "Down with beer!"

* * *

Now, here's a saying that is true,
As all must fain declare;
If you become a rounder, you
Are not apt to be square.

* * *

Untold wealth is what the income tax collector will leave behind him.

* * *

Human nature is pretty funny, and we suppose the natives of Passachuckatumpus, Me., wonder how in the world a Polish town can stand for a fool name like Szczcbrzeszyn.

* * *

Petrograd seems to forget that Samson invented that method of winning battles with a jawbone.

* * *

The Hon. Jim Ham Lewis asserts that he wants a "return to the spirit of '76." We should think that coming from Lewis, the spirit of '66 would present a stronger appeal.

* * *

We suppose that if the prohibitionists had their way they would make every tippler's epitaph read simply: "(Hic) (hic) Jacet."

* * *

Now that we've shown our hand, will Berlin show its fist?

* * *

It's all right for wool to keep coming into this country, but not on heads.

* * *

One-half the Carranza fleet is the gunboat Corrigan II. How we love those romantic old Castilian names!

* * *

They are hanging Cubists in Boston. The pictures, unfortunately, not the painters.

* * *

Opportunity is never spoken of as "she," which may explain why so few men embrace it.

* * *

Unbridled temper rarely accompanies horse sense.

Count von Bernstorff, it must be admitted, is one of Germany's most promising diplomats.

* * *

"There's always room at the bottom,' chuckled von Tirpitz, as he launched another torpedo.

* * *

If these optimistic Washington reports are true, there is grave fear that poor old Mexico is on the point of reverting to civilization.

* * *

The Pennsylvania lad who swallowed a Wilson button, got a mighty good man down.

* * *

Once upon a time there was a practical joker who laughed heartily when they made him the victim of a practical joke. As Luke McLuke says, all fairy tales begin with once upon a time.

* * *

The London police aim to put the acid-throwing suffragettes among the best cellers.

* * *

We suppose those smart French make "room" feminine because they so frequently communicate with each other.

* * *

Mexico—the land of the flea and the home of the bravo!

* * *

The Colonel says no words can characterize our Mexican policy, forthwith emitting about 2,500 of 'em.

* * *

There's nothing that will turn one's head sooner than success or a pretty ankle.

* * *

Generous to a fault—its owner.

* * *

Youths rush in where wise men fear to wed.

* * *

Consistency is a jewel that mighty few women wear.

* * *

Utopia is a country where all women tell the conductor they can't take advantage of the half-fare rate, as the kid is several days over twelve years old.

* * *

Nothing is quiet along the Potomac.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the best way to make both ends meet is to keep straight ahead.

* * *

It's hard for a tailor to believe there were ever early settlers in this country.

* * *

"Another Word to the Women."—Detroit Free Press. And how, pray, did our contemporary manage to get in the first one?

* * *

The difference between Wilson and Bryan is Germany.

* * *

As soon as a woman who used to eat dinner at 2 o'clock and have cold supper at 7:30 acquires a little money, she always Lunches at 2 and Dines at 7:30.

* * *

If Mexico can't form a stable government, it isn't for any lack of donkeys.

* * *

"Mexico is my country."—Pancho Villa. Well, we don't hear any other bids.

* * *

What the hyphenated brethren need is more Schurz and fewer collars.

* * *

A Mexican bill of fare always contains chile con carnage.

* * *

These theorists may have some control over birth, but none of the bawl.

* * *

We see by the Philadelphia papers that Billy Sunday is working to beat hell.

* * *

"Women," says Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, "like a winner." Yep; and especially a bread-winner.

* * *

Every woman has her good points, but they aren't hatpins.

* * *

It's hard to convince the audiences Mr. Bryan addresses that talk is cheap.

* * *

Gaby Deslys is here with 180 trunks, but we only want to see her in two.

* * *

When Wilhelm said the war would be over in October, he may have meant, over in Germany.

"I don't believe that my great-great-grandfather was a monkey," declares Billy Sunday. The views of Billy's great-great-grandson along this line ought to be interesting some day.

* * *

The Mexican question: Alms or arms?

* * *

Opening of a "Ladies' Bar" in a New York hotel indicates that woman's sphere in some instances is the highball.

* * *

It's a lucky thing for Queen Sophia of Greece that European monarchs are not in the habit of demanding back wedding presents.

* * *

We didn't raise our Colonel to be a nuisance.

* * *

Louvain's Wilson Square will be a fitting tribute to a square Wilson.

* * *

"The Republic of Flowers" is the new official designation for China. Well, according to automobile statistics, America is the carnation.

* * *

Nero and Tamerlane, by comparison, loom up among the foremost philanthropists of history.

* * *

Mr. Wilson wants the Mexican bandits to get together, but they'll be hanged if they do.

* * *

Made to order—woman.

* * *

In the light of recent events, it becomes more apparent than ever that the man who first remarked that might makes right said something.

* * *

We see by the London news that General Haig has scotched the Germans again.

* * *

Ford is no sailor, but he appears to have qualified as a skipper.

* * *

Our notion of an Italian offensive is garlic.

* * *

Germany has replied to it, but she didn't answer it.

* * *

Spades seem to be trumps in the war zone.

Looks as if poor old Turkey is about to be released to the Asia Minors.

* * *

The weigh of the transgressor is especially hard when it's the coal man's.

* * *

Stock market has its Mars to thanks for all those pars.

* * *

Some men are born unlucky, and others are Balkan reservists.

* * *

The Memphis Commercial Appeal says, "God clothed Adam with authority." Well, it doesn't show on any of the pictures of him we've seen.

* * *

A Chicago man says that a diet of alfalfa will relieve one quickly of the blues. Our observation has been that a tolerably high full-house in the other fellow's hand will produce the identical result.

* * *

As we understand it, an auburn-haired girl is a rich red-headed girl. A Titian haired girl is a rich red-headed girl whose father is a pretty big advertiser.

* * *

"It is astonishing," declares Dr. Woods Hutchinson, "how little attenition we pay to anything that gets under our own hides." Is it possible that this worthy man has never entertained a chigger?

* * *

Herr Dernburg must think our national motto is, "United we stand—for anything."

* * *

The papers are making a big fuss over the fact that some Western woman is president of a bank, but that's nothing. We've known some women for years who are accomplished tellers.

* * *

Cincinnati reports that after concluding their business session, the delegates of the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association visited the zoo. Anything behind the bars naturally looks good to them.

* * *

Private advices from the harem suggest that the grand old Sultan is exceeding the gal-a-month limit.

Commencement time is here, by gum;
We've read the list of dates,
And soon we shall be hearing from
The Petrograduates.

* * *

This news telling of Harvard's trained worm isn't remarkable. Every married woman has one.

* * *

Liberia seems to be the colored supplement of the diplomatic service.

* * *

After all, the most pleasant summer-resort temperature is two in the shade.

* * *

It sounds paradoxical, but the cold gray dawn is generally blue.

* * *

Once upon a time there was a woman who bought a pair of shoes big enough for her.

* * *

As regards Mexico, the President seems to hint that intervention may also be the mother of necessity.

* * *

Democracy is a sturdy oak, and Hearst is the woodpecker.

* * *

A man never blows his own horn so much as when he is on a toot.

* * *

Needles and pins, needles and pins; when a man's neutral, his trouble begins.

* * *

Man's inhumanity to man makes the whole world chip in.

* * *

Drowning one's sorrows is no way to keep in the swim.

* * *

T. R.'s forthcoming autobiography may be in large print, but it's a safe bet it won't be easy on the I's.

* * *

The dreadnought Barleycorn had better keep a sharp lookout, for the prohibition periscope's in sight.

* * *

Colonel Watterson has become much more moderate and restrained in his praise of Woodrow Wilson, and all he says this week is that heaven picked him out for the job.

* * *

Roosevelts rush in where Wilsons fear to tread.

* * *

New York is now dining on horse-steaks—a la carte, of course.

Latest divorce items indicate that DeWolf Hopper is celebrating the glorious Fourth early.

* * *

Peace advocates continue to lay plans; but will they hatch?

* * *

One infallible way to get roasted is to stay stewed.

* * *

The early revenue officer also catches the worm.

* * *

Either the reporter who says, "Mr. Taft flecked the dust from his shoes" has a wonderful imagination, or it isn't the same Mr. Taft we know.

* * *

In these bloody times, the most comforting advertisement we see is the one that states, "No metal can touch you."

* * *

A Greek is about as brave as the rest of them. But you can always bring him to his knees by calling for a shine.

* * *

The best longevity promoter, after all, seems to be Father Time's diet of dates.

* * *

Circuit judges—electricians.

* * *

Torpedo in haste and repent at leisure.

* * *

The first requisite for a President's doctor, as we understand it, is to allow himself to be soundly beaten at golf once a day.

* * *

That opticians' convention that wound up by singing "The Star Spangled Banner" must have put a lot of unction in "Oh, say, can you see."

* * *

Montenegro, in short, is the South Carolina of Europe.

* * *

However, there are worse things than being snubbed by Mexico.

* * *

Austrians charge that Russian prisoners eat soap. It is now clear why these belligerents foam at the mouth.

* * *

Little thought for today: Too many eye-openers will close 'em.

It certainly begins to look as if Germany is going to get sunburned.

* * *

"All Sections Report Good Business."—Headline. Good business!

* * *

Still, the probitionists wouldn't mind seeing cotton half-seas over.

* * *

"Vainly Bombard Montenegrin Crown Prince's Villa."—Headline.

From higher than the highest Alp
They dropped the lethal sphere;
They tried to get old King Nick's scalp,
But couldn't get his heir.

* * *

"Unmarried Englishmen don't want to fight." Naturally. That's why they are unmarried Englishmen.

* * *

There wouldn't be so many family jars if it weren't for jugs.

* * *

The grand roe dinner days have come, the shaddest of the year.

* * *

Whether it be true that the modern girl is less "affected" than her prototype of yesteryear we know not. But she certainly seems to put on less.

* * *

We can not understand why the magazine writers call it "darkest Mexico," when Mexicans are eternally letting daylight into one another.

* * *

"Women's clothing one-third off."—Adv. They look it.

* * *

Once in a great while a society editor has a twinge of compunction and states that the bridegroom was also present.

* * *

Caruso and Ty Cobb visiting the Atlanta federal prison somehow reminds us of the stars and stripes.

* * *

In the matter of looting, Pancho Villa easily leads all other Mexican first-sackers.

* * *

An ounce of Billie Burke is worth a pound of Pankhurst.

* * *

"When is a chauffeur drunk?" inquires the New York World. Don't ask us; we are no authority on autointoxication.

A lot of pensive April maidens will soon become expensive June brides.

* * *

Cedar Rapids, Ioway, has a vocalist who is by way of being a great humorist in his fashion. According to the Gazette, "Last night Evangelist Scoville spoke on the Bible hell. Mr. Deloss Smith sang a solo, 'We Will Meet You there .'"

* * *

Those three b's in the Webb bill may account for its sting.

* * *

While the Teuton kaisers were presenting Iron Crosses, Victor Emmanuel handed out a double one.

* * *

A Packard nation ought not to be contented with a Ford army.

* * *

Bated breath is fashionable during the fishing season.

* * *

Greek diplomacy always puts us in mind of a banana skin.

* * *

Main trouble about the Allied Balkan expedition is that it never uses any.

* * *

The Dardanelles forts, of course, were reduced on account of damage by fire.

* * *

It is to laugh to see "Honorable" prefixed to some politicians.

* * *

We are against long hatpins and have been on many occasions.

* * *

Tumblers beget tumbles.

* * *

The first person plural—Adam.

* * *

No wonder wool has made Washington warm!

* * *

Some men are born liars, and others write love letters.

* * *

T. R. seems to be the autocrat of the Gary dinner table.

* * *

Well, anyway, the Turk doesn't claim that he got licked for strategical reasons.

* * *

You may fire when you are ready, Woodrow.

Colonel Roosevelt is our idea of a dramatic critic.

* * *

Some Famous Snaps.
Cold.
Soft.
Ginger.

* * *

The Balkan States dance to anybody's music but only the hesitation.

* * *

Money is the root of all evil, and we're all digging.

* * *

As Lloyd-George sees it, war is shell.

* * *

A doctor will tell you that cold feet means poor circulation. And that holds good for newspapers, too.

* * *

If you don't believe there is anybody prouder than the small boy with his first pair of long pants, just watch a darky with a gold tooth.

* * *

Russia's standing army isn't finding it so easy to sit on the Ottoman.

* * *

Well, if Turkey ever takes part in any peace overtures, she has her Golden Horn.

* * *

Count that day queer, in which when darkness comes, they don't turn up more hidden German bombs.

* * *

In his peace-lecture itinerary, Mr. Bryan will, of course, shun Battle Creek.

* * *

The new styles have served one purpose. Nobody can say the girls are without visible means of support.

* * *

Evil communications corrupt good neutrals.

* * *

Many are called, but few lay down better than threes.

* * *

We also have a surplus of jitney statesmen.

* * *

One of Haiti's leading trouble-makers seems to be General Blot, and if he doesn't take care he's going to be wiped out.

* * *

Speaking of the point of view, there's the periscope.

A Swedish professor gets the Nobel prize for chemistry. Why this discrimination against the gentle German who invented poison gas?

* * *

Mr. Lansing, we suppose, cares not who makes the laws of a country if only he can write its notes.

* * *

The latter-day divinity that shapes our ends is the manicure.

* * *

Haiti's case proves that there's usually a wide distinction between a stable government and a sable government.

* * *

Most of Carranza's gray matter seems to be on his chin.

* * *

From plague, pestilence, famine and kultur, good Lord, deliver us!

* * *

Anyway, the parcel post can't prevent us from expressing our sentiments.

* * *

In King Constantine's case, it seems that he who hesitates is bossed.

* * *

Judging by the deliverances of some of those Teuton professors, many a Ph. D. is also a D. Ph.

* * *

War with Germany might be unpopular, but it would put our army into transports.

* * *

There are some guys
We'd like to scrap;
The mutts that copy
Charlie Chap.

* * *

Fists across the sea!

* * *

It appears to be the House of Mishapsburg.

* * *

Too many eye-openers will close 'em.

* * *

Trouble about licking the Russians is that they never seem to know it.

* * *

You can't preserve yourself by getting pickled.

* * *

The only drawback to the pacifist programme is that this doesn't happen to be the millennium.

What's the matter with Lansing? He's all write!

* * *

War is morning After.

* * *

Bulgarian General Yankoff somehow reminds us of Mary Garden.

* * *

The wages of sin is scareheads.

* * *

What Japan wants in China is simply China.

* * *

Our notion of desperate straits are the Dardanelles.

* * *

The prohibition appeal, in brief: "Shake the Bottle."

* * *

Dum-dum backwards succinctly describes our streets.

* * *

A man never has to pay so much interest on a loan as when he borrows trouble.

* * *

Ambassador Dumba's revision: "Be sure that you write, then go ahead."

* * *

Sir Thomas Beecham, just raised to knighthood, is expected to be a piller of the peerage.

* * *

Lately Petrograd seems to husband its excuses; possibly because it doesn't want to father them.

* * *

At that, the pound isn't any worse off than a lot of other sovereigns.

* * *

Whoever put the balk in Balkans certainly made a thorough job of it.

* * *

In Two Reels.

1—Stag party.
2—Stagger party.

* * *

An automobile can't climb, but there are families that can't climb without one.

* * *

Every dog has his day, but the cat owns the night.

* * *

Some men are born unwise, and others get paragraphers into poker games.

* * *

Petrograd reports severe fighting at Mush. Now we know where those Kurds are.

Here lies the dust of Gabriel Tude,
Of whom this town once boasted;
When living he was always stewed,
But now he's being roasted.

* * *

Another melancholy thing about the Balkan situation is the way poor little Servia is always having to punt from behind her own goal line.

* * *

That "cream of Russia's army" is still cream, but von Hindenburg has whipped it.

* * *

It seems paradoxical, but two of our most prominent pacifists are Cannon and Gore.

* * *

A rousing time—the alarm clock.

* * *

Most of the peace overtures appear to be coming from the wind instruments.

* * *

Still, there's something highly appropriate about a man named Schwab cleaning up.

* * *

United we stand for a whole lot.

* * *

Sock der Kaiser!

* * *

Italy might almost be referred to as the mistress of the high C's.

* * *

If the Prinz Eitel Friedrich was a converted cruiser, she seems to have done some tall backsliding.

* * *

Actions speak louder than ultimatums.

* * *

If Bryan ever succeeds in getting peace, a whole lot of husbands would like to know how he managed it.

* * *

"On to Petrograd!" shout the Germans. Well, the American reading public certainly is.

* * *

The Mexican bone of contention, we take it, is located in old Carranza's head.

* * *

Some of those submarine brutes would look a lot better under a wooden cross than with an Iron Cross.

* * *

We don't know whether a dollar goes as far as it used to, but it certainly goes faster.

All the martyrs aren't over in the trenches. There is the fat woman who tries to squeeze into a corset a couple of sizes too small for her.

* * *

Germany will observe that we are not too proud to write.

* * *

"Congressmen," says an exchange, "earn $625 a month." Not at all. Congressmen get $625 a month.

* * *

Backward, turn backward, King Vic. in thy flight, and knock them there Austrians clean out of sight.

* * *

What delightful little dreams the Kaiser must have when the visions of the murdered American babes of the Lusitania and the mangled English tots done to death by that amiable old devil, Zeppelin, pass in review before him.

* * *

A Mexican Pastel in Three Reels.

1—Pancho
Rancho

2—Shoot
Loot

3—Beat
Retreat.

* * *

"How long," asks the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, "should a girl of 18 wear her skirts?" Well, offhand, we should say all day long.

* * *

Quite the Reverse.

Whene'er the 'phone persistently
Goes "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
We scowl and say "Hello!" when we
Mean just the other thing.

* * *

Farmers Not the Only Ones, Either.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

It is reported that moose are being frequently seen and are becoming considerable of a nuisance to farmers, who find it necessary to mend their fences frequently where the big animals push through them.

* * *

Aw, G'wan!

A carpenter is Mr. Snow,
A gentle man and kind;
And yet I've often known him to
Make a Venetian blind.

Wonder.

Twinkle, twinkle, movie star,
How I wonder if you are
Just as pretty and serene
As we see you on the screen.

* * *

More Appropriate.

The orange blossom is the official wedding flower. But we know of some weddings where it ought to have been the marigold.

* * *

Paradoxical.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Jack,
A most amazing stunt
That when some one takes us aback
We always take affront.

* * *

Modest.

She is as modest as she's sweet;
We speak of Dotty Dorringe,
Who blushes like the well-known beet
To see a navel orange.

* * *

Some Famous Pins.

Hair
Hat
Scarf
Safety
Ten
Belaying.

* * *

Heard at the Movies.

"I wisht some people would take off their hats."

"Didn't I tell you that was the way it was going to come out?"

"Don't you think Francis X. Bushman is just too cute for anything?"

"I wonder if Theda Bara is really as wicked as she tries to make out?"

"'n I says to her, Maud, I don't believe Henry said any such of a thing, and she says, Yes, he did, and if you don't believe it, you can ast him yourself, and then I says———."

"I used to couldn't tell what the characters were saying, but I got so now I can read their lips nearly every time. Look there! She said, 'Good God!"

"Betcha she kills him in the next reel."

"C'mon, less go. Thass where we came in."

The Fire-eaters.

T. R. isn't such a much with his discovery of a bearded bird. Once we discovered a green gorilla, a scarlet and yellow hippopotamus and a red, white and blue snake, all at the same time.

* * *

Tut! Tut!

We are peeved with the Fatherland,
And if she won't desist
We'll speak to her quite roughly, and
Slap her upon the wrist.

* * *

Where Are the Songs of Yesteryear?

Do you remember—
"Red Wing?"
"Hiawatha?"
"I Met My Love at the Alamo?"
"Shine On, Silver Moon, Shine On?"
"Tell Me, Pretty Maiden?"
"Love Me, and the World is Mine?"
"And the Worst of it is, I Like It?"
"Silver Heels?"

* * *

Terra del Fuego, April 6, 1936: Special to The State: Two regiments of American cavalry, led by Brigadier-General Dodd, arrived here today in pursuit of the Mexican bandit Villa, who passed through last night. Although 84 years of age, Gen. Dodd has borne the hardships of the saddle amazingly well. He expressed himself as confident of capturing the notorious outlaw almost any year now. Villa is reported to have lost a leg.

* * *

Suggested Punishments for Villa.

Make him sing "The Star Spangled Banner," or
Become an umpire, or
Work in a munitions plant, or
Drink some blind tiger licker, or
Live in Charlotte, or
Read The Congressional Record, or
Eat a Charleston waffle, or
Appoint him a paragrapher.

* * *

"How's the Folks, Jim"?

How doth the busy candidate
Keep always on the jump;
There's scarce a hand in this broad land
That will not get a pump.

Not Knocking the Rev. Percy, of Course.

(From the Hartford Courant.)

After President M. C. Manternach thought that the banqueters had enjoyed themselves enough, he called for order and immediately introduced the Rev. Percy E. Thomas.

* * *

You Might Escape the Heat In

Ice, Ky.
Breezy Point, N. H.
Chilly, Ida.
Frost, Minn.
Cold Stream, W. Va.
Glacier, Mont.
Snowball, Ark.
Zero, Ky.

* * *

Everyday Whoppers.

"Yes, sir; your train's on time."

"Coolest spot in the mountains; no flies, no mosquitoes."

"It weighed 30 pounds and was at least 4 feet long."

"Absolutely guaranteed for 25 years."

"I'll be detained late tonight on important business, m'dear."

"Now $12.98; worth $25.00."

"Owner is selling on account of ill health."

"There was no hurry, old man; I'd forgotten all about lending you that five."

"I've run it 5,000 miles without a single puncture."

* * *

Our Human Zoology.

Night hawks.
Bull moose.
Queer fish.
Selfish brutes.
End-seat hogs.
Blind tigers.
Loan sharks.
Social lions.
Lame ducks.
Lucky dogs.

* * *

Maybe it's true, as the staid London Standard avers, that the Bank of England has 32 different methods of detecting bad notes. But there's many a country banker hereabouts who'd like to learn some dozen or so of them.

Do you Remember (Positively Last Appearance on Any Stage)—

"Somebody Lied"?

"Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers"?

"My Wife's Gone to the Country"?

"He's a Devil in His Own Home Town"?

"After the Ball Is Over"?

"That's How I Need You"?

"Because You're You"?

"I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark"?

"Old Budweiser's a Friend of Mine"?

* * *

Some Famous—and Infamous—Flies.

House.
Pop.
Butter.
Horse.
Foul.
Fishing.

* * *

Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford are maids to be seen and not heard.

* * *

Short Orders.

You can't preserve yourself by getting pickled.

We suppose that when the full moon sobers up, it makes a bee line for the big dipper.

A good many family trees are shady.

* * *

A friend in need is apt to keep you broke.

Some men are born heroes, and others tip the dining car waiter a nickel.

A word to the wise is a waste of breath.

* * *

We used to have a tobacco-chewing friend who was a source of pure and unadulterated delight to us. The man was the Ty Cobb of the Brown's Mule League, and he never failed to land a chew in the office cuspidor, which was 15 feet from his chair, if an inch; but alas! we have fallen upon degenerate days, and we doubt if any of the boys that have dropped in on us in the past few months has spit a point better than .220.

Half Lengths.

Married men have better halves but bachelors have better quarters.

It's funny how unfair so many fair women can be.

A girl should have more than two strings to her beau.

Every married woman is a leading lady.

The apple of a youngster's eye is usually a peach.

Pigheadedness is the determination of an enemy.

An optimist is a man who, when he gets the worst of it, makes the best of it.

Sheet music—snores.

* * *

Three Nuisances.

Professional Irishmen.
Professional Southerners.
Professional New Yorkers.

* * *

Famous Bones.

Jaw.
Funny.
Back.
Collar.
Wish.
Fred Merkle's.

* * *

Now here's a cheery quintette:

Maria Gay.
Merry del Val.
Samuel G. Blythe.
Cornelius Bliss, Jr.
Henry B. Joy.

* * *

Times Change.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illos, or words to that general effect, as the old coot remarked that time, and we can even remember when this was such a somniferous old village that a dog fight on Main street drew an enormous crowd and the annual visits of the Swiss Bell Ringers and "Human Hearts" were the leading theatrical events of the season and when the street car would obligingly stop at any place on the block to let you off, and when if you entered a store and the proprietor was busy talking or playing checkers in the back with a crony, they would say: "Sh-h-!" and wait breathlessly for you to go out.

Wilhelm's "Punishment."

"Come up! come up!" the Kaiser grinned,
"And take your castigation;
Most grievously, Herr, you have sinned
Against the Yankee nation!"
Then on that luckless wight he pinned
A handsome decoration.

* * *

"We hear a lot of people saying, 'It looks like Roosevelt.' "—Philadelphia North American. Poor little cuss! Never mind, children change a great deal as they grow older.

* * *

Now that we have our Culinary Quartette, or rather, trio, since Zach Wheat properly belongs to the list below, let's see if we can find some material for Kitchen, Baker and Cook to work with. Here's a starter:

Hamilton Fish.
Robert Bacon.
"Ham" Lewis.
Grantland Rice.
Jim Coffey.

* * *

A pest is a man who takes up a lot of your time praising himself to you for some stunt he pulled off, when you want to be praising yourself to him for some stunt you pulled off.

* * *

A woman gets a big reputation for modesty when she refused to wear low-necked gowns, but it is about a ten to one shot that she has moles where you could see 'em.

* * *

Short Orders.

You can't burn the candle at both ends and keep it dark.

And if you get dry on the water-wagon, recollect that there are springs in it.

A square man never lacks a circle of friends.

It's a funny language, boys. The closer a man is, the harder he is to touch.

A man who is as honest as the day is long may need watching at night.

In the game of hearts, diamonds are trumps.

A peck of trouble is rarely short weight.

Some of those G. O. P. dark horses bid fair to turn out to be night-mares.

* * *

Maintaining peace with Mexico seems to be just about as expensive as war.

* * *

It's easy to guess the tongue of the Roosevelt bandwagon.

* * *

Do You Remember:—
"Peg O' My Heart"?
"My Wild Irish Rose"?
"Bill Bailey?"
"When We Are M-A-R-R-I-E-D"?
"Under the Anheuser Bush"?
"Waiting at the Church?"
"Lindy"?
"Row, Row, Row"?
"Down Mobile"?

* * *

Huh!

I sat one eve on the river bank,
And looked at the silvery stream,
And what I saw convinces me
That life is only a dream.
—Milwaukee Journal.

"I sat one morn on the edge of the bed,"
Said a friend of ours, "and, well,
The way I felt convinces me
That life is simply awful."
—Macon Telegraph.

I stood one aft. on a windy corner,
And looked at the breezes at play,
And what I saw convinces me
That I am going right back to that there w. c. on the very first windy day.

* * *

It Must Be Sweltering In

Sweatman, Miss.
Heaters, W. Va.
Hothouse, Ga.
Fry, Ky.
Suncook, N. H.
Blaze, Ky.
Furnace, Mass.

* * *

A Chicago woman is raising sand, merely because her husband anointed her with a good deal of oil and then struck a match to her in his playful way. It impresses us that women are becoming more and more unreasonable every day.

Things We Never Hear.

"I would not advise you to buy these goods, madam, as they are not as advertised."

"Sure, I'm agent for this car, but I gotta say it's the punkest flivver on the market."

"Will you sign this subscription list, sir? We want to buy a handsome loving cup for the umpire."

"Please don't put that dollar in the plate. A quarter will be ample."

"Certainly, m'dear; invite your mother to visit us for as long as she likes."

"I just dropped in to congratulate you on the splendid work your paper is doing."

"Mister, you dropped this pocketbook just now."

"Sure $10 will be enough, old man?"

"Let me bat again, umps; that hit was foul by a foot."

"The reason I spent so much last term, dad, was poker and booze."

"Please tell the society editor not to mention my reception tonight."

* * *

Some Famous Crosses.

Iron.
Red.
Double.
Victoria.
Charing.

* * *

Some Famous Notes.

Key.
Bank.
Promissory.
Foot.
Woodrow's.

* * *

The old-fashioned woman who thought it would be Improper and Immodest to go downtown on a windy day now has a daughter whose shopping takes her by every corner skyscraper in town when there is a young gale on.

* * *

Some Famous Caps.

Thinking.
Liberty.
Fool's.
Night.
White.
Skull.

Some lawyers are so recklessly generous that when they win a suit they are willing to give their client the sleeves of the vest.

* * *

You Bet.

A word of cheer,
A friendly hand
When things go wrong
To beat the band
Will help a lot
More than you know;
You just see if
It isn't so.

* * *

Douamont qualifies as the Finnegan fort.

* * *

Probably the best vacation temperature is two in the shade.

* * *

The ladder of success in politics has many rounds of applause.

* * *

He seems to be the Colonel of the political situation everywhere.

* * *

Some Musical Communities.

Fife, Ga.
Drums, Pa.
Harpe, N. C.
Organ, N. M.
Violin, La.
Cornet, Wash.
Bells, Tenn.
Horn, Ky.

* * *

It must be a sweet and comforting thought to our young guardsmen, many of whom may never come home again, that in this crisis the encouragement our patriotic city gives them is a patronizing smile for their uniform, and that throughout the whole town nary a star-spangled is belly—beg pardon, Algernon, we mean stomaching to the breeze.

* * *

Purely Imaginary.

The man we love is William Mills—
Although his head's of bone;
He listens while we air our ills
And never tells his own.

The mother country appears to be treating us like a stepmother country.

* * *

Somewhat Off Key.

We feel inclined to laugh at Chloe
Who calls that German boat the Moewe.
But more we giggle at the fervor
With which fair Daphne calls it Moewe.

* * *

Heard on the Hustings.

"To my mind——"
"I cannot do justice to——"
"Far be it from me——"
"It behooves us——"
"It is hardly necessary to say——"
"One word more and I have done."
"It falls to my lot——"
"I cannot find words to——"
"In the last analysis——"
"Be that as it may——"
"I shall not detain you longer."
"It becomes my painful duty."
"I point with pride to——"

* * *

Why We Love to Sit Behind the Dears.

"They call that a punt, don't they?"

"Why does that funny man stand so near the fence?"

"The score's a tie? In whose favor?"

"Why does the big, fat man wear that idiotic cage on his face?"

"Look at the scoreboard, John! The score is now 302,101 to 200,002."

* * *

You Bet.

We'd rather dwell upon the land
In dull, prosaic bliss
Than be an aviator, and
Come
tumbling
down
like
this.

* * *

The Up-to-date Postal Guide.

Wilson, S. C.
Marshall, Ind.

—

Hughes, Ala.
Fairbanks, Ind.

—

Roosevelt, N. Y.
Parker, Ariz.

They call 'em grass widows. But, son, don't get it into your noodle for a minute that there is anything green about them. Not for a minute.

* * *

The old-fashioned man who wouldn't come in a ball game unless they let him pitch, now has a son who won't join the militia unless they make him a lieutenant.

* * *

In the matter of our other cheek, Germany evidently feels that one good turn deserves another.

* * *

Everyday Whoppers.

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Standing Room Only."

"Sorry, ma'am; she's just gone out."

"I dislike circuses myself, but you know I have to take the children."

"At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce my candidacy."

"Positively No Smoking."

"I'll pay you back tomorrow, sure."

"Speed Limit 15 Miles an Hour."

* * *

Goethals' spring opening will be the biggest of all.

* * *

Their Occupations.

The telephone girl has a calling.
The horse-dealer a trade.
The seaman a craft.
The detective a pursuit.
The postman a walk of life.

* * *

Once upon a time a married couple had a violent quarrel, which ended by friend wife's admitting that she was wrong. And friend husband promptly dropped dead from the shock.

* * *

All Right Otherwise.

(From the Mansfield, O., News.)

With the exception of being cut in two and his left arm cut off, there were no other bruises or injuries.

* * *

Yes.

The cost of foodstuffs soars apace;
It is a pity.
And yet men somehow find enough
To feed the kitty.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw says when women get on juries women litigants will get justice. They will, doc, if they are not too good-looking. A trousered jury will give a star-eyed sister anything she wants, but let a jury of women clap their lamps on a woman litigant who is better looking than they are, and she won't stand as much chance as the celebrated tallow cat did when he chased the equally celebrated asbestos rat through hades.

* * *

Some Hot Weather Reading.

Nansen's "Farthest North."
Whittier's "Snowbound."
Russell's "The Frozen Pirate."
Dickens' "Christmas Carol."
Loti's "Iceland Fisherman."
Jerrold's "Cool as a Cucumber."
Peary's "Snowland Folk."
Mill's "Siege of the South Pole."

Or anything by A. B. Frost or William Winter.

* * *

Why Do We Say:

Bald as a coot?
Busy as a bee?
Cool as a cucumber?
Full as a goat?
Rude as a bear?
Gay as a lark?
Merry as a cricket?
Pale as a ghost?
Safe as a bank?
Warm as a toast?
Sick as a dog?

* * *

Some guys talk big of gore they'll spill,
And blood they'll wade in to their knees;
But the recruiting sergeant will
Enlist naught but their sympathies.

* * *

House Republicans have only a Mann in a position that calls for a man.

* * *

Some Famous Georges.

Lloyd
Henry
St.
King
By

The great Kitchener died as truly for England as if he had fallen on the field of battle. England has suffered a staggering loss, but she will fight on more grimly than ever. And you mark our words, one of these days Sir John Jellicoe, standing on the bridge of the Iron Duke, with the Lion, the Tiger, the Warspite, the Marlborough, the Princess Royal, the Malaya and half a hundred colossal dreadnoughts following in thunderous and flame-belching battle line will exact the bloodiest vengeance for the slain lion of England that the world has ever seen.

* * *

While the war has been hard on the horses, it's a mighty good thing for the Colts.

* * *

These Should Be Good Ball Towns.

Pitcher, N. Y.
Slide, Tex.
Hitt, Mo.
Fanning, Kan.
Diamond, Ga.
Curve, Va.

* * *

Somebody asks us if it is right that Villa lost his left leg. Yes, we understand the left leg is right. The right leg is left.

* * *

To Pilsener.

Were we lord of an empiry
That stretched from sea to silver sea,
With many a rich and puissant town
Acknowledged vassals of our crown,
We'd swap it for a draught of thee,
O amber heaven that once we knew!
O bosom comrade, tried and true,
Where once we blithely sipped thy cheer,
We now, forsooth, swig Unit beer
And wish to Pete we were in New York.*

—

*—Yes, we know the "York" doesn't fit into the metre, but we had to use the "New," and we are too cussed lazy to look up a good rime and we want to get away from here, anyhow. "And there," as Colonel Dooley was want to remark, "ye arr-r-re."

It Seems Incredible.

(New York Evening Journal.)

It is said that he had threatened to kill her the first time he met her. He made good his threat when they met on the street, and she refused to see him again.

• • •

When a Serbian wants to say "Yes" he shakes his head. There's a lot of Serb in the American girl—or so the kiss collectors tell us.

• • •

When a girl makes up her mind, they say, she can catch any man. When she makes up her face her catch will be confined to boys.

• • •

A man will have a fit if the laundry fails to send home one of his .89c. shirts. But he never thinks of mentioning it when the laundry sends home somebody else's $7.50 silk shirts by mistake.

• • •

A Cuban court has sentenced a man to 238 years' imprisonment. That ought to be a salutary lesson to the fellow.

• • •

Next to meeting somebody who admires some one we admire, we all like to meet somebody who hates some one we hate.

• • •

Do you remember—

"Waiting for the Robert E. Lee?"

"Steamboat Bill?"

"Casey Jones?"

"On the Mississippi?"

"When That Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam'?"

"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

"You Are the Ideal of My Dreams?"

"Just One Girl?"

"Everybody Works But Father?"

"Just Because She Made Those Goo-Goo Eyes?"

• • •

Some Vegetarian Settlements.

Cornstalk, W. Va.
Okra, Tenn.
Celery City, Fla.
Pease, Minn.
Rice, Ariz.
Hominy, Okla.
Turnip, Ariz.

German submarines are now so lamb-like they could be called ewe-boats.

• • •

Practically all the nations now seem to have recognized Carranza except Mexico.

• • •

Probably the reason so great a number of chest wounds are not fatal is that many a warrior's heart was in his mouth.

• • •

"I took her in my arms and kissed her back," announces Rider Haggard's newest hero. It must have been considerable of a feat.

• • •

Pot and Kettle.

Ye girlie's vain, say all the men,
They say it with a sigh;
But have you seen ye brother when
He's fussing on his tie?
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Ye girlie's vain, say all the men,
With self-complacence large;
But have you seen a young simp when
He's getting a shave, shine, haircut, tonic, shampoo, singe, witch hazel steam, manicure and massage?

• • •

There is only one time in his life when the average man can make both ends meet. And that is when he is a baby and can take his foot in his mouth.

• • •

A man who is low down enough to sink an unarmed passenger boat is low down enough to lie about it.

• • •

Just think how Germany must envy Miss Mary Full Stomach of Washington, D. C.!

• • •

Not the least of the war's little ironies is a Mohammedan paper denouncing the Germans as barbarous.

• • •

"Sir Douglas Haig is an ardent follower of the turf." Well, he ought to like a close race. He belongs to one.

• • •

Colonel Roosevelt seems to have tried about everything now except twilight sleep, and probably he'll get around to that in time.

The Bear is walking like a Frenchman.

* * *

$10,000 for Villa dead certainly is a stiff price.

* * *

Berlin may observe that even the bookworm will turn.

* * *

Gets Our Angora.

If there's one phase we hate with a hatred intense,
It is that there monstrosity, "Ladies and Gents."

* * *

Roosevelt still seems to be the colonel of the Republican situation.

* * *

It was a noble effort, Theodore, but that there new bird won't get you better than space on page 11, next to the liver-pill ads.

* * *

A Texas paper says one child is born every four minutes in Texas. We imagine he gets mighty tired of it sometimes.

* * *

Some More or Less Famous Necks.

Stiff.
Bull.
Red.
Horse's.
Low.

* * *

Huh!

He loves to give his coin away,
Does generous Mr. Kales;
Why, even when he weighs, they say
He always tips the scales.

* * *

There was an old jurist named Hughes
Who said, "It is true I have vughes,
But your little game
To draw out the same
Won't work, and I firmly refughes!"

* * *

We call him Dan Cupid, but we imagine most papas of the well known June brides think that Bill would be a more appropriate name.

* * *

English minister has entered the aviation service. Just beginning to see why they call 'em sky pilots.

* * *

Every young papa knows that there are times when a trunk strap is a stern necessity.

Meditation.

(By our Own Swan of Avon.)

Goode friend, for Mike his love forbeare
To knock ye stuffe that's printed heare;
Blest be ye manne that reades this junke,
And curst be he who says it's punke.

* * *

A justice whose surname was Hughes
Used to dream on the bench in a snooze
How by silence he might
Reach the House that is White
But he reckoned without the Bull Mooze.

* * *

Art is long, but most artists we know are pretty short.

* * *

Our Funny Language.

When we say that the disputants had high words, everybody understands, of course, that they were low words.

* * *

A Chicago woman wants a divorce because her husband has not spoken to her for a year. We suppose this patriot has a little courtesy about him and did not want to interrupt her.

* * *

T. R. is our idea of a dramatic critic.

* * *

Whatdye mean, "As happy as a king?"

* * *

Holland's literally ready to fight to the last ditch.

* * *

An honest man may be the noblest work of God, but a pretty girl is a mighty close second.

* * *

Some Famous Pots.

Ink———
Flesh———
Melting———
Jack———
———Licker
———Luck
———Boiler.

* * *

Maybe the British call it the "cat squadron" because it keeps the German fleet mewed up.

Some Noted Irons.

Grid
Shooting
Waffle
Mid
Flat.

• • •

Britain's ban on musical instruments shows that she doesn't intend to make any peace overtures.

• • •

Spring.

Spring's on the way,
Arise to greet 'er;
Last night we heard
A darned mosquito.
—Macon Telegraph.

Spring's on the way,
All chic and cheery;
Our wife is talking
Millinery.
—Walton (Ga.) Tribune.

Spring's on the way,
With lenthening stride;
We hear 'em say
"Slide, bonehead, slide!"

• • •

Although it costs $6 to bathe a Senator in one of the bathrooms of the Senatorial Office building, the more expensive process of skinning a Senator is frequently advisable.

• • •

The Charlotte Chronicle publishes an enormous cut of Andrew Jackson on its first page. Despite the ravages of time, the General looks remarkably well and vigorous, and we have no hesitation in predicting that should the brave fight which North Carolina is making for his nomination be guerdoned with a triumphal coronal at Baltimore, the General will be a most formidable candidate. After Woodrow Wilson, we are for Andy.

• • •

The Ten Most Dispensable Writers.

Arnold Bennett.
Thomas Dixon, Jr.
Elinor Glyn.
Cale Young Rice.
Bernard Shaw.
Arthur Brisbane.
Frederick A. Cook.
Dr. Parkhurst.
Charles Edward Russell.
Lincoln Steffens.

"Stone walls do not a prison make."
So sang the bard to his soul's queen;
But you had best for your own sake,
Not mention it to Emmeline.

• • •

The wedding invitation says "your presence is requested." But everybody understands pretty well that it means, "your presents are requested."

• • •

Some Well-known Bugs.

June.
Lady.
Red.
Bed.
Lightning.

• • •

We don't suppose anything more delights a sister who has been operated on than to talk it over at great length with another sister who has had the same kind of operation.

• • •

Get's Our Angora.

We'd love to biff
That sissy he
Whose strongest oath
Is "Mercy me!"

• • •

The esteemed Fatherland is a paper of discrimination. For instance, when it wishes an article on "Why Germany Sends Beer to the Front," it secures no less an authority than Dr. Stein to write it.

• • •

"Americans," proclaims the Colonel, "should be able to hold their heads high." Theodore, they are plenty able to hold their heads high right now, but as long as skirts are in the present fashion, they air not a-gwine to do no such a thing, as our Tarheel friends would put it.

• • •

Germany must be greatly amazed to know that Wilson was a professor of history, and not of belles lettres.

• • •

Is Berlin's silence golden or guilt?

• • •

Well, you'd naturally look for a squeal from a pork barrel.

• • •

Beauty, of course, is an asset. But the girls who have greenbacks don't have to worry over not having pink faces.

A Postoffice Romance, in Five Reels.

Friendship, N. Y.
Love, Va.
Kissimmee, Fla.
Ring, Ark.
Parson, Ky.

* * *

We imagine that Prof. Garner, who has gone to Africa to investigate the monkey language, never heard a six-months-old baby and its young mother and mother's mother goo-gooing and cluck-clucking at one another.

* * *

Fore!

Green, Ky.
Bunker, Mo.
Driver, Ark.
Irons, Mich.
Caddie, W. Va.
Hazard, Neb.
Golf, Ill.

* * *

Epitaph.

Beneath this stone lies Gabriel Reave
In his last resting place.
They looked into the poor boob's sleeve
And found an extra ace.

* * *

If you see it in The Sun, it's sore.

* * *

The wages of gin is headache.

* * *

"An Austrian army awfully arraid"!

* * *

If you have any Scotch kinfolks we suppose you know what a close relative is.

* * *

Friend Al Stuff.

Charleston culchaw, as exemplified in the advertising columns of the illustrious Evening Post: "Women everywhere knows that their figure is dependent entirely upon their corset. . . ."

* * *

We men have a lot of fun saying sarcastic things about the women, and we think it is Smart and Cynical, but you may have noticed that when a man is sick or in trouble, he doesn't go and hide his head in another man's lap to pour out his woes.

* * *

Joseph H. Choate says the Colonel is "found wanting." And wanting mighty bad, too, Joe.

The old-fashioned boy who used to save up his Octagon soap wrappers to get a parlor rifle now has a son who saves his cigarette coupons to get a wrist watch.

* * *

Why College Professors Are Driven to Peruny.

"Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah."

"Tobacco was introduced into England by Henry Clay."

"Romulus and Remus were a couple of Siamese twins who made Rome howl."

"Fratricide is a fiend who murders a college student. Insecticide is a man who kills his aunt."

"The Nihilists are the people of the Nile country."

"Sodom and Gomorrah are the two Hebrew children who were burned in the fiery furnace."

"A misanthrope is a man who marries his own wife."

"The Treaty of Ghent was so called because every man bought his own drink."

* * *

"Speaking of operas," remarks a contemporary, "what did William Tell?" Something funny, evidently, for it made Lohengrin.—Boston Transcript.

Gotterdammerung!

* * *

We can stand almost any kind of men. But it doesn't take a phrenologist to catalogue the mutt who won't look you in the eye and who gives you a limp, flabby hand to shake.

* * *

We have lamped at least one teacher of the female persuasion for whom we would be willing to chuck this business, princely salary and all, and go back to school.

* * *

Those Irish rebels evidently wanted to change their emblem from the shamrock to the sweet william.

* * *

Why is it, anyway, that the things we like to eat are Not Good for Us, and the eats we loathe are Healthy and Wholesome?

Bull moosers seem to have abandoned "Onward, Christian Soldiers" for "Blest be the tie that binds."

* * *

"Roosevelt calls Barnes Democracy's greatest asset." Come, come, sir; you forget yourself.

* * *

There's a whole lot of difference between upholding the President and holding him up.

* * *

It does seem paradoxical. But when a woman has curves we always want her 'round.

* * *

Some men's particular friends are evidently not very particular.

* * *

We suppose the firm name of Bryan and the peace dove would be Bill & Coo.

* * *

Some Republican papers monkey with a buzz saw and others get gay with the New York World.

* * *

A brazen grab, as we understand it, is an appropriation bill that the other party passes.

* * *

Laugh, and the world laughs with you, though it must be admitted that the prohibition section of it would much prefer a smile.

* * *

"Roosevelt Cool in Defeat."—Headline. Very cool in them, indeed.

* * *

Gen. Smuts ought to be good for work in the Dark Continent.

* * *

Germany seems to be having better luck using poison gas than Theodore.

* * *

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to wear her dress down to her shoe-tops?

* * *

When you start looking for some politicians' footprints on the sands of time, steer for the mudholes first.

* * *

If those Turks in Mesopotamia still have their prayer-rugs, this is the right time to use 'em.

* * *

From all indications, the Colgate-Williams game will be quite a brush. A regular rubberset-to, as it were.

The British claim it was a drawn battle, though so far we haven't seen even a photograph of it.

* * *

A chip in the pot is worth two on the shoulder.

* * *

Great trouble about the English channel seems to be that it isn't.

* * *

The Roosevelts murmur, but the Wilsons are dumb.

* * *

The Old Guard: "Our kingdom for a dark horse!"

* * *

Whenever John Bull tries to put his best foot forward, the most conspicuous things seem to be the spats.

* * *

You Know Him.

He took a most bloodthirsty stand
  A year ago;
He said we must wade right in and
  Lick Mexico.
But now our volunteers have got
  Their khaki on.
We vainly seek this patriot—
  Where has he gone?

* * *

T. R., with all thy faults, we love thee still!

* * *

By the side of Old Whiskeranza, a Missouri mule shines as a paragon of wisdom and sweet reasonableness.

* * *

Pershing is a good general, but Villa has him beat a mile.

* * *

They call it legal tender, but getting it is certainly tough enough.

* * *

If it will reassure the fair damsel with the horizontal plume who sat in front of us at the movie on Saturday we take pleasure in testifying that it tasted fine.

* * *

"Of what use are kings?" demands a Kentucky orator. Well, they are great little openers, for one thing.

* * *

Somebody is writing on "Henry VIII as a gambler," and now we think of it we do seem to remember that he held some queens.

* * *

The Old Guard certainly knows how to do things to a T.

We see by the papers that Enver Pasha, who was assassinated last Tuesday and Thursday, has returned to Constantinople.

* * *

The suggestion that the second-story sidewalks be built in Boston in order to relieve the crowded condition of the thoroughfares implies that more of the Bostonians have their feet on the ground than has been supposed.

* * *

The Psalmist said in his haste that all men are El Paso correspondents.

* * *

John Bull does have his troubles, what with casements and drafts.

* * *

John Bull still seems to be paying more attention to our letters than to our notes.

* * *

Fiske tires.

* * *

Villa was once a carpenter, but now he can't even make a stand.

* * *

The American government, we take it, is divided between four houses: White, upper, lower and Colonel.

* * *

Amato and Paderewski booked for a Sing Sing concert somehow reminds us of the stars and stripes.

* * *

Somehow, Germany at Verdun always reminds us of Brer Rabbit and the tar baby.

* * *

Our cat and the neighbors' cats seem to have signed one of those agreements not to make a separate peace.

* * *

If that's the "cream of Germany's army" before Verdun, it begins to look like whipped cream.

* * *

What has always puzzled us, though, is how the fool and his money happened to get together in the first place.

* * *

"Is hell a reality?" asks the Memphis Commercial Appeal. No man who ever bucked four nines with an acefull would ask a foolish question like that.

* * *

France's new ban on the importation of undressed skins certainly will be tough on the Russian ballet.

Old Whiskeranza has plenty of troops and guns, but our observation is that he prefers to employ the favorite weapon of the late Gen. Samson of the Israelite Army.

* * *

Famous Gardens of History.

The hanging.
Eden.
Of Allah.
Madison Square.
Mary.

* * *

The merry month of May
Will give way
Pretty soon
To the Marry month of June!

* * *

Things are bad enough, Lord knows,
But yet they might be worse—
For Theodore, instead of prose,
Might say it in blank-verse.

* * *

Why?

The deck is so full of a number of kings,
Why is it you never can catch the darn things?

* * *

Luke McLuke certainly hits the cow's husband's optic when he says that the reason a girl is called a belle is because you never discover that she has a tongue until after you give her a ring.

* * *

Sounds Plausible.

(From the Knoxville Journal and Tribune.)

Miss Mary E. Bell, as her given name shows, is a woman.

* * *

In Kentucky we wot of a Colonel
Whose juleps are more than diurnal;
When he thinks of T. R.
With his fist bangs the bar,
Using language that's simply infernal.

* * *

"Give a woman a man's chance," is the new suff slogan, but Dr. Mary Walker will have none of it. "Give a woman," thunders the good doctor, "give a woman a man's pants!"

* * *

Oh, for some worms,
A slender pole,
And that old drowsy fishin' hole!

"The story of the death of Napoleon, published on yesterday's editorial page, should have been credited to the Kansas City Star."—Houston Post. Nothing like exactness in these matters of thrilling current interest.

* * *

"The time has come, the Penrose said, to talk of many things."—Baltimore Sun.

"Of cabbages and Standard Oil."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

And whether Perk has wings.

* * *

When August sees a fall of snow,
And naphtha quenches fire,
A President of Mexico
Of old age will expire.

* * *

A lass who was kissed in Missouri
Asked for damages large from a jouri;
But it gave this mad miss
Just four bits for the kiss,
And she quitted the place in a fouri!

* * *

Jonah was entering the whale.

"We all get down in the mouth sometimes," he explained.

Hereupon we hailed him as the Champion Optimist.

* * *

America's biggest crop of dates is grown on its family trees.

* * *

Judd Lewis's idea of Houston's climate:

"Not
Hot."

Which naturally elicits the obvious

What
Rot!

* * *

Hints of jackpots in a story
Told in deep potation,
Make a little Senatorial investigation.

* * *

Ah, would we were a big league star,
To pick a curve and lace it
Out where the dappled meadows are,
While weary fielders chase it!

* * *

There is a young lady in Del.
Who clothes her fair form, as you're wel.
In trousers and spats,
And masculine hats.
Now what in the —— can a fel.?

The chestnut crop is short in Maine,
This saddening news one gleans;
But it is pretty healthy in
The comic magazines.

* * *

All of which reminds us of
The conceited old codger of Perth
Who slipped from his high upper-berth,
And woke screams of glee;
But he said, said he,
"I certainly see no cause for mirth!"

* * *

Friend wife has gone vacationing,
Taking all her grips;
Now through the house Pa's friends carouse,
And rattle poker chips.

* * *

Far be it from an humble paragrapher to criticize so blazing and coruscating a literary luminary as Hon. Irvin Cobb, but somehow his announcement that "It is the very flower of the manhood of Europe that is being chewed up in the merciless mill of war" doesn't look just exactly right.

* * *

The experience of that Ohio dame, aged 101, who complains that no one ever kissed her, is sad, but by no means unique in the annals of osculation.

"Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
Favoritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age."

* * *

May we commend a line or two of Browning to the firm of Hohenzollern & von Tirpitz?

"Go practice if you please
With men and women; leave a child alone
For Christ's particular love's sake!"

* * *

At that, we are not neutral enough to refrain from giving three cheers for brave old France at fairly frequent intervals.

* * *

A Milwaukee paper praises the passing of Congress. Any sort of bier looks good to Milwaukee.

* * *

The Germans are again pushing toward the Vistula. Sort of Riverside Drive, so to speak.

The Colonel's flown
Up in a rage
They've hurled him from
That dear front page.

* * *

"The deck is so full of a number of kings
Why is it so hard to draw three of the things?"—Detroit Free Press.
And when you draw three, by Dame Fortune's good graces,
Why is it the other chap always draws aces?

* * *

That Louvain professor who will lecture at Harvard on mathematics ought to be an authority on trigger-nometry.

* * *

New York man who has divorced his fourth wife would have made a miserable cobbler—he never sticks to his last.

* * *

Cost of removing Panama slides gives "dirt-cheap" a decidedly ironical twist.

* * *

When a fat woman is rich, she isn't fat. She has a Becoming Embonpoint.

* * *

Billy Sunday, it seems moves some to tears and others to quit getting on 'em.

* * *

The Dardanelles must be one of those inside straits we hear so much about.

* * *

The dear Colonel is as shrinkingly modest as ever. His epistle to the American Legion authorities begins, "I and my four sons."

* * *

We are as charitable to our fellow man as most people. But the lad who boasts that he hasn't an enemy in the world gives us a pain.

* * *

Now that Germany has shown her hand, Uncle Sam may show his fist.

* * *

Another one of those pathetic little features of every day life is the rapidity with which a paragrapher's esteem, almost affection, in fact, for a prominent periodical that used to quote him pretty regularly but quit, can change to withering contempt.

"The London Sketch has always been lenient to us," somebdy joyously informs the New York Tribune. What a load this takes off off our minds! Suppose—oh, horrible thought—that the London Sketch had not always been lenient to us!

* * *

Seems highly appropriate that Britain's new method of catching submarines with nets was suggested by Lord Fisher.

* * *

In time of peace, prepare for jaw.

* * *

Add Famous Jacks:
Four.

* * *

"It is only 3,600 miles to New York!" shouts a jingo Munich editor, evidently forgetting in his excitement that it is also just 3,600 miles to Munich.

* * *

Some men are born optimists, and others try to sell digestion tablets in Mexico.

* * *

Unimportant, if true: Hon. Tom Marshall says he is also behind the President.

* * *

A lot of men get the idea that they are breezy when they are merely windy.

* * *

The French advance by the yard, but those Russians seem to rely most on two feet.

* * *

Speaking of the hyphenates, we wonder how England would have got along without Lloyd-George.

* * *

Washington's revision: "We have not yet begun to write."

* * *

You don't have to be any prodigal son these days to see a fatted calf.

* * *

If the war keeps up much longer, Wall Street will get to be known as Easy Street.

* * *

Add Life's-Little-Tragedies:
The skater wanted to find if the ice was thin.
It was.

Two heads may be better than one, as the proverb assures us, but you can't make an old soak believe it.

* * *

Even the most staid and respectable husband likes for his wife to think he is a devil among the women.

* * *

Motto of the German submarine: "Women and children first."

* * *

Lloyd-George appears to be the water-wagon's tongue.

* * *

"Will T. R. go back?" many Progressives ask. But the important question is, "Will T. R. come back?"

* * *

"I am thinking of the country," says the Colonel. Not, we trust, what he thought of it three years ago.

* * *

When Mr. Bryan wants money he speaks for it.

* * *

Our own idea of a safety raiser is an ace in the hole.

* * *

Christmas is a time when dough is kneaded most.

* * *

If a Democrat says it, it's an epigram; if a Republican, a platitude.

* * *

Greece is all in a ferment, but it is thought that she will be unable to take any active steps at present, the soldiers not yet having received those funny little petticoats from the laundry.

* * *

The freshmen are meek and humble enough now. But in four years they'll be strutting around telling everybody how to run their business.

* * *

It's the White Slav peril that agitates Turkey.

* * *

"Austrians Retire Before Russians." —New York Times. We trust that they pulled down the shades.

* * *

If there is anything in a name, here are some folks who ought to be happy: Cornelius Bliss, Maria Gay, Samuel G. Blythe, Henry B. Joy, Merry del Val.

* * *

The Navy's Edison record should insure a victor record.

With fancies fraught
  Are dreamland's halls;
Last night we thought
  We caught four balls.

* * *

Well, it certainly begins to look as if peace may break out in Mexico almost any minute now.

* * *

To make a long story short—the city editor.

* * *

When a girl goes down town without dolling up before the mirror for half-an-hour, her mother knows there is something wrong with her and that she ought to see the doctor at once.

* * *

The paths of glory lead but to the front page.

* * *

Composing rooms—bedchambers.

* * *

Merchantmen may constitute one of the arteries of commerce, but sometimes they are blood vessels.

* * *

In the spring the German's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of bombs.

* * *

General Chao has fallen in Mexico, but general chaos is still right there.

* * *

What von Hindenburg has just done, Hannibal, Napoleon and Lee did time and again, but numbers told in the end. Crushing an army isn't crushing a nation.

* * *

"Gut morgen, Kaiser! Can we use a little of your ocean today, please sir?"

* * *

"England," says the New York Evening Sun, "needs a Lincoln." Neb.?

* * *

It may take nine tailors to make a man, but it needs only one to break him.

* * *

Well, it took Constantinople to get those Petrograd war yarns worsted.

* * *

Perhaps our army and navy will be larger when our Congressmen are.

* * *

"Sweden to Paint Ships," goes a headline. Neutral colors, of course.

* * *

Horse-sense shuns the spur of the moment.

There have been mighty few Presidents that have had a chance to make history as well as write it.

* * *

It is indeed an inspiring thought that one hundred million Americans are solidly behind the President. "Ein Ton"—our German musical friends will get the idea.

* * *

Switzerland received with great relief the Kaiser's promise to respect its neutrality, and at once rushed 200,000 men to the border.

* * *

"We suppose this new German gas is measured by a kill-a-meter," says the Boston Transcript. Either that, no doubt, or a scent-a-meter.

* * *

That British threat to the Porte must have made those Kurds more sour than ever.

* * *

Gabrielle d'Annunzio announces that his greatest ambition is to die singing of Italy. What this great patriot needs is a bromo-seltzer and a large wet towel around his massive brow.

* * *

Mr. Bryan says visitors to Mexico take risks. Aye, grave risks.

* * *

Japan appears to forget that China ought to be handled with care.

* * *

It's a pity those 900 metres Berlin has just captured aren't war poetry.

* * *

A war zone seems to be something that cautious skippers should skip.

* * *

The Kaiser refuses to revoke that order. He will continue to hold his zone.

* * *

In other words, Uncle Sam doesn't believe that all is fair in love and war.

* * *

We wish there were some way for the entire populations of the North and the South to swap locations for a week or two. What fun we'd have up North watching the poor old Yanks handle the negro problem!

* * *

We are such an abominable ethicist that we just can't see where wholesale murder is wholesale glory.

It will take more parlor magic than Wilhelm has in stock to make the eagle quail.

* * *

Once Cap'n Hobson nearly closed the mouth of Santiago harbor. Why doesn't he make the same trial with his own?

* * *

Oft in the stilly night, certain back fence melodies convince us that old Noah made a grave mistake when he let more than one cat in the ark.

* * *

Useless Noises.

Henry A. Wise Wood.
The Providence Journal.
Cap'n Hobson.
Tom Watson.
'Gus Gardner.
Bro. Hearst.
Mme. Schwimmer.
The Fatherland.
Theodore.

* * *

We suppose that on the very day Gabriel blows his trumpet, some Boston paper will contain a long patronizing editorial of advice to the South on how to treat the negro.

* * *

The height of sarcasm is probably reached in a barber's opinion of a safety razor, but a street railway president's comments on the jitney bus are a tolerably good second.

* * *

A maharajah presents England with $100,000. That's the kind of Indian giver John Bull likes.

* * *

Senator Vardaman learns with indifference that the Black Watch has been decimated, as he never had a bit of use for those colored troops.

* * *

That English clergyman who got a commission and joined the army is no doubt a warrior, but he is not likely to be much of a success at interrogating prisoners, as probably he'd open the conversation in his absentminded way with: "What is your name—N or M?"

* * *

We are willing to bet something that London's new company of lawyers will charge well.

It must be so, as Prof. Van Leyden says, that Germans are the salt of the earth, for they all unanimously admit it themselves.

* * *

Judge Elbert H. Gary says our prosperity needs nursing, and the prohibition idea appears to be that it must be dry nursing.

* * *

You can't tell the after-dinner orator who has his "impromptu" speech memorized three weeks in advance anything about preparedness.

* * *

Some women are born beautiful, others achieve beauty, and still others are on good terms with the society editors.

* * *

Watchful waiting may have its faults, but you may have noticed that it doesn't make many widows and orphans.

* * *

There's one comforting thing about J. Barleycorn's departure, and that is that his old side-kick, R. E. Morse, is leaving with him.

* * *

Hans Wagner was excused from jury duty the other day, doubtless on baseball grounds.

* * *

Some of the old maid suffs, however, don't want a vote half as badly as they want a voter.

* * *

"Kaiser to Go to Heligoland." John Bull moves to amend by striking out the last three syllables.

* * *

Life isn't all holding four aces. When Old Sister Fate deals you a king, a tenspot, a trey and a couple of miserable deuces, grin and draw three cards. You never know what you'll come up with.

* * *

A friend in need is apt to keep you broke.

* * *

The price of flour's going up
We notice with a sigh;
But little cares the printer, for
He knows where there's some pi.

* * *

Our prohibition friends really ought to look into this matter of tight money.

Some men are born heroes, and others tip the dining-car waiter a dime.

* * *

Sarcastic comments on the German sense of humor are likely to be revived, now that a Berlin paper solemnly calls Bryan a "sabre-rattler."

* * *

War may not come to this country. Heaven forbid. But if it does come and Uncle Sam is to have an ally, may we live to see the day when a great gray American battle squadron crashes thundering into action beside our blood-brethren of the Lion Flag!

* * *

We see by the North sea cables that cotton is still going down.

* * *

It's hard to say offhand whether that new woman's daily will go in stronger for make-up or padding.

* * *

King Albert's experiences certainly have put a lot of grim humor in the expression, "treated like royalty."

* * *

The only sphere of influence this country cares for is the one with the horsehide cover.

* * *

It must be admitted that if Britain makes all food contraband, it'll go against the grain.

* * *

And once more an Austrian army awfully arrayed boldly by battery bombards Belgrade.

* * *

Turkey must fervently wish now that she had given the goose step the side-step.

* * *

Appropriately enough the Bight of Heligoland is where Germany shows her teeth.

* * *

Baltimore reports the decease of a Pullman porter there. Death loves a shining mark.

* * *

Russia must think there is a lot of fake in the old adage that there is safety in numbers.

* * *

Possibly you have also noticed that mint beds often furnish three sheets in the wind.

"Colonel Roosevelt," says the Anderson Mail, "is still in the flesh." Well, he can't be any too still in it to suit us.

* * *

The Charleston News and Courier thinks it lucky that there were no submarines in Noah's day. We don't know. We have a kind of hunch that Colonel and Mrs. Noah and their attractive family would have escaped. And, oh, glorious thought! the two ticks, two bedbugs, two flies, two fleas, two mosquitoes, two ants, two cats, two caterpillars and two wasps would almost surely have gone down to a watery grave.

* * *

Some New Englanders are born simps and others try to write negro dialect stories.

* * *

If thy hyphen offend thee, pluck it out.

* * *

The estimable prohibitionists seem determined to make it read, "See America thirst."

* * *

The Yankee artist who is painting the North Carolina mountains knew where to go for a study in still life.

* * *

Judging from some of those Philadelphia papers' funny colmns, newspaper row must be on Chestnut street.

* * *

Germany can have a place in the sun. What poor old parched Russia wants is a place in the moonshine.

* * *

Seems paradoxical, but Peru can't get a loan because she has so many close friends.

* * *

Haiti's ex-President Theodore has gone abroad. No such luck here.

* * *

The Dardanelles are the worst straits John Bull's fleet is ever likely to be in.

* * *

There may be a shipping trust, but it isn't in the Germans.

* * *

The old-fashioned woman who hated to see her name in the paper now has a daughter who keeps central busy connecting her with the society editor.

Germany, which is besieged, wants England to allow food to come to her. But how much food did Bismarck and von Moltke allow to enter Paris when they besieged that city?

* * *

Trust in Wilson and keep your neutrality dry.

* * *

That alleged great Russian defeat turns out to be a certified check.

* * *

Those Sikhs that sawed their way out of a German prison must have used their Indian file.

* * *

The Greek outlook is black there and blacking here.

* * *

Those 36 indicted plumbers have discovered that violating the Sherman law with impunity is no lead pipe cinch.

* * *

The unspeakable Turk can speak long enough to apologize, all right.

* * *

A fellow failing also makes us wondrous kind.

* * *

Probably the most excruciating anguish a native of these parts can experience is hearing one of the grand old Yankees using a word with several "r's" in it.

* * *

A lot of family skeletons are padded.

* * *

The prohibition argument, if we analyze it correctly, is something like this: You can't get ahead if you get a head.

* * *

Somebody is talking about Mexico's national debt. It appears to us that Mexico's national debt is to Woodrow Wilson.

* * *

Every now and then you strike up with a man who has almost as much sense as you have.

* * *

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands of extras.

* * *

This will be a grand old world when some of the sisters quit worrying about their waist-line and devote a little more attention to the wash-line.

The question is not so much Pan-Americanism as panning German-Americanism.

* * *

The biggest souse we have in mind
Is Photographer Stow,
And when you want him, you will find
Him in his stewedio.

* * *

A study in scarlet—the German Admiralty's hands.

* * *

Whom the gods would destroy they first make kultured.

* * *

If the Texas editor who used to shoot his subscribers in the leg to remind them of their unpaid subscriptions is still living and at leisure, there is a job for him in this office.

* * *

"Portuguese rebels plan to assault capital," but they have nothing in that respect on Hon. Frank P. Walsh.

* * *

A camel can go eight days without a drink, but, as the Spartanburg Journal would say, who wants to be a camel?

* * *

Russia calls the Przasnsz victory "pronounced." Which is far more than we can do.

* * *

However, George knew that Martha Washington had a will of her own long before Virginia.

* * *

A Camden correspondent is mystified why the captain of the Etonian spoke of his ship as "she" and of a German submarine as "he," and puts it up to us. Our only explanation is that the ship was painted and carrying powder; we have no theory as to why he masculined the submarine. Possibly for divers reasons.

* * *

Australia presents her entire wool supply to the mother country. Another case of the Lion's shear, eh, what?

* * *

The old-fashioned woman who used to think that Mrs. E. D. E. N. etc., Southworth was too immodest and suggestive now has a daughter who rings up the book store every day to ask if Mrs. Elinor Glyn's latest is out yet.

Where there's a will, there a lawyer.

* * *

Harry Lauder is going to the front to sing to the British soldiers, who also know how to make victor records.

* * *

Old Nick, he must be rich, for I
Have often heard folks say
When their affairs have gone awry:
"There'll be the devil to pay!"

* * *

A peaceful man is our friend Wright;
Not practiced in things gory;
Yet seated at his desk one night
I saw him kill a story.

* * *

Centres of Interest.

White House—Cupid.
Wall Street—Cupidity.

* * *

There's one thing impresses
Us as we get older:
A chip in the pot is
Worth two on the shoulder.

* * *

If Colonel Roosevelt simply must quote the prophets, one would think a little selection from Jonah would be more appropriate, that is, if Jonah was a prophet, which we are ashamed to say we are not at all sure of.

* * *

There is a man in our town who fills
us with dismay;
He buttonholes us firmly, so that we
can't get away
And tells us all the so-called smart
things that his kiddies say.

* * *

The luckiest guy in all the land
Is Mr. Simon Slees;
For every time he draws his hand
He always catches threes.

* * *

Wall Street isn't eating the Australian beef, as it finds native lamb highly satisfactory.

* * *

Of course, the business office doesn't have the least influence over a paper's policy, but we never have seen a skinny girl whose pa is a big advertiser get any the worst of it in the social dope.

* * *

We'll horn in with a message that might appeal to Bro. Carranza:

"Take thee a sharp knife, take thee a barber's razor, and cause it to pass upon thy head and upon thy beard. . ."

When night falls in the South American jungles, we suppose that the Colonel lights a tapir.

* * *

Some people we know are so prudish that they even hate to realize that in a few weeks the limbs will be bare.

* * *

In giving out "O Little Town of Bethlehem" to a hyphenated congregation, it is just as well to specify which Bethlehem.

* * *

Next to the traditional molasses in January, probably the slowest thing in this old vale of tears is a woman getting off a street car.

* * *

The printer is a sober man,
He never takes a sup;
And yet he is an artisan
Who likes to set 'em up.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The movie actor's sober, too,
No booze to him appeals;
And yet it seems amazing you
See him only in reels.

* * *

By the way, do you remember the affrighted yelps the "small navy" Congressmen of the period let out when it was thought the Spanish fleet was coming over to bombard our coast towns?

* * *

Evolution of the bachelor, magazinely speaking:

1—The Independent.

2—The Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

Bernard Shaw boasts that he never has smoked, but unless Bernard gets religion it is by no means certain that he won't.

* * *

About all that's left now of the Bull Moosers seems to be the bull.

* * *

Roosevelt wants to lead a division. Wasn't the one in 1912 enough?

* * *

Many a man in this country who simply can't understand why the Russians bow down and worship Czar Nick is one of the most abject slaves of Czar Nicotine.

Another pathetic little feature of everyday life is the way when an editor states in general terms that crookedness must be stamped out, a dozen politicians heatedly write him at great length demanding that these personalities cease for once and all.

* * *

Hew to the jackpot, let the chips fall where they may.

* * *

You can't keep in the swim by drowning your sorrows.

* * *

Goliath was hit by the pebble.

"You miserable little runt!" he screamed. "I've a good mind to sever athletic relations with you. They say you played two years with Nineveh college, anyhow, before Israel university got you."

* * *

Another little phase of everyday life that might be amusing if it were not so pathetic is the pious way some old skinflint whose specialty is foreclosing widows' mortgages can act in church.

* * *

"A London scientist says that angleworms cause cancer. The lesson whereof is don't eat angleworms."—Richmond News-Leader. Exactly, always remembering how bad the Diet of Worms was for Martin Luther.

* * *

All the women are going to see Geraldine do Carmen this week because she is the better actress, and all the men are going to see Theda because they have an idea she will have on a good deal less than Geraldine.

* * *

Add life's little tragedies:

The man fed red pepper to the elephant to see if it liked it.

It didn't.

* * *

Where is the old-fashioned old codger who used to gasp "God bless you!" when he sneezed?

* * *

The President quotes from the Bible in support of preparedness, and we suppose the late Col. Abel could offer some feeling testimony on the subject.

* * *

Still, you would naturally expect Greece to be slippery.

Mr. Bryan, as we understand it, is trying to make it 23 for Ezekiel, 33.

• • •

"Marriage near, kills himself," goes a headline. Not knocking the lady, of course.

• • •

If the bravest are the tenderest, the calf we dined on yesterday was an arrant coward.

• • •

We don't know who invented the submarine, but Jonah was the first to become familiar with one.

• • •

The Armenian massacres have added a fresh significance to the anagram

KUL TUR
TUR KEY

• • •

Add Life's Little Tragedies:

The paragrapher swiped something a brother paragrapher wrote, thinking maybe he wasn't reading the exchanges very closely.

He was.

• • •

Russia has ordered a million shoes here. It is understood that von Hindenburg will furnish the lacing, as usual.

• • •

What a magnificent baby-killer Herod might have been had he had a few submarines and Zeppelins!

• • •

Our idea of a safety raiser is a fellow who does it with four aces.

• • •

Of course, it is merely a curious coincidence that the hyphenated editors are all with Mr. Bryan in his stand for unpreparedness.

• • •

Hemming the Serbs and basting them are evidently two very different propositions.

• • •

Accepting the theory that the monkey is man's ancestor, one is inclined to infer that woman, judging by the number and length of her hatpins, is a lineal descendant of the porcupine.

• • •

Once upon a time there was a politician who made an especially conspicuous ass of himself and didn't say the newspapers misquoted him.

"The debt we owe to Britain's navy can not be estimated," says an exchange. It doesn't take long for American shipowners to estimate it.

• • •

The ambition of that navy inventions board is, of course, to leave blueprints on the sands of time.

• • •

Once upon a time there was a woman who was 38 years old and admitted that she was 38 years old. Hans Andersen and Grimm missed a lot of good fairy tales.

• • •

The unspeakable Turk can at least snicker.

• • •

Why it is that when you manage to locate the keyhole about 3 g. m.—

And open the door witnout much noise—

And triumphantly avoid all the sofas and chairs and tables—

And just as you are about to tip-toe chuckingly up-stairs—

The infernal cat always inserts her tail under your foot?

• • •

"Sometimes I wish I were a horse,"
Groaned Weary Willie Keith;
"For then I'd have, believe me, boss,
A bit between my teeth."

• • •

Japan has inaugurated the Era Tai-Sho, or Great Righteousness. Germany needs that kind of an era in Belgium.

• • •

The Allies wouldn't mind King Constantine's keeping a cool head, but it's the coolness elsewhere that irritates them.

• • •

Possibly Col. Bryan fears that any large army increase would mean the requisition of all the Chautauqua tents.

• • •

Busy Sophie seems to be worth even more to Germany than "Busy Bertha."

• • •

"It's hard to get around President Wilson," says May Irwin. Well, for that matter, it's no cinch to get around May.

• • •

The Fordsters couldn't find the dove, but at least they had a lark.

A Machine, as we, with our limited political experience, analyze the case, is the other side's organization.

* * *

It becomes apparent that none of the belligerents will give up until they give out and give in.

* * *

There certainly is irony in the fact that Lincoln, Neb., is named after the greatest war-President.

* * *

A small-bore man is generally the biggest kind of bore.

* * *

Most of those New Haven deals look to have been from the bottom of the deck.

* * *

It's not the hands across the sea Wall Street is concerned with as much as the palms.

* * *

King Cotton and King Victor have taken new high ground.

* * *

Now that Warden Osborne has explained Sing Sing's ins-and-outs, let's hear something about the down-and-outs.

* * *

It's a mighty sorry joke that can't get a smile out of a girl who has pretty teeth.

* * *

When an American girl is engaged to a foreign nobleman, she is his financee.

* * *

Italy is likely to find that one war measure is a peck of trouble.

* * *

However, the "unspeakable Turk" is probably thinking a few things.

* * *

Judging by Congress, the meat shortage doesn't extend to pork.

* * *

A Salamanca, N. H. hotel advertises. "Choicest of Wives, Liquors and Cigars." It's a l.l.w. to Salamanca, but our ventricular organ is in that immediate vicinity.

* * *

Manufacturers operating in the Maryland metropolis advertise their wares as "Made in Baltimore." The genuine Baltimore maid requires no advertisement, but passes anywhere at face value.

Count that day queer, whose low descending sun sees no new Austrian army on the run.

* * *

Coincident with the arrival of the cool wave, we note that a Massachusetts cadet corps was reviewed by Generals Wood and Cole.

* * *

The average woman just can't understand, when she gets an overdraft notice, why it isn't perfectly all right to write the bank a check for the amount.

* * *

Still, the rain and wind had their compensations, and several distinguished and inspiring ankles, etc., greatly soothed the discontent of the unregenerate.

* * *

One thing we like about administration circles is that they're square.

* * *

Those Zeps don't appear to be content with giving London the once-over.

* * *

The trouble about Billy Sunday's going to New York is that he'd have to learn Yiddish in order to make himself understood.

* * *

Like This.

When paragraphers pressed for time
Need one more stanza,
They usually can ring a rime
On old Carranza.

* * *

Those on shopping bent often get broke.

* * *

A woman is rarely up to date on the subject of her age.

* * *

We had decided to bar out any further entries in the journalistic goat-getters' contest, but on second thought we simply have to raise the portcullis for "long-felt want" and "sea of matrimony."

* * *

A modest man is Mr. James;
So modest that, by heck,
He will not join in any games
In which they strip the deck.

* * *

There certainly is irony in the fact that hungry Mexico City occupies a table land.

Isn't there some way of making dear old Bill Taft President emeritus or something?

* * *

If the North had protested as loudly against negro exclusion when those pious New England skippers first began bringing 'em to this country as it is doing now, the late unpleasantness probably never would have occurred.

* * *

The reason a girl can afford to put half a drug store on her face when she goes uptown is because she knows that since the short skirt came in the men will be too busy watching something else to notice it.

* * *

There's one thing that
We would not shirk:
Viz., being smacked
By Billie Burke.

* * *

Luke McLuke points us in rime to the case of a young lady who liked to walk, although she had a fine carriage.

Consider, prithee, Luke, my son,
The case of Halfback Loach:
A fellow who prefers to run,
Although he has a coach.

* * *

Those Germans seem quite as adept at evasion as invasion.

* * *

Wouldn't it be a glorious thing if the Christmas spirit could home in our hearts every day?

* * *

Some men are such natural-born crooks that they invariably short-change their own minds.

* * *

Of course Missouri girls are sweet. Aren't they Mo. lasses?

* * *

The world is too much with us, as the poet said, and there are melancholy moments when we suspect that The Sun and The American are, too.

* * *

England's most dangerous militant, we take it, is Ann Archy.

* * *

The friends who are pushing Willis L. Moore for the Agricultural portfolio seem to think the new cabinet needs a little weather-boarding.

The Iron Cross is responsible for many a wooden cross.

* * *

We wouldn't mind the dog days so much if it weren't for the cat nights.

* * *

The submarine is cigar-shaped, but it's the enemy ships that go up in smoke.

Some German propagandists in Ireland have ascertained that the "green isle" isn't.

* * *

When a woman gets over 35 she is generally willing to embark on the sea of matrimony with almost any life-buoy.

* * *

A plain-speaking hard-hitting President always comes in for more roasts than toasts.

* * *

Hammerstein will build an opera house, thus giving New York another Singer building.

* * *

A face without a smile is like a pair of unpressed trousers.

* * *

That mummy sold in New York the other day for $200 certainly fetched a stiff price.

* * *

Count Zeppelin was once a poor, obscure man, but now he moves in the highest circles.

* * *

Before he gets her, he always calls her dear. And after they get married, he finds out that she is.

* * *

Another of life's little mysteries is the way a mouthful of pins never seems to interfere in the least with a woman's conversation.

* * *

There is nobody like a barber for scraping acquaintances.

* * *

The ill, the pill, and the bill are medicine's triple alliance.

* * *

The only trouble about common sense is that it isn't common.

* * *

T. R. certainly displayed a keen sense of humor when he picked the Pacific coast to make those bellicose speeches on.

The old-fashioned man who used to walk ten miles a day behind old Molly now has a son whose conception of hard work is walking ten miles a day around a pool-table.

* * *

Money talks, but the American dollar is roaring.

* * *

Jane Addams says the women must suffer in silence. We greatly fear Jane is nature-faking.

* * *

Uncle Sam has certainly made Job look like a rank amateur.

* * *

The Psalmist said in his haste that all men are Herr von Jagows.

* * *

Berlin, we understand, uses ready-made cigarettes, but Vienna rolls.

* * *

Count that day queer, whose low, descending sun sees no new Russian army on the run.

* * *

Woman's rights, as we understand them, consist of appropriating six of the bureau drawers for her wedding apparel, and apportioning the little one in the upper right hand corner to the poor old he-creature.

* * *

Dan Emmett certainly must have foreseen the short skirt when he put all those "Look aways" in "Dixie."

* * *

It takes all kinds of mutts to make a world, including the ones who inhale a few drinks and set out to settle the war.

* * *

As we understand Germany's contention, the lion and the bear have made Belgium the goat.

* * *

All Europe ablaze and only one tiny revolution in South America. Times have certainly changed!

* * *

Mr. Bryan, in serving grape juice, raised the question whether he is not more Welch than Irish.

* * *

The suffragettes evidently want to make it Womanhattan.

* * *

Germany to Wilhelm: "We who are about to diet, salute you!"

L'Anglais as she is writ in Georgia: "Notice—Reports of cows being butchered in my field at night by unknown parties is absolutely wilful lies of some one. M. Waters, Brooklet, Ga."—Statesboro News.

* * *

Hereafter, only the six best spellers can come into this country.

* * *

Still, those munitions plotters have no monopoly of magazine explosions—there's T. R.

* * *

You can't burn the candle at both ends and keep it dark.

* * *

A dog can't talk to tell you when he wants anything. But he can certainly cram a lot of eloquence in Old Colonel Tail.

* * *

And what, too, has become of the old-fashioned humorist who used to drop a suspender button in the collection plate?

* * *

'Frisco asked to hear the Liberty Bell by telephone, and we see by the Philadelphia papers that the bell did as it was tolled.

* * *

A German professor announces that Moses was a German, and we do seem to remember that he broke all the Ten Commandments.

* * *

Carranza is now strong for the red, white and blue, unless they happen to be on a barber's pole.

* * *

Chorus of Danbury Hatters: I did not build my house to pay a judgment.

* * *

Any Mexican army could be accurately termed a general assembly.

* * *

Must be admitted that General Haig is a good man for Dewar.

* * *

The game of matrimony is like set-back—more fun without a widow.

* * *

We suppose the precise brethren who insist on spelling it la grippe own hens which are afflicted with la pippe.

* * *

Would it be all right to call the advent of a child born on a New York elevated train an upper birth?

Kulturvulture.

* * *

The only way the average man can order his wife a round is at the butcher's.

* * *

Lloyds are now issuing a form of insurance against appendicitis. At cut rates, we presume.

* * *

Ambassadors Chinda of Japan and Dumba of Austria-Hungary seem to be the lingual poles of the diplomatic corps.

* * *

President Wilson favors a graduated income tax. Just can not get away from those college ideas.

* * *

We are rather surprised no Kentuckian is conspicuously mentioned for the consulship to Cork.

* * *

Add Life's Little Tragedies:

The mouse left the hole to see if Tabby had gone.

She hadn't.

* * *

A French courtmartial having acquitted Capt. Forget, let us hope that next time he won't.

* * *

Watchful waiting won for William Waldorf.

* * *

Famous Charleses.
Martel.
—the Fat.
Horse.
Chaplin.

* * *

It becomes painfully evident that old Don Whiskeranza's New Year resolutions didn't include one to have that hedge on his cheeks pruned.

* * *

Looks as if Constantine is preparing to decorate the Allies with the insignia of the Double-Cross.

* * *

One of the most pathetic things about a colored band is the way it always seems to be firmly convinced it is playing a tune.

* * *

In the Hocking case, Britain, of course, is contending for the freedom of the seize.

October—Bryan stumped Ohio.
November—Ohio stumped Bryan.

* * *

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless moving-pictures.

* * *

Modern dramatic synonyms: Scene and obscene.

* * *

It will seem natural for many of our Greek reservists to be where the shells are thickest.

* * *

English shipowners must regard those submarines as revenue-cutters.

* * *

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who is advising suffragettes to wear trousers, evidently pants for publicity.

* * *

Mr. Frohman says the modern play is overdressed. The common variety, perhaps; not the Garden variety.

* * *

This is the nation of trusts, the one in Wilson being easily the most conspicuous right now.

* * *

Prince Buelow says he worked to "bring Italy and Austria together." Well, didn't he do it?

* * *

A man who doesn't gossip about other people may miss a lot of the spice of life. But he is never kept busy nursing a pair of black eyes.

* * *

Isn't it wonderful the basting Turkey can stand?

* * *

Dollar diplomacy begins to look like seventy cents less.

* * *

In banishing White House intoxicants, Woodrow Wilson emerges as our leading drop-kicker.

* * *

The Washington Star says that the Cabinet "works like Trojans," and it might have carried the simile further by saying that it gets its share of hectoring.

* * *

Don't blame it on Hard Luck. Elbow Grease never failed to put Hard Luck's shoulders to the mat.

* * *

Alfred Noyes having confessed that his verse pays, would it be proper to call him the poet aureate of England?

A woman is known by the confidences she keeps.

* * *

"The Colonel," says the Memphis Commercial Appeal, "has his faults, but the people love him still." When was he ever?

* * *

The primmest gent we e'er did meet
Is Mr. Thomas Trippe;
He blushes like the well known beet
To see the bacon strip.

* * *

It's funny, but it's the truth. The better-looking the girl is the homelier the dub she usually cops out to tie up with.

* * *

"Mr. Schwab tells the story of Bethlehem," says a headline. Most people will still prefer the Biblical version.

* * *

We don't know what nation has been stealing our naval secrets, but it's not Switzerland.

* * *

"President sees May Irwin." He couldn't help it if May was within a couple of miles.

* * *

It can't be said of those fat German landsturmers that they have no stomach for a fight.

* * *

Those Turks are always pulling off some tactful little stunt to gain neutral good will. The latest one is testing high explosives on Mt. Calvary.

* * *

Why don't some of these crafty Norwegian and Swedish skippers fool the subs. by running up the Swiss flag?

* * *

Our friend Hardup dropped in today,
Hence this here sad, sad thought:
Although we've known that man so long,
We've always known him short.

* * *

There's no longer room for Caruso,
For Krupp or even for Creusot;
On the grand old front page,
For the ladies would rage
Unless we shelved all for the trousseau.

* * *

Once upon a time a train ran over a cow which was not the best and most expensive Jersey in the State.

Nothing is more pathetic than the way a man will try to look serenely unconscious when his garter comes down in mixed company.

* * *

Hearsts rush in where Wilsons fear to tread.

* * *

Flying stones gather no stones for women.

* * *

Impossible news item: Among the callers at the New York Sun editorial offices yesterday was Mr. W. J. Bryan.

* * *

"Small change in Russian Poland." Very little of it here, too.

* * *

A peck of trouble is one thing that is mighty seldom short weight.

* * *

Seems superfluous for Berlin to celebrate victories, as it's always been on a Spree.

* * *

To be quite up to date, Henry Van Dyke's publishers should issue an edition de Luxemburg.

* * *

The French navy has also abandoned starboard and larboard, but old sideboard is still there.

* * *

Subscribers to Turkey's war loan can't complain that they haven't got a run for their money.

* * *

If they could only persuade the cullud race that the celestial choir used banjos instead of harps, there wouldn't be a bad negro in this world.

* * *

Somebody has observed that Uncle Joe Cannon's breeches bag at the knees, but we don't suppose that it is because of excessive addiction to prayer.

* * *

There was once a very beautiful woman who had some brains. She was torpedoed by a snake in Egypt and expired, leaving darned few successers.

* * *

For the land's sake—Preparedness.

* * *

Here's your hat, Herr Boy-Ed! What's your hurry?

* * *

The Allies have been reinforced in Servia by a division, which is an addition.

A billion-dollar congress doesn't seem so bad when it's the Democrats who do the appropriating.

* * *

There are any number of reasons why a girl's nose gets red. But there is only one reason a man's nose gets that way.

* * *

The sun rose this morning. This is generally considered another brilliant victory for the Hearst papers.

* * *

"You simply have to hand it to those German soldiers," says the Macon Telegraph. Brussels does, anyway.

* * *

Woodrow, with all thy Byzantine logotheteness, we love thee still!

* * *

German plotters who are long on initiative will find Uncle Sam the same way on recall.

* * *

The old-fashioned woman who used to complain that she had nothing to wear knows that she will be one of the leaders of fashion this season.

* * *

Speaking of spare ribs, Adam was the first dealer.

* * *

We suppose that newspapers run women's departments so that the belles may be told.

* * *

"Success has turned many a man's head," observes the Boston Transcript. True enough. But it hasn't anything on the short skirt in that respect.

* * *

Old Nick doesn't have half as much fun as people think. But it must have been a great old day for him when lingerie was invented.

* * *

Political Lumber.

One-term planks.
Presidential timber.
Tariff boards.

* * *

Mrs. Pankhurst says that the militant suffragettes will "leave no stone unturned." Doesn't she mean "unthrown?"

* * *

If she does take the plunge, the Turkish ambition, of course, will be to knock the first syllable out of Hellas.

Constantine certainly does things to the queen's taste.

* * *

The small hours are responsible for many a large head.

* * *

An undertaker is nearly always temperate, but he doesn't object to an occasional bier.

* * *

"All Russia Behind Grand Duke's Back."—Headline. So are the Germans.

* * *

There is nobody like a he-sissy who spends an hour and a half in a barbershop getting a shave, shine, singe, shampoo, hair-cut, witch-hazel steam and massage for snickering at the girls for standing an hour and a half dolling up in front of the mirror before they come down-town.

* * *

Now that the season of good will is past, we can all get back gaily to our normal grouches, gossip, scandal-mongering, sticking-our-noses-into-other-people's-business, avarice, discourtesy, snobbishness, arrogance, conceit, cynicism, churlishness, irascibility, stinginess, rancour, selfishness and the rest of our pleasant little traits.

* * *

It must be a cheery bit of news to those Turkish classes that are so eagerly organizing to learn the German language that the Kaiser is suffering from a mild attack of zeitgewebentzuendung.

* * *

A Mellow Drama, in Three Reels.

I.
Sherry.
Merry.
II.
Souse.
House.
III.
Bed.
Head.

* * *

A woman who wears an evening dress that displays about five-sixths of her backbone always wonders what the world is coming to when girls can be so immodest as to wear a skirt that reveals a couple of inches of shin.

President Wilson says that any one who scoffs at the Administration's achievements is "talking through his hat." These academic terms puzzle us not a little, but we seem to get the idea.

* * *

What is your notion of the pinnacle of bliss? Ours is being seated on some silver-sanded, moonlight-flooded Polynesian beach with our trusty pipe between our teeth and six swizzles under our Manhattan, what time a bevy of languorous Hawaiian maidens finger their quaint guitars whose every note is a sob, and softly sing the yearning melody of "Aloha Oe."

* * *

Of all glad words
Of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these:
"Old scout, say when."

* * *

Epitaph.

Here lies the clay
Of Kaspar Kant.
He worked in a
Munitions plant.

* * *

Woodrow will soon.

* * *

The hit hyphen howls.

* * *

At any rate, the careless compositor who referred to General Haig as a "bottle-scarred veteran" had the right idea.

* * *

There are about 8,765,333 varieties of Asses in this old vale of tears. And the leading candidate of the whole bunch for the Fool-killer is the poor boob who percolates around bragging what a Devil he is among the women.

* * *

Bryan is the colonel of the California situation.

* * *

Dr. Friedmann, it appears, has found the silver lining.

* * *

Everybody to his taste, of course, but personally we never could see what fun a woman gets out of playing "One little pig went to market" with the baby's toes.

* * *

The Birmingham Ledger says Carranza dearly loves a joke. The egoist!

Another of the little weaknesses of human nature that mighty few of us are exempt from consists of wrapping the big bills on the outside of the roll.

* * *

A woman calls it giving you a piece of her mind, but our experience has been that she generally winds up by giving you the whole dad-burned thing.

* * *

English correspondent says there is plenty of gold in Constantinople. Evidently the Crescent is far from being down to its last quarter.

* * *

Poor old human nature is a mighty funny thing, and some people still think that they can argue in print with an editor and get the best of it.

* * *

Count Zeppelin is said to dislike society, but you may have noticed that he always sends his lady-killers on those English raids.

* * *

It has just been discovered that one of Saturn's rings has become lopsided, and we expect any day to hear that Colonel Roosevelt is going around pointing out significantly that nothing like that ever happened in the good old high tariff times.

* * *

One inestimable asset an exchange editor has is that whenever he needs a long editorial clipping he can always scissor it from the Springfield Republican, without reading a word, and be absolutely certain that it is all right.

* * *

A Chicago girl specifies that her future husband "must not chew, smoke, drink, gamble, swear, play cards, dance, or object to washing the supper dishes; must stay at home every night, live within his income, and be a devout Christian." Well, that kind of a girl certainly deserves that kind of a man

* * *

Seems high time for this credulous nation to change its emblem from the eagle to the gull.

* * *

"Cupid," says the Greenville Piedmont, "continues to be the world's leading marksman." Wrong, old top. Isn't he all the time making Mrs.?

China might compromise by offering to do all of Japan's washing free of charge for a year.

* * *

It means something to acquire a reputation in the Arctic for being as honest as the day is long.

* * *

"International jaw" would seem to describe the situation much more concisely and accurately.

* * *

The sins of the father may be visited on his children, but they take revenge by reminding him of them.

* * *

"Only Two Corps Left" goes a headline. Reminds us of the celebrated Eden apple incident.

* * *

Revised spelling: Flinders, formerly, Flanders.

* * *

Evidently no milk of human kindness in the Kurd.

* * *

Dardanelles seem to need a bigger corkscrew.

* * *

Lloyd-George's threats have doubtless made pale ale paler than ever.

* * *

"Thaw will stick." He's a regular court plaster.

* * *

The Sick Man of Europe is still complaining of severe shooting pains.

* * *

Germans are less worried over the Kiel canal now than the alimentary.

* * *

A little outrage now and then is relished by the German men.

* * *

Whene'er we cross
The bounding main,
We'll do it in
An aeroplane.

* * *

Petrograd reports "consonant gains." That, at least, is credible news.

* * *

One of our esteemed creditors was in our midst yesterday. He was cool and collected.

* * *

The pessimist regards life as a lemon, but the optimist knows it's a Nabisco wafer.

The Allies' polychrome army has given the phrase, "called to the colors" a fresh significance.

* * *

We presume that now the well-known and justly celebrated Sister Susie's Shipping Seeds to Serbia.

* * *

Enver Bey has received the Iron Cross from the Kaiser. He got the double cross some time ago.

* * *

Russia has banished the swallow, but it is not so easy to avoid the double-eagle.

* * *

When a girl has a nifty pair of ankles, she can usually find an excuse to go shopping on a rainy day.

* * *

Giving an Iron Cross to a Turkish general does better credit to Wilhelm's generosity than to his tact.

* * *

A good many family trees are shady.

* * *

"Nabs Hold-up Trio." Glad to see somebody can catch threes.

* * *

Vox Teddi; vox dei?

* * *

The "war bride's" shower must be a golden one.

* * *

Constantine's slogan seems to be "Greece at any price!"

* * *

They that take the sword shall perish by the bomb, shrapnel, gas, mine, torpedo.

* * *

Mr. Lansing's reported love of Dickens may explain his fondness for "American Notes."

* * *

Speaking of commerce destroyers, there's La Follette.

* * *

The war has been hard on the horses, but a mighty good thing for the Colts.

* * *

Never mind, von Tirpitz; you're still an easy hundred babies ahead of Count Zeppelin.

* * *

The consensus of opinion appears to be that a bigger regular would be in the nature of a salvation army.

Londoners seem to be British subjects and German objects.

* * *

The Czar must be an easy mark, judging by the number of bad checks he has accepted.

* * *

From Britain's viewpoint, Mesopotamia has the most unkindest Kut of all.

* * *

At the present rate, there isn't going to be much left of the earth for the meek to inherit.

* * *

Mexico seems to be the outlaw and without law country.

* * *

It seems that Montenegro had plenty of mountains, but not enough Krags.

* * *

It is no use to feel important because somebody addresses you as "Colonel." The chances are that the man has forgotten your name.

* * *

Guatemala having refused to pay, England has sent the cruiser Aeolus to raise the wind.

* * *

It is not good for man to be alone, but he will be if he has the price of only one drink.

* * *

What this old world needs is more bouquets handed around to folks when they are alive and kicking. Flowers don't do a dead one much good.

* * *

The Sunday fishermen and the war correspondents are not the only liars in this world. There is the politician lad who says the newspapers always misquote him.

* * *

"British to comb sea for Moewe." Probably want a brush with her.

* * *

Luke McLuke says the openwork waist is back. We must look into this matter.

* * *

Bryan is in "Who's Who", but he'll never get into "Here's How!"

* * *

The great trouble about the fellows whose only books are woman's looks is that they are seldom satisfied with a five-foot shelf.

There appears to be a general suspicion that Sayville has been saying too much.

* * *

"Fear God and take your own part," urges the Colonel. Well, that is better than taking Colombia's part, for instance.

* * *

All of the opposing lawyers in the divorce case of Ferdinand Hell vs. Bertha Hell can await the result with supreme equanimity. Win or lose, there will be Hell to pay.

* * *

At any rate, the miserable he-creatures who contend that women are not the salt of the earth have sense enough to omit Lot's wife as an illustration of their arguments.

* * *

"Wilson Says Country is Awake."—Headline. Our observation has been that the country is usually awake by 4 a. m. and up milking the cows.

* * *

Italy's idea of bloody warfare seems to be sending the poet d'Annunzio in an aeroplane every few days to drop the fiercest imaginable odes and sonnets on the enemy.

* * *

Famous Roses.

Jack
Four
Randolph
Niel Prim—
Pen—

* * *

Town Topics.

Los Angeles—weather.
New York—skating.
Columbia—square meals.
Charleston—prohibition.
Pittsburgh—pig iron.
Oyster Bay—ME.
Augusta—Tom Watson.
Boston—beans.
Washington—pork barrel.
Atlanta—hot air.

* * *

A wonderful Jane, so we must maintain,
Is Miss Sophonisba Hood,
In her winter hat she's so pretty that
She does not have to be good.

A Newport News correspondent refers to "the broad mouth of the James." Why this eternal picking on Ollie?

* * *

9 Equals I-Ex.

(With apologies to Cartoonist Grieg.)

FaiRbanks.
BurtOn.
RoOt.
CumminS.
HughEs.
RooseVelt.
WeEks.
HadLey.
Taft.

* * *

"What is the attitude of the South towards the President's preparedness programme?" asks the New York Evening Post. Like the attitude of a paragrapher toward his pay envelope, or that of a kitten toward a bowl of milk, or that of a German toward a beaker of beer. If our contemporary desires any further examples, we are prepared to furnish 'em.

* * *

"There is a lot going on inside of me," says the President. There is a lot going on inside of us, too, and next time we try to combine dill pickles and sweet potato pie there'll be a trick in it.

* * *

Some Famous Horses.

High.
Dark.
Charlie.
Trojan.
Hobby.

* * *

It's to be hoped the big guns those French women are helping make will be as hard to silence as they are.

* * *

Quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that Mr. Wilson deliver prepared speeches on that Western tour.

* * *

Generals Scott and Bliss, who ought to know, have come out unreservedly for the Continental army idea, and the whole plan seems so feasible and altogether sensible that there is practically no chance that Congress will adopt it.

We judge from the esteemed Congressional Record that the great trouble with some of our rising young statesmen is that they rise entirely too often.

* * *

Betcha!

Our dear friend Luke
McLuke is ill,
And has to take
Each hour a pill;
But does he rave
And rant and curse?
Nay! nay! He has
A pretty nurse.

* * *

And what has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to go to the matinee and weep copiously when they tied the beautiful heroine to the railroad tracks, or when the swarthy villyun turned out the two poor little orphans into the snow and sleet?

* * *

"Any one with half an eye," begins a New York American editorial. If Brother Hearst will show us any one with half an eye, or even two-fifths of an eye, we'll cheerfully engage to read the rest of the stuff.

* * *

The poor man's wreck is now complete;
We speak of George McClabby:
He was too fond of whiskey neat,
And that's why he is shabby.

* * *

"Washington's views menaced by stacks"; evidently old Uncle Joe has accumulated the usual row in front of him.

* * *

Probably nothing consoles a fat woman more than to have another woman tell her that nobody would suspect she didn't have a corset on.

* * *

Keep Standing.

1. "Lusitania Case Now at Crisis."
2. "Lusitania Crisis Acute."
3. "Diplomatic Relations May be Severed."
4. "Germany's Answer Relieves Strain."
5. "Lusitania Controversy Almost Settled."
6. "Crisis Again Very Grave."

Etc. Etc. Etc.

Our Charlotte spy reports that the old town shelled out the munificent sum of 6—count 'em—6 bucks for the Jewish relief fund. There is no use talking; let those Tarheels get a little money and they'll squander it like drunken sailors.

* * *

How the Society Editors Love 'Em!

"Gracious hostess."
"Attractive debutante."
"Spacious parlors."
"Tasteful decorations."
"Genial host."
"Dainty refreshments."
"Popular visitor."
"Quiet wedding."

* * *

We see by the New York World that it engaged in "exposing" somebody or something again, and we suppose the old paper is radiantly happy. Next to a Hearst paper, which never exposes anything unless it is unpopular, The World is our leading little exposer, but we must say for it that it wades right into its subject snortingly whether the move is popular or not.

* * *

The course of true neutrality never did run smooth.

* * *

When money talks, its remarks are never deleted by the censor.

* * *

London's six best cellars seem to be maintaining a steady popularity.

* * *

Poor old Czar is not only unable to advance, but can't even hold his zone.

* * *

Nobody ever seems to temper the full-house to the shorn paragrapher.

* * *

Britain's new order of anti-aircraft guns probably listed as overhead expenses.

* * *

The Ally intimation appears to be that if we don't give up, they may have to.

* * *

A nature-faker might say that the bulls are making the bears the goats.

* * *

William Dean Howell's statement that young men should not write for money finds every college boy's daddy in hearty accord.

Few things in life are more pathetic than a couple of drunk men making elaborate plans about what they are going to do next day.

* * *

Last week, incidentally, appears to have taken the rest out of Bucharest.

* * *

Greek reservists here contend that they should shine as much in war as in peace.

* * *

"Root for President" is an Ohio State Journal headline. We rise to offer an interpolation: "Root for the President."

* * *

A shipload of German playthings has reached New York, and here we didn't even know Turkey's Cabinet had left the country.

* * *

"Do not forget that only a few weeks ago William of Germany paid homage to the memory of Saladin, the Moslem foe of the Crusaders."—Philadelphia North American. Well, if we have our history on straight, Saladin was a kind of man that no Christian need be ashamed of doing homage to.

* * *

It is understood that King George will raise the peerage to Louis Botha.

* * *

It is certainly a lucky thing there was no von Tirpitz in old Noah's day.

* * *

In diplomatic problems as well as chemistry, precipitation never gets a solution.

* * *

Ty Cobb says he never drinks, but it is thought he does not object to seeing the bases full.

* * *

The President's note will soon be framed. Germany's notes appear to have been framed-up.

* * *

Just because the President works his own typewriter, von Jagow mustn't think he takes dictation.

* * *

Kings are human, just like the rest of us, and probably old George wishes to goodness every time he has to invest a nice-looking lady with the Order of the Garter that Mary didn't feel she had to be present at the ceremony, too.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and Mr. Edison is expected to qualify as its papa.

* * *

We observe by the news from Flanders that General Haig has again scotched the enemy.

* * *

We don't know what they'll call the submarine Tom Edison intends to invent, but it will be A-1.

* * *

Suspicion grows that the beam in T. R.'s eye is a one-term plank.

* * *

Mr. Bryan's family tree evidently bears dates.

* * *

Petrograd reports that the entire nation is praying for the Russian arms, but it strikes us at this juncture some prayers for the Russian legs might be much more effective.

* * *

Some one in Pickens asks us if the Germans are using Paris green on the Bug river. We can't say, but judging by the dispatches there is no Prussian blue there.

* * *

A man will walk by a store that has an attractive line of silk stockings in the window, without a second glance; but he'll walk a mile out of his way to see a pair that have something in 'em.

* * *

When it comes to making capital out of labor, it's hard to beat "Mother" Jones.

* * *

Any war dispatch, in brief: "Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch onward."

* * *

Needles and pins, needles and pins; when a land's neutral its trouble begins.

* * *

Evolution of Chicago Aristocracy.

Pigs.

Priggs.

* * *

All the world's a stage, and it's a dead easy guess which sex has all the speaking parts.

* * *

It sounds paradoxical, but all of Haiti's avowed candidates for President are dark horses.

Wrinkle, wrinkle, little face;
How you soon will lose your grace
If your owner still with paint
Tries to make you what you ain't.

* * *

You can't blame those Frenchmen for firing on the German band that struck up the Marseillaise—especially if you ever heard a German band playing the Marseillaise.

* * *

Guilford, N. C., gave birth to Uncle Joseph Cannon, but the old town has been conducting itself so quietly and modestly ever since that hardly anybody ever brings the fact up against it now.

* * *

Ah, ye knights of the pen! May honor be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword, and have at him!

* * *

And here is a saying
Of old Mr. Starr:
"A smile on the face is
Worth two on the bar."

* * *

Will woman, ever kind, suffer us a little while to live with suffrage off our mind?

* * *

When a girl has a classy pair of ankles, she can always find plenty of shopping to do on a wet day.

* * *

Here is one thing doth much chagrin
And puzzle this here scout:
Why do we say a man's all in
When he is down and out?

* * *

A tactful clerk, we can attest,
Is our friend, Maurice Green;
For when there is an old maid guest
He gives her suite 16.

* * *

Maud Muller on a winter's day,
(We know that this is shocking),
Hopped on a car and showed, they say,
Quite a good deal of agility.

* * *

Some like the lark, the quail, the dove,
But our choice beats them hollow;
The bird that mostly wins our love
Is just a little swallow.

Let's make it possible for the hungry Belgians to sing "We knead thee every hour."

* * *

Constantinople insists that the Petrograd correspondent is lying on the Ottoman.

* * *

Those frozen rivers in Poland knew how to make themselves solid with the invaders.

* * *

Europe is making Mexico seem like a Chautauqua meeting by comparison.

* * *

We see by the theatrical news that "King John" is the new Mantell piece.

* * *

Most conspicuous feature about Democratic economy is the "con."

* * *

Just after China invited T. R. to visit her, she changed the election laws so that the President's term may be indefinite. We're on, China!

* * *

From his wonderful command of the English language, one would never suspect that Woodrow Wilson had had a thorough college education.

* * *

'Raus Mit 'Em!

Of all the pests
We hate the rummy
Who jabs his finger
In your tummy.
Then there's the guy
We'd like to whack,
Who slaps you on
The sunburned back.

* * *

Keep Standing.

"Francis Joseph Critically Ill."
"Crown Prince Reported Killed."
"Cruiser Goeben Sent to Bottom."
"Kaiser's Condition Grave."
"Americans Missing in Mexico."
"Hearst Attacks President."

* * *

Sissy.

A sissy is Percy Peet,
Who's one of the peace faction;
He does not want a bigger fleet,
For it might strip for action.

* * *

A subsidized newspaper, as we understand it, is one that doesn't agree with your views.

Prosperity is now pretty general, but those Russian ballet dancers seem to be making a bare living.

* * *

Ed DeCamp tells us that there is no reason why "any one should have the blues." Ed, our observation has been that we will not have the blues long after bucking up against a few well-placed straights, flushes, full-dwellings and fours.

* * *

A man usually can't estimate what another man's suit cost within five dollars. But a woman can look at another woman's suit and tell what it cost within five cents.

* * *

Brush runabouts—Pullman porters.

* * *

It's obviously unsafe to hide behind a woman's skirt any longer.

* * *

First thing we know, we suppose some earnest prohibition solon will want to abolish our puppy dog on the ground that it is a little licker.

* * *

Many a man gets a big reputation for Virtue and Morality, when if the truth were known, the poor boob was simply scared of getting caught.

* * *

The next time we have to send Germany a note, we favor letting Billy Sunday write it.

* * *

Our understanding is that Britannia rules the waves on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

* * *

We judge from her latest pictures that Sister Tetrazzini is a little meteor than most stars.

* * *

Still, the Mexicans will never have as much trouble with their outlaws as most Americans with their in-laws.

* * *

G. O. P.—nut politics, so to speak.

* * *

Any war report, in brief: "Line's busy."

* * *

Nobody knows much about the Martian canals, but we suppose they come under the slidereal system.

* * *

Well, anyway, Belgium, for one, can't complain about our neutrality.

The painter of the celebrated peace picture in The Hague palace is dead. Peace preceded him some time ago.

* * *

The German who manages to bottle up England will certainly be a corker.

* * *

Judging by British naval losses, it's the Kaiser that put the dent in trident.

* * *

You might even refer to Philadelphia's negro evangelist as a sort of chocolate Sunday.

* * *

While the Navy needs more yards, the Army has Miles.

* * *

The pacifists ought to be lucky—they are always knocking Wood.

* * *

No wonder money talks. Isn't there a woman's face on the coins?

* * *

Another important difference between President Wilson and the Colonel is that the former wants the war over and the latter wants it over here.

* * *

Turkey takes a lot of basting.

* * *

Rio Grande is still leading the current news.

* * *

Lansing and von Bernstorff certainly take high rank as settlement workers.

* * *

There is no fool like an old fool, unless it is the fool who thinks he can outargue a woman.

* * *

A red-headed man knows his hair is red. But a red-headed woman's hair is always Auburn or Titian.

* * *

If the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth, those Turks are singularly blest.

* * *

This is the year when a number of persons born to the purple are going to be blue.

* * *

"Brandeis for Supreme Bench."—Headline. Jerusalem!

* * *

"Turks Fall Back on Mush." Just like the pacifist orators.

* * *

Seems paradoxical that Mr. Bryan's peace plans call for disappearing guns.

We regret to note by the Northern newspapers' "The Week in the Sixties" columns that the miserable Yanks are giving us the devil.

* * *

We trust that in the course of their daily walks the natives of Oyster Bay are very careful not to step on the Colonel's ear.

* * *

Naturally enough, most of the squealing against preparedness is coming from the pork barrel.

* * *

"Is the exposure of the ankle a deadly sin?" demands the New York World. Oh, no; that's only a sort of miss demeanor.

* * *

Our Daily Ditty.

Miss.
Kiss.
Bliss.

* * *

That Kansas skunk farm must be one of those social scenters we hear so much of.

* * *

Pennsylvania legislator proposes the laurel as the State flower. What's the matter with the Penrose?

* * *

Kiel should present a wonderful opportunity for German painters of still life.

* * *

Italy is shaped like a boot, but Turkey cheerfully recalls that the toe is pointing the other way.

* * *

Suffrage, sufferance, suffering.

* * *

If Britain doesn't let our ships alone, it'll soon be "Mad-in-America."

* * *

The Lord may be on Germany's side, as the Kaiser so impressively states at brief intervals, but it must be admitted that the Czar has an Archangel.

* * *

There may be no fool like an old fool, but our observation has been that the young fool runs him a pretty close second.

* * *

Justice Hughes' position seems to be that he will positively not accept the nomination under any circumstances unless he gets it.

Those Progressives are not bull-headed. If the G. O. P. refuses to nominate Roosevelt, they are willing to compromise on T. R.

* * *

One-half the world may not know how the other half lives, but that isn't because it is not doing its darndest to find out.

* * *

It's all right to sympathize with the under dog. But first be sure he didn't start the scrap.

* * *

"Czar Nicholas has left for the front." The front, at the present rate, will meet him half way.

* * *

Advertisement in the estimable Charleston News and Courier: "Lost, on the afternoon of Jan. 31, 1915: Double Case Lady's Gold Watch."

* * *

Count Zeppelin is called the hardest worker in Germany. And yet he can take life easy.

* * *

Pittsburgh policewomen are to censor the magazines. The fashion periodicals should worry.

* * *

Where there is a Kitchen, there is apt to be pork.

* * *

One-term pledge will be carried out —on a stretcher.

* * *

"Mr. Wilson is afraid of only two men—the Kaiser is one, and I am the other."—Colonel Roosevelt. How that man does hate himself!

* * *

The average husband is likely to find that new "battleship bonnet" a revenue cutter.

* * *

If Bethlehem Steel is one of the "war brides," South Carolina cotton must have been one of its widows.

* * *

As we understand it, Hoke Smith cares not who writes the world's laws so he can write its cotton quotations.

* * *

Congress seems as determined to limit immigration as the South Carolina legislature is to restrict irrigation.

* * *

In the midst of Life there is generally a paragraph knocking the South.

It is said Hon. Hoke Schmidt is so crazy over cotton that his very look is baleful.

* * *

As a general proposition, it's safer to indorse a man's sentiments than his note.

* * *

King George is of a sober breed
That never gets a jag on,
So when he falls, it's off his steed
And not the grand old wagon.

* * *

Human nature is a depraved old rascal, and our observation is that an artistically designed illustrated corset ad. will get a hundred earnest perusers for every one who wants to know how the Russians are coming along on the Bug.

* * *

Our notion of the height of irony is a European congregation singing "They call us to deliver their land from error's chain."

* * *

Count Zeppelin says aerial warfare will last. A lot of aviators won't though.

* * *

The average darkey's notion of a labor-saving device is a wife who takes in washing.

* * *

Judging by their bemedalled pictures, the generals get about as many orders as they give.

* * *

King Constantine and the Sultan ought to form a partnership under the firm name of Sick & Tired.

* * *

Fortune tellers—Dun and Bradstreet.

* * *

It may not be the home of the brave, but Thaw's lawyers know it's the land of the fee.

* * *

New Culebra slides may prevent our warships from passing through. That certainly is the most unkindest cut of all.

* * *

The unspeakable Turk is rapidly making the Armenians the same way.

* * *

A word to the wise is a waste of breath.

T. R. reiterates his belief in the recall of Presidents—to say nothing of the recall of ex-Presidents.

• • •

Booze will make a monkey out of a man. But it hasn't a thing on Daniel P. Cupid that way.

• • •

It developes that Mr. Bryan does not care for baseball. Probably hates to see the bases full.

• • •

Our understanding is that the last American shipload of food for the starving Belgians was the best the Germans ever ate.

• • •

"Women aim at peace." The target is perfectly safe.

• • •

Have the Remington strike leaders received their Iron Crosses yet?

• • •

Money goes to many a woman's head, as friend husband discovers when the hat bills ooze in.

• • •

The poet d'Annunzio has suffered a head injury, but his feet still seem to be all right.

• • •

The trouble about some American descendants of Germans is that they seem to think it was quite a descent.

• • •

Opportunity doesn't knock half as often as importunity.

• • •

Conditions in Haiti are usually revolting.

• • •

Those Turkish corps that are being annihilated seem to have plural lives, also.

• • •

Those English recruits training at Epsom may be booked to join the old salts.

• • •

Beyond the Alps lies Italy and snores.

• • •

Footnote: King Constantine has a cold.

• • •

Armament virumque cano.

• • •

At that, our most rabid pro-Teutons will have to concede that the dachshund is a mighty low down dog.

It must come natural for waiters to walk on tip-toe.

• • •

The best way to display a neutral flag would seem to be on the ship's bottom.

• • •

We suppose John Bull puts those Zep. raids under the head of high crimes and misdemeanors.

• • •

"Cracksmen Got Away With Unredeemed Pledges," says a headline in a New York contemporary. So did Congress.

• • •

Some men are born without a vision and others try to sell mineral water in Kentucky.

• • •

Possibly you have deduced from our comments on the war that there are very few Turkish subscribers to this paper.

• • •

A House divided against itself can not stand for American rights.

• • •

That Ypres canal seems to be the European cripple creek.

• • •

It is all right to tell a man that you like his makeup. But you don't want to tell a woman that.

• • •

Story of a German surgeon making a jawbone from a rib recalls that Genesis scooped it ages ago.

• • •

We suppose they reckon distances in Oklahoma as the Jim Crow flies.

• • •

You can't judge by appearances. The most angel-faced youth we know can tell jokes that would make Joseph G. Cannon blush for shame.

• • •

The suff. contention, of course, is for the freedom of the shes.

• • •

Sometimes we sit and wonder in our idle way what in the mischief Eve did when the cold weather came.

• • •

It is a safe bet those English women companies for home defense will intrepidly face the powder.

• • •

Poor old Turkey, she's made a hash of it, as usual.

Mexican General Chao needs only an extra letter to fit nicely into the situation.

* * *

Current "Life" is a John Bull Number, this disposing of the theory that the Teutons had got his number.

* * *

"Turkish tobacco famine threatened." When did all those North Carolina factories shut down?

* * *

Every one of us has a particular friend, and some that are not so particular.

* * *

Red eyes are a sign that a man ought to have glasses or that he has had too many of 'em.

* * *

Prohibition in those counties on the Tarheel border sounds like moonshine to us.

* * *

T. R.'s revision: "ME pluribus unum!"

* * *

The Literary Digest is interested in the origin of the first movies. Our understanding is that they were Adam and Eve.

* * *

The Turks claim they will win in the long run, but they don't seem to be any slouches at the sprints, either.

* * *

It's the American advances that gratify London as deeply as the British advance.

* * *

A whole lot of grievances are nursed on a bottle.

* * *

Absent-minded Math. professor, on sentry duty: "Advance, friend, and give the co-sine!"

* * *

A well turned ankle is responsible for many a well turned head.

* * *

We have heard many dainty little compliments to the Atlanta police force, but this, from a Monmouth, Ill., paper is about the limit: "Lincoln McConnell is scheduled to appear at the city auditorium tomorrow. Mr. McConnell once was a policeman in Atlanta, but was converted to Christianity."

Drawing-rooms—dental parlors.

* * *

The best All-Star combination is the American flag.

* * *

The first Christmas Eve, we presume, was Adam's.

* * *

Some girls are hard to get around, but not the trim-waisted ones.

* * *

A visit to the butcher furnishes conclusive proof that the beef trust still stands at Armourgeddon.

* * *

A hen is not necessarily absent-minded just because she can't find things where she lays them.

* * *

The first squalls on the sea of matrimony are invariably followed by a spanking breeze.

* * *

As we understand it, the surest way to make a living by the pen is to raise pigs.

* * *

Some single men are so stingy they hate to give up bachelor's quarters for a better half.

* * *

"A man who calls too often," says Laura Jean Libbey, "renders himself a nuisance." Depends, we would say, a good deal on what he holds.

* * *

Our observation has been that the only justification some men have for calling themselves live wires is the fact that the clothes they have on are charged.

* * *

Five years ago, you told a girl you would like to see more of her. Modern girls have made any such remark entirely unnecessary.

* * *

"Chinese Suffragist Puts Modesty First."—New York Times. East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

* * *

These "Post no bills" signs ought to be put on every letter-box.

* * *

Chicago has a dog that chews tobacco. He must be a Spitz.

* * *

Isn't it queer how often a straight ticket is crooked?

"Rockefeller and Morgan Ancestry Traced Back to Monarch."—Headline. Probably one of the seizers.

* * *

You can always depend on Colonel Bryan to do the write thing.

* * *

"England Bars Yarn Exports"—but the censor beat her to it long ago.

* * *

The world may be growing better, but we notice that at the art sales, "Psyche at the Bath" continues to fetch a good deal stiffer price than "St. Angus at his Meditations."

* * *

And what has become of the old-time damsel who used to hop on a chair and scream when she saw a mouse?

* * *

The best calling cards—a royal flush.

* * *

CHRISTMAS, 1915.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

To Her.

To old Santa.

To our noble self.

To poor old Henry 4d.

To Messrs. Haig & Haig.

To the inventor of the short skirt.

To Woodrow Wilson, for keeping us out of it.

To the unfortunate souls we owe money to.

To all the brethren of the quill everywhere.

To all other anti-okraites and anti-polka-dotters.

To Marse Watterson, and more power to his pen.

To everybody in general, and the kiddies in particular.

To every dear creature that wears a skirt. God bless 'em!

To Queen Sophie for letting Constantine know who's boss.

To all the Princesses who are going to propose to us next year.

To our dentist, for stopping a little short of killing us completely.

To "Papa Joffre," the savior of France, and to the glorious poilus.

To the weather man, even if he didn't come across with a fall of the beautiful.

To Frank L. Stanton, Georgia's sunshine dispenser, and may he live to be a million.

To the gentleman who sends us our subsidy of British gold promptly every week.

To everybody we should have thought of greeting in the Colyum today, but didn't.

To all Byzantine logothetes, of whatever race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

To William of Hohenzollern, cruel, wilful and wrong-headed, but considerable man for all that.

To the Allies and the Teutons; but the only merry thing we wish the heathen Turk is merry h—.

To the New York World and the New York Times, the powerful bulwarks of the Democratic press.

To our more or less gentle readers, for so amiably overlooking the great age of some of our so-called jokes.

To Greece and Roumania, for not entering the war and deluging us with a new crop of unpronounceable names.

To Generals French and Haig, for having been accommodating enough to be born with such punnable names.

To the teller of our bank, for refraining from laughter when we ask importantly what our account is now.

To Deacon Hemphill, of Charleston, Richmond, Charlotte, Philadelphia, Washington, and the country at large.

To King George, with the earnest advice to straddle a Shetland pony next time he feels like doing any riding.

To Lord Kitchener, for having enough sense to steer clear of that there aged duchess who tried to snag him.

To the great and good man and brother who dealt us an ace on the last card yesterday at the critical moment.

To Hon. Ring W. Lardner, who originated the Friend A1 stuff, having thereby enabled us to fill up many a stickful of space.

To the thousands of loyal friends and subscribers who have stuck so loyally to the old pape through sunshine and shadow.

To Old Doc Cook, Dumba, Boy-Ed, Von Papen, Panch Villa, Don Whiskeranza, 'Gus Gardner and Cap'n Hobson, for the paragraphs they have made.

To the great, glorious, glittering and gifted galaxy of exchange editors who have embroidered their editorial pages with cullings from this Colyum of Chatter.

To that brave antique, the divine Sarah, and here's hoping she gets well and makes an annual farewell appearance in this old land of the free until she is 150.

To all sick folk, the bedridden, and the shut ins, and to those not so well endowed with this world's goods as us, though personally we don't believe there can possibly be any such.

To Bro. Hearst, whose little faults we feel it our bounden duty from time to time to point out and endeavor to correct, in our helpful little way, though it must be confessed that the man doesn't seem to pay the least bit of attention to us.

To Teddy of the Teeth, whom we exhort to enjoy the limelight while he can, for the way Woodrow and the mighty hosts of an unterrified and imperishable Democracy are going to dust the seat of the man's pants next year will be a caution.

To Ed DeCamp, Robert Quillen, Watson Bell, Joe Patton, Elder Caine, "Sid Alyn," Sam Farabee, "Jim" Cowan, the Myrovers, Wig. Cheatham, Rion McKissick, Pierre Fike, Tom Arnold, Harold Booker, Rev. Sam Creech, Charlie Hearon, Al Hutchison, Dixon Merritt, "Bud" Stephenson, W. H. Wallace, John D. Spencer, Bob Gray, Ed Lambright and Jim Hamel.

To Our Own Doc Evans, from whose comforting column we learn today that we are pretty sound, wind and limb, with the trifling exceptions of pneumonia, diptheria, bronchitis, asthma, diabetes, dyspepsia, dropsy, poor circulation, rheumatism, neuralgia, milk leg, yellow jaundice, catarrh, vertigo, scrofula, softening of the brain, St. Vitus's fox trot and pink eye.

The old-fashioned woman who was afraid of a mouse now has a daughter whose hair is full of rats.

* * *

Stick to it, Woodrow. The people are behind you, and there is nothing frozen about their props.

* * *

Von Bernstorff is said to be fond of the movies, and the indications are that he'll soon be one himself.

* * *

When a married man goes home hungry late at night, he always gets a piece of tongue and a roast.

* * *

When a woman gets to be 30 years old, she will be 31 in about four years.

* * *

Pig-headed stubbornness is the perseverence of somebody we don't like.

* * *

"Paddy" is a boy's nickname. But it fits some of the sisters mighty well.

* * *

Germany has barred the export of apples, as she needs every corps she can get.

* * *

Perhaps the pork-brigade will take more kindly to a bigger navy when they learn there's a trough of the sea.

* * *

It must be a great relief for once for the girls to be able to pop the question without having to question pop.

* * *

Some Famous Toms.

Thumb
Watson
Titmouse
Dixon
Cat.
Boy
The Piper's Son
Fool
Tit.

* * *

The Sequel.

International law.
International jaw.

* * *

There are closed seasons for the other game. But you can hunt trouble the year around.

* * *

Germany's insistence on attacking armed ships doesn't seem to extend to the British Navy.

"Well," said the Man Who Never Reads the Papers, "now that the Germans have conquered Bulgaria and joined forces with the Russians, it looks bad for the Czar of Hungary, doesn't it? They tell me that if those Jap submarines don't stop sinking the Swiss ships, President Garrison will send them a note. I hear that Sir John Kitchener is now in command of the French army in China. By the way, what do you think of this preparedness-at-any-price idea of Henry Ford's?"

* * *

Yes, it IS Getting Warmer.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Van Tuyl of 4264 Athlone avenue are receiving congratulations on the arrival of twin infants yesterday, a boy and a girl. Mr. Van Tuyl is an artist.

* * *

"Women are marrying men and reforming them every day in the year," says the Boston Transcript. If they need reforming that often, the ladies certainly have our tenderest sympathy.

* * *

A Vet's Counsel.

Here's good advice relayed to us by
one whom poker pays:
"Don't call a bet, young man," he said,
"lay down your hand or raise."

* * *

No matter if a woman's wardrobe and closet are jam full of clothes, she always insists that she has nothing to wear.

* * *

Money is the root of all evil, and we all have spades.

* * *

Those Turkish checks appear to have been bogus.

* * *

How much pleasanter is the cock-a-doodle-doo of the Democratic rooster than the crow that falls to the portion of Republicans and Progressives!

* * *

If a man tried it, he'd be a candidate for the coroner in about five minutes. But a woman can have her mouth full of pins and chatter just as gaily as if there wasn't a thing there.

No girl is ever so homely that she doesn't imagine that every man she passes is secretly eating his heart out for her.

* * *

How do those who contend that woman is the intellectual inferior of man account for the fact that she can give a man a piece of her mind 365 days in the year and still have a huge reserve supply?

* * *

How Dear to Him!

"I have such a kind hearted mate!"
Exclaimed young Mrs. Mitty;
"He says he has to stay out late
At night to feed the kitty."

* * *

Bryant a la Mode.

The melancholy days are come,
The dryest of the year;
It's hard to get a little rum,
Or even a little beer.

* * *

An ounce of preparedness is worth a pound of pork.

* * *

One touch of scandal makes the whole world chin.

* * *

Burns up-to-date: A chiel's amang us writin' notes.

* * *

"The women of the country are not for peace-at-any-price," declares a prominent suff. You bet they are not, sister. They are for peace marked down to something—98c.

* * *

We presume that they call him Marse Hen. because he's the Nestor of American journalism.

* * *

"There are 140 races in Russian territory," with the Russians doubtless leading in most of 'em.

* * *

One of the Khedive's wives is missing, but that's just like a fellow losing a coin from a bag of $50 in nickles.

* * *

It's a great wonder the suffs don't insist that it be renamed the Panamama canal.

* * *

Mr. Marshall says he is entering upon four years of silence, but no man initialled "T. R." is going to keep quiet for four mortal years.

"Chaos Reigns in Mexico City." The capital must have settled down to normal at last.

* * *

Uneasy lies the head that wears a fez.

* * *

If John Bull keeps on, we'll have to start calling 'em the high sieze.

* * *

The Sublime Porte's sublimity is beginning to look like three dimes.

* * *

The fellow who predicted that the Turks would be in the running seems to have made a good guess.

* * *

Those insurgent Senators evidently forget that the ferrule is a part of every schoolmaster's equipment.

* * *

All the good jokes don't appear in the humorous weeklies. Frinstance, here's the New York American saying that it feels "emboldened to give a modest toot or two upon our own horn."

* * *

A square man never lacks a circle of friends.

* * *

Russia expects every consonant to do its duty.

* * *

We are inclined to fear that the French reports of the fighting around Lens are greatly magnified.

* * *

"Knight of the Garter Killed." Whatdye mean, "No metal can touch you?"

* * *

As we understand the situation, whenever a German army heaves in sight, the Russians beat it.

* * *

A fool and his money are soon petted.

* * *

It's no treason to say we like Wilson, but Roosevelt is better still.

* * *

In other words, Ally liners contend that guns are a stern necessity.

* * *

In discussing the Germans, Colonel Hank Watterson firmly refuses to ascend to personalities.

* * *

Those Italians don't seem to be very much good at the forward pass.

If organized baseball had an official dance, we suppose it would be the can-can.

* * *

England seized a cargo of sausage skins as contraband. Probably took 'em off a bark.

* * *

One hears a lot of facetious criticism of feminine hosiery, but it's all right as far as we can see.

* * *

With Britain excluding Lady Nicotine, she can't expect Virginia to back 'er.

* * *

A little intuition gets a man farther in this life than a lot of tuition.

* * *

An American right the belligerents might respect would be one to the jaw.

* * *

With all due respect to Mrs. Pankhurst, the hand that rocks the windows will never be the hand that rules the world.

* * *

Apparently a Turkish commander is entitled Bey because he leads a dog's life.

* * *

Germany's birth rate shows a decrease. The mailed fist leaves no room for undressed kids.

* * *

Worst licked, Mr. Taft, but best liked. Isn't that worth something?

* * *

Every time a Turkish soldier falls about 110 women have to put on crepe.

* * *

A man will use a public hairbrush in a club washroom and wipe his flappers on a towel that looks like the Liberian flag. But if he goes home and finds that one of the family has used his hairbrush and left a few hairs in it and that the bathroom towels are slightly soiled, he has a 12-cylinder, 18-karat fit.

* * *

Add Songs of Long Ago.

"Oh, take me to that happy land where
rivers of beer are found;
Where sweet gin-rickeys fill the air
and highballs roll on the ground.
Wha-a-at! Highballs roll on the
ground?
Sure! Highballs roll on the ground!"

Petrograd revision:
"For how can man lie better
Than facing fearful oddski
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his godski?"

* * *

Poor old human nature was ever prone to magnify the mote and forget the beam, and we don't suppose there is more hearty snickering anywhere over those quaint little petticoats the Greek warriors wear than in what's left of the rank and file of the Gordon Highlanders or the Black Watch.

* * *

The Kaiser, thinks the Edgefield Advertiser, "has a sympathetic cord in his breast." Yep, that's the one he uses for stringing us.

* * *

We have no excuse to make for our Anglomania. We love the old country like a woman loves chicken salad, and that is considerable affection.

* * *

If the Turk continues his present gait in Armenia, he'll soon become almost as bad as us Christians.

* * *

And what has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to knot her money in her handkerchief?

* * *

Britain has barred all metal exports, but we understand that coppers from Ireland will continue to arrive as heretofore.

* * *

Probably the best thing yet said of the President's speaking trip is The Wall Street Journal's characterization of it as a tour de force.

* * *

Chapter I—Jug.
Chapter II—Jag.
Chapter III—Jugged.

* * *

Germany's "whittling down" process seems to have a sort of reverse English.

* * *

We have sent a shipload of horses to Russia, but those thirsty moujiks would much prefer a few ponies.

* * *

"Look up, not down," urges an exchange. Not while the ankle-watch is in vogue.

The surest sign of rigid neutrality is when both combatants complain of it.

* * *

America is the world's largest producer of copper and Ireland of coppers.

* * *

Perhaps an immediation board would get quicker results in Mexico.

* * *

Chickens aren't the only things that come home to roost. There are love-letters.

* * *

It certainly would be interesting to overhear some of the explanations our missionaries are putting up to the heathen these days.

* * *

An Americus paper refers to Tom Watson as being in the public eye. We feel that we must disagree with our contemporary. Tom is not in the public eye. He is in the public nose.

* * *

Hard Luck.

We'd like to meet
John Henry Short;
'Tis rumored that
He has a quart.
—Macon Telegraph.

We fear that you
Will have to thirst;
You see, we met
John Henry first.

* * *

Prof. Newcomb says that in 7,000,000 years the sun will be only half its present size. No wonder Germany is so anxious for a place in it.

* * *

Life is full of disappointments. For instance, no sooner did the short skirt promise to reveal a few pretty good looking props than fashion had to go and decree that the girls must surround 'em with these here bronze shoes about a yard high.

* * *

Some Famous Feet.

Slew
Hay
Straw
Cloven
Cold.

Yep.

Here is a solemn truth, my son,
And one that you should know;
You can not hope to get a bun
Unless you have the dough.

* * *

Wow.

There was an old jurist named Hughes,
Who said, "I most firmly refughes
To get in the race
For friend Woodrow's place;
For it's a dead cinch I would lughes!"

* * *

A woman's notion of rigid economy is spending $1.98 less for something she needs so that she can spend $11.98 more for something she doesn't need.

* * *

Vienna reports consistent Austrian gains, it being now thought that they have so lengthened the gap that there is little hope of the Russians catching 'em.

* * *

A Kansas legislator is gunning for face-powder and perfume, and it looks as if he's going to make a vanity bag, too.

* * *

A celebrated alienist is dead, leaving a fortune of $500,000, which is probably the biggest money ever made out of nuts.

* * *

Torpedoing defenseless merchant ships is something like swatting a day-old infant with a baseball bat.

* * *

There are liars and liars. But the dirtiest liar of all is the "Welcome" on the door mat on the front porch.

* * *

The war so far has cost billions of francs, shillings and marks, and it may cost a few crowns as well.

* * *

Maybe marriages were made in heaven, but we believe in giving the old-fashioned porch-swing some credit.

* * *

Palmettodom is all forlorn,
No longer gay and merry;
It looks as if John Barleycorn
Must go with Tom and Jerry.

* * *

Who says there's nothing in a name? The author of "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier" is Alfred Bryan.

Somewhere east of Suez seems to be unhealthy for the Turk.

* * *

Half a loaf is better than no vacation.

* * *

In other words, if you can't wear your party's collar you are apt to get a cuff.

* * *

The earth may cease its revolutions in 5,000 years, as this astronomer predicts, but it's a safe bet Mexico won't.

* * *

When a girl has a brace of shapely props, she doesn't care how hard the wind blows.

* * *

Our understanding is that the Cologne Gazette is the New York American of Germany.

* * *

Penrose must have forgotten that the "Pay-as-you-enter" plan of electing Senators is obsolete.

* * *

Well, you'd naturally look for Gore after Lansing.

* * *

Keeping in the middle of the road is a certain way of stopping the rocks from both sides.

* * *

Dardanelles is probably the only instance where three kings can't open under the guns.

* * *

Count that day queer, whose low descending sun brings no fresh news that Duke Nick's on the run.

* * *

Mr. Edison's remarks on preparedness are naturally illuminating.

* * *

"Made-in-Germany" also appears to extend to our munitions conspiracies.

* * *

We should help clothe those ragged Poles. The dogs of war can furnish only the pants.

* * *

If we lived in the theatre of war, we believe we'd go out between the acts pretty often.

* * *

Even Rev. Billy couldn't do much good with a hopeless backslider like the Gaillard cut.

* * *

French heels don't appear to be in fashion any more along the Aisne.

We suppose Berlin is now thoroughly acquainted with the fact that the will in Wilson is still doing business at the same old stand.

* * *

Possibly trouble might be obviated by the Kaiser's consenting to allow us the use of his ocean on, say, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

* * *

The more pork Congress kills the more bacon it saves.

* * *

Rivers of ink have flowed in ridicule of the late Anthony Comstock. But we wish that we were half as sure a niche in heaven as he is.

* * *

European nations evidently think they can solve the food problem by making mincemeat of one another.

* * *

Current references to war's "wrinkled front" explain in part its unpopularity with the feminine contingent.

* * *

Sing Sing's quaint little idea of tact is appointing a spiritual visitor to the condemned a reverend gentleman named Cashin.

* * *

With most of the peer supply cut off, American girls are now being loved for their pink faces instead of their greenbacks.

* * *

Since the new styles came in, most of the street-corner lads are willing for the damsels to have all the place in the sun they want.

* * *

Probably nothing in the world tickles an old maid more than catching somebody in something he or she has no business doing.

* * *

In that day the lion shall lie down with the lamb, Col. Bryan and Col. Roosevelt shall sleep together.

* * *

Once upon a time there was a surgeon who did not decide that an immediate operation was necessary.

* * *

Well, you can usually count on Haiti to lend some color to the news.

* * *

When a man has to be shadowed, it's usually an indication that he's shady.

If Carranza can't have peace himself, he evidently isn't going to let anybody else have it.

* * *

Another thing Prof. Taft has done since quitting office was to knock into everlasting smithereens that traditional "Nobody-loves-a-fat-man" theory.

* * *

It seems to be the general impression that Berlin government circles aren't square.

* * *

We don't mind Germany forging ahead, but not in the matter of American passports.

* * *

"Germans fighting with fire." In this country they prefer playing with it.

* * *

Turks rushing to enlist evidently prefer the jaws of death to the jaws of life.

* * *

The grape is said to be Mr. Bryan's favorite fruit. Next to that he likes a date.

* * *

Here Is a Chant of Hate Agin Okra.

Try it over on your Ford:
Cabbage and squash, they matter not;
Spinach, tomatoes, or peppers hot;
We love them not, we hate them not;
We praise them not, nor yet berate.
We have but one and only hate,
Though we love many, we hate but one:
We have one hate, and one alone:
OKRA!
Come, let us stand in the marketplace,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons (if any; otherwise daughters will do) to take.
Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the commonwealth make it heard:
We will never forego our hate;
We have all but a single hate;
We love as one; we hate as one;
We hate one stew and one alone:
OKRA!

* * *

The Turk's dream seems to have turned out to be a nightmare.

Among the athletics in a Panama fair race was Mr. Bugg. He started, of course, from scratch.

* * *

It must be something else when a Turkish soldier has to sit down and read all his letters from the family.

* * *

"Women and children first!" admonished Count Zeppelin, as he ordered another raid on London.

* * *

Is this Colonel Tiddy
Who wants us all riddy
With guns and with threasure
The foe to repel?
It IS Colonel Tiddy
Who wants us all riddy;
Upon me sowl, Tiddy,
You're doing d——d well!

* * *

Yale's showing has been so disappointing this year that it is persistently rumored that Mr. Walter Camp will put only seven or eight Yale men on his All-American team, instead of the usual eleven.

* * *

Republics are notoriously ungrateful, but they have no monopoly of that commodity. Greece, for instance, is just now putting up the classiest little exhibition of ingratitude this generation is likely to see.

* * *

Some Revenue Cutters.

Automobiles
Wives
Licker
Poker
Butchers.

* * *

If a body meet a body who is full of rye,
Take a tip, and pass that body very quickly by.

* * *

The greatest pest
Of whom we know
Is he who says
"I told you so."

* * *

The Progress of Kultur.

1865—Sherman.
1915—German.

* * *

Seems paradoxical, but one's dearest friend is the one who always wants a loan.

The chill wind moans
Among the trees;
We see the end
Of B. V. D.'s.

* * *

Would, ah, would that
Some genius gent
Would but invent
The songless cat!

* * *

This is a tolerably truthful old State. But Ananias must turn in his grave whenever a candidate announces that he is running only by reason of the earnest and repeated solicitation of his friends.

* * *

It is understood that in consequence of this country's vigorous representations Turkey will make a radical change in the treatment of Armenians, hanging or drowning them, instead of brutally shooting them.

* * *

Add popular fiction:
Idle rumor.
Common sense.
Human race.

* * *

War in the Balkans! Will it pass
Like vapor on a polished glass?
Or will the world in wonder see
A second stern Thermopylae?

* * *

The warring nations have their Iron Cross, Victoria Cross and Cross of the Legion of Honor, but the Red Cross is the noblest and most glorious decoration of them all.

* * *

Why Paragraphers Go Crazy.

"How in the world do you think up all those things every day?"

"Do you dictate your stuff?"

"Isn't it a lot of trouble having to read all the exchanges?"

"Is everything you say original with you?"

"I thought of a good one for you yesterday, but I've forgotten it."

"If I sent you some real good dope, would I get anything for it?"

"Why don't you quit knocking the { Allies? / Germans?"

* * *

There was little fighting in Flanders yesterday. Wet grounds.

Bulgaria's theory is that a friend in need is no friend of hers.

* * *

The revelation that George Sylvester Viereck's most cherished possession is a violet from the grave of the poet is certainly enough to make the shade of Oscar Wilde.

* * *

Mexican leaders angrily insist that we are responsible for Mexico's hunger. Hence the expression, casus belli.

* * *

Before the marriage she thinks he is the Candy Kid. But afterwards she finds out that he is a Lemon Drop.

* * *

The breath of suspicion has cardamom seed in it.

* * *

Mr. Gardner says our warships can't hit. Nobody has ever been able to get a run out of them, either.

* * *

We suppose that John D. feels better since the news that Poland's new king will be anointed with oil.

* * *

The grand duke ought to be satisfied. He started out to lure the Germans into Russia, and he did it.

* * *

The Czar's subjects, according to a Western paper, are evincing a disposition to see Russia first, but the main question is, will they see Russia last?

* * *

"Paris to Try Chicago Beef," goes a headline. It's a dead cinch guessing that verdict.

* * *

The tone of Colonel Watterson's comments on the Kaiser have become very much more dignified and restrained, and all yesterday's Courier-Journal says is that he is bound straight for hell.

* * *

We are surprised to observe by the latest photographs that those Russian generals are as ferociously bearded as ever. We judged that they would show the effect of the lathering von Hindenburg gave 'em, to say nothing of their close shaves.

* * *

Two things that never jibe well with horse sense are an unbridled temper and the spur of the moment.

The indications are that Secretary Daniels is going to make the Navy even more formidable and efficient than the Republican barnacled editors had feared.

* * *

Many a time and oft we sit and wonder in our idle way what Sherman would have said about German diplomacy.

* * *

We see by the Massachusetts exchanges that another epidemic of Fossy jaw is now raging in the poor little State.

* * *

Our notion of an appropriately-named newspaper is the Russian military organ. It is "Russky Invalid."

* * *

Not the least entertaining feature of the situation is the Southern press vigorously denouncing copperheadism.

* * *

Russia reports that her new dreadnoughts are "combing the Black Sea." Doubtless want a brush with the enemy.

* * *

We are in favor of Colonel Roosevelt's taking his hand out of his hip pocket when he stands behind the President.

* * *

While real American papers are talking reason, the hyphenated editors seem to have tacked on a "t."

* * *

At that, the Liberty Bell isn't the only half-cracked object with a big tongue that has been in 'Frisco this month.

* * *

Sometimes we, too, have our moments of depression when we feel that a paragrapher is not without honor, save in his own country and everywhere else.

* * *

The question we have put up to Germany, we take it, is whether to run her war on the European or the American plan.

* * *

According to the Philadelphia Ledger, "the Bear reflectively licks his chops." So there is something he can lick, after all.

"'Keep on Being a Mother,' says T. R."—Headline. You're not talking to us, Colonel. We've struck.

* * *

You are not apt to be a corker if you are an uncorker.

* * *

However, Russia would cheerfully undergo a protracted beef shortage for only one slice of Turkey.

* * *

John Sharp can be mighty blunt.

* * *

In the midst of Life we usually find a naughty picture.

* * *

Dardanelles failure is just another example of a strait beating three kings.

* * *

"Southern editors behind Taft," goes a headline. No wonder we can't see 'em.

* * *

If Carranza can't or won't, we know a certain goateed elderly gentleman who can and will.

* * *

There seems to be a pretty general impression that the kind of compulsory education Mexico needs ought to lead off with triggernometry.

* * *

Corn dodgers—prohibitionists.

* * *

Constantine must be Greek for Hen Peck.

* * *

There's many a low trick pulled off on the high seas.

* * *

You never hear anybody saying of a man that his name is mud if he has sand.

* * *

Every time Constantine makes up his mind to join the allies, he goes home and Sophie tells him where he gets off.

* * *

Judging by the grouches some men take home, they seem to think that friend wife is personally responsible whenever anything goes wrong at the office.

* * *

Hyphenated enthusiasm for "Onward, Christian Soldiers" seems queer in view of the fact that one verse begins "We are not divided."

Our notion of the height of superfluity is an anti-treating law in Scotland.

* * *

Many of us can remember when Steel common was a regular laughingstock.

* * *

Why Librarians Go Crazy.

"I want a copy of Alexander the Pope's poems."

"Has Rider Haggard written anything since David Harum'"?

"Have you 'The Cricket on the Andirons.'"?

"No, I don't want 'The Life of Wagner'; I don't care a thing for baseball."

"Please give me Balzac's latest novel."

* * *

There are about 9,786,543 ways of getting on the good side of a woman, including protesting that you thought her daughter was her sister.

* * *

It took Don Whiskeranza a deuce of a time to put the ill in Villa, but the old scamp appears to have done the job at last.

* * *

You never hear any kick over old Santa's air raids.

* * *

"Ford is still sanguine." And Europe is still sanguinary.

* * *

If Roosevelt did join the Allies, we suppose they'd promptly assign him to the gas squad.

* * *

Lloyd-George is trying to woo the Welsh miners to conscription. He knows they'd be the pick of the army.

* * *

T. R. says Wilson is following in Taft's footsteps. Well, there's no danger of Woodrow missing the trail.

* * *

It must make a woman chuckle quietly to herself when she hears a Pullman porter address friend husband as "Boss."

* * *

A woman can make over an old dress so cleverly that it looks like brand new and all the men would swear it is brand new. But the other women can tell at a glance that it has been made over.

Judging by W. A. Evans, M. D.'s frequent diatribes against the demon rum, he must be one of those dry docs.

* * *

It is reported that in another search for the British navy, the German fleet made a daring raid almost to the very battlements of Kiel.

* * *

We know one ardent prohibitionist who hopes when he comes to die it will be of water on the brain. Meanwhile he has to content himself with a crick in the back.

* * *

The Congress will please come to disorder.

* * *

Evidently it was Britain that put the mess in Mesopotamia.

* * *

A Wonder.

A statesman whom we think is great
Is Mr. Lucius Lide;
He never rises in debate
And says, "I point with pride."

* * *

Why It's a Snap for Woodrow.

Cannon
Burton
Weeks
Whitman
Sherman
Borah
Cummins
Penrose
Root
La Follette.

* * *

This visiting English lady who so enthusiastically exclaims that American men are Apollos must take those illustrated clothing and union-suit ads too seriously.

* * *

The old-fashioned woman who used to hike up her skirt about eight inches when she boarded a trolley car now has a daughter who doesn't have to hike up hers at all.

* * *

Berlin's claim that a German fleet scoured the North Sea last week looking for the British Navy reminds us of the fellow who heard a noise downstairs and courageously marched up to the attic to beard the burglar to his face.

A girl would shriek with horror if you invited her to have an onion. But she will go down street so pungent with perfume that you can't keep on the same block with her.

* * *

And don't you believe for a minute that all the classy liars are in the war zone writing for the papers. There is the lad who tells his wife that he never plays higher than a 5-cent limit in the little games at the club.

* * *

We would not be the weather man for all of John D.'s rocks, for him do all the kickers pan with every brand of knocks. They raise their voice in loud complaining, they rave and rant and swear, they cuss him awful when it's raining, they cuss him when it's fair. There's nothing the man does that suits, although he does his best, he can't please the sour-mugged galoots; they never let him rest. We would not be the weather guy, forever getting bumps. If it should come to a choice, why we'd rather be an umps!

* * *

Famous Heads.

Crowned
Wooden
Mutton
Pin
Figure
Swell
Bone
Pudd'n
Block

* * *

Don't you believe for a minute that a milliner hasn't the whole bunch skinned as a diplomat. When she wants to sell an expensive hat, she tells the customer that some woman the customer doesn't like is thinking of buying it.

* * *

Poor Simp!

Here lies what's left of Heinrich Hunn;
We would he had been wiser;
He walked up to Marse Watterson,
And hollored, "Hoch der Kaiser!"

* * *

Our Daily Ditty.

Married.
Harried.

Talking about your eternal-fitness-of-things, just lamp this list of attractions at the Columbia theatre:

"September Morn" was followed by Nat Goodwin.

Nat Goodwin is followed by "Everywoman."

"Everywoman" is followed by "The Garden of Allah."

"The Garden of Allah" is followed by "Safety First."

* * *

Welcome Words.

"I'm going to raise your salary."
"This one's on me."
"Here's that five, old man."
"That's good to me."
"Yes, dearest, I'll be yours."
"Your credit is good.'
"You're next."
"Do have another helping."
"Sure, I'll be glad to endorse it."
"Inclosed find check."
"Safe!"

* * *

It's funny how a skinny old cow that nobody in his senses would give $15.75 for suddenly expands in value to a pedigreed Jersey worth $125.00, if a cent, when a train hits her.

* * *

The Hearst papers are still hydrophobing over British seizures at sea, but have nothing to say about the million Armenians done to death by their appetizing Turkish friends.

* * *

The Psalmist said in his haste that all men are Hearst Washington correspondents.

* * *

But even the legislature can't prevent the mercury taking a drop when it feels like it.

* * *

With all due respect to Henry Ford, what's needed is a peace-step that isn't a goose-step.

* * *

A Paris hospital hopes to restore faces ruined in the war; but nothing can restore the reputations.

* * *

Advent of the short skirt has made our national anthem's first line: "Oh, say, can you see," more impressively appropriate than ever.

A bore is a man who tries to talk to you about himself when you want to talk to him about yourself.

* * *

"Does Bryan really like the hyphen?" asks an editor. Well, we can't answer for any except "50-50."

* * *

Count that day queer in which when dusk is nigh, sir, the correspondents have not killed the Kaiser.

* * *

Looks like another victory in Greece for Sofia and Sophie.

* * *

Constantinople will spare no pains to please the Kaiser on his approaching visit, it being understood that even a special Armenian massacre has been arranged to celebrate the great event.

* * *

There is simply no telling how much money those Germans blow in for blow-ups.

* * *

Since the foreign nobility crop was cut off, rich American girls are even more peerless than ever.

* * *

The more waist, the less speed.

* * *

Pull for America or pull out.

* * *

"Scotch peer criticizes government." A Highland fling, so to speak.

* * *

Oyster Bay, L. I., still seems to be one of our leading exclamation points.

* * *

Somebody asks us if we are with Mr. Bryan in his unpreparedness propaganda. No, sirree—this here is a spinal column.

* * *

If Mr. Post's portrayal is authoritative, the late Col. Khayyam was probably the luckiest tippler who ever inhaled a quart. It was only four or five steps home from the tavern—and nary a keyhole in the house.

* * *

"85 Die . . . King George Sends Letter of Sympathy to Victims," reports the New York American. We doubt if it does them much good.

* * *

Most of the stock phrases of everyday life are intelligible to us, and we know a jot, but we wish somebody would tell us what a tittle is.

Greece has the cutest little scheme of all. When there is a majority of deputies against the king, the army is mobilized and the recalcitrant deputies ordered to join it. Then the king promptly orders an election for deputies.

* * *

Watson Bell thinks that dentists should make good poker players because they are fine at filling. Our experience has been that they draw well, too.

* * *

We charitably assume that the bar to which the Memphis Commercial Appeal says they are bringing Col. Bryan is not the kind with a foot-rest.

* * *

It certainly is pathetic, the way hordes of German-Americans who always voted the Republican ticket are falling away from the President.

* * *

Vain regrets never get a man anything, but sometimes we can't help wishing we had been a sophomore in the college where Bro. Hearst was a freshman.

* * *

Speaking of natural advantages as an infallible protection against invasion, you recall, of course, how splendidly the Alps protected Italy against Hannibal and Napoleon.

* * *

"I can not keep my hands off things that belong to others," explained a New York prisoner. We have noticed a similar complaint in certain prominent European circles.

* * *

If the short skirt had been in vogue in the prodigal son's day, he wouldn't have had to go home to see a fatted calf, especially if there was a little breeze stirring.

* * *

We appreciate more than tongue or Smith Premier No. 2 can tell the kind greetings of the newspaper and other friends who remembered us with Christmas cards, polka-dot ties, etc., and it is perhaps needless to state that we reciprocate every blessed greeting with all our tobacco heart. But we desire to say to our good friend Ed Lambright that we entertain absolutely no ambition to live to be 1,000 years old, like Methusalum, Noah, King Lear and the other patriarchs mentioned in the Bible. Think of being about 972 years old, Ed, with all your friends dead and gone hundreds and hundreds of years ago and all the pretty girls not giving you a second glance when you meet on the street, and your hair and your teeth departed long since; so blind you couldn't see a shapely ankle; so deaf you couldn't hear a child's silvery laughter, and Old Colonel Stomach such a wreck that you couldn't even take a little sump'n every now and then—nothing but a little spinach or stewed okra, say, twice a day. You can live to be 1,000, old dear, but not for us. We intend to reach the ripe old age of 250, get on the outside of a quart of champagne, draw the draperies of our couch around us and lie down to pleasant dreams with a smile on our withered lips.

* * *

A prudish man, be it confessed,
Is Mr. Benny Bliss;
He will not watch a pool game lest
He see the ivories kiss.

* * *

Why Switzerland is Prepared.

Belgium.
Luxemburg.
Servia.
Greece.
Montenegro.

* * *

Cuss the Luck!

Ah, tough it is when one's sunk deep
Within the seignory of sleep
To think of some bright paragraph
That's sure to make the peepul laugh,
And eager wake, to find, by jing,
That he's forgot the doggone thing.

* * *

International Monakers.

Anatole France.
Mark Hamburg.
Mario Ancona.
Irving Berlin.
George Allan England.
Archbishop Ireland.
Jack London.

* * *

A Ford and his money are soon parted.

Appropriate Residence Streets.

For the newlyweds: Rice.
For the pessimists: Indigo.
For the swains: Lady.
For the smokers: Tobacco.
For the preachers: Divine.
For the freshmen: Green.
For the dancers: Assembly.
For the millers: Wheat.
For the wood dealers: Oak, Pine and Lumber.
For the florists: Blossom.
For the politicians: Bull.

* * *

The most precise young she we know
Is Miss Amanda Rames;
She calls the place where people go
To exercise, the James.

* * *

'Ware o' the Subs, Hennery!
It is the good ship Flivver that will sail the wintry sea,
And I'm almighty thankful that she is not taking me!

* * *

Fruit cake and hard sauce
And blackberry jelly
Are good, but they give you
A very griping and distressing agitation in the abdominal region.

* * *

Add Famous Jacks.

O'Lantern.
Johnson.
High.
Full.
Black——
Sonville.

* * *

We used to think a full-fed tabby purring away in front of the kitchen stove like a house afire was the last word in friendliness. But did you ever notice the persistence of a puppy dog in its frantic and futile attempts to jump up and lick your nose? And that leads us to another thought. If all men were as reliable and staunch and true as some dogs are, this would be a 100 per cent. better world.

* * *

When Greece showed her hand she knuckled down.

* * *

In the matter of the short skirts, the eyes have it.

Famous Horses.

Stalking.
Dark.
Charley.
Trojan.
High.
Hobby.

* * *

"Carranza strings up bandits as warning." If to the bandits, it must be regarded as highly successful.

* * *

"Czar Sends Pink Jade as Gift to Mikado"; but what on earth does Mutsuhito expect to do with her?

* * *

"You can't rattle Bryan," declares an admirer. Oh, we don't know. You might take him out in a Ford.

* * *

For that matter, Colonel Bryan, Stonewall Jackson was a Presbyterian elder, too.

* * *

"The Kaiser still flits from front to front," observes an exchange. Yep, you might almost say the theatre of war has a constant change of Bill.

* * *

"Uncle Joe is still in Congress," says Mr. Taft. Radical change in the old gentleman since last we knew him.

* * *

If you want to know Europe's sentiment regarding war, read the remark of Mr. Poe's well-known raven.

* * *

Germany apparently believes in fighting the enemy with fire and sword —sword in Europe and fire over here.

* * *

Our notion of a soldier of fortune is one who hasn't been killed yet.

* * *

Peace is priceless, but not at any price.

* * *

Syndicate newspaper photograph is captioned, "King of Greece on the wall." Anybody can see him on the fence.

* * *

To make a long story short—the censor.

* * *

Practically all the papers we see appear unanimously to have found Henry Ford guilty of doing as he likes with his own money.

The old-fashioned woman who thought it was Perfectly Scandalous to waltz now has a daughter who hesitates and fox-trots from 9 p. m. until 6 a. m. every other night or so.

* * *

Mr. Ford's favorite author is Thackeray. We suppose that middle name had Henry rooting for him from the beginning.

* * *

We suppose the first thing the suffs will do when they get in power is to order that thenceforth all the prayers end with "Awomen."

* * *

It's a funny slanguage. One man tells you Ford is a nut, and other says he is off his nut. And they both mean the same thing.

* * *

A 35-year-old dame can drop five years from her age and fool most of the men. But she can't fool the other women.

* * *

We see by the Berlin dispatches that the latest German hunt for the British Navy was an unqualified success. They didn't find it.

* * *

Certainly our dogs of war need to be adequately wardrobed. At present they have nothing but their pants.

* * *

News from Servia, Mesopotamia and Gallipoli give "murdering the King's English" an added significance.

* * *

Germany reports a serious decline in the birth rate. Among the other sins this war has to answer for is taking pop out of population.

* * *

No wonder T. R. and "Billy" Sunday denounce the Ford trip so bitterly, as it has crowded them off the front page back among the liver-pill ads.

* * *

There may be something more ingratiating than the smile a colored man who once did you some trifling service will wear around Christmas time, but we never saw it.

* * *

Women are cute. If they can't get what they want out of him by talking for two hours, they know they can get it by crying for two minutes.

"Young Americans who watch England in the present war will readily understand how we won our independence," says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Not knocking our esteemed ancestors, of course.

* * *

It is to be doubted if Mary's little lamb was half as tractable as Sophie's.

* * *

Add Life's-Little-Tragedies.

The German blew up a Yankee powder factory to see if we would stand for it.

We did.

* * *

Most of the anti-preparedness squeals appear to come from the pork barrel.

* * *

We see by the papers that the last survivor of the Monitor is dead again. Our understanding is that there are only 10,987 of these patriots left among us now.

* * *

"That is the message we bring you (Congress) from the American people," winds up a New York American editorial. How long has Hearst been the American people, anyway?

* * *

Sometimes it seems as if most of our prominent politicians put in practically all their time trying to get a column or so of free advertising in the paper over their signatures.

* * *

Another amusing little feature of the situation is Berlin sternly demanding that the British conduct their naval warfare in accordance with the principles of justice and humanity.

* * *

Timid suggestion to the Hon. Charlie Chaplin: Why not fall down once or twice?

* * *

Montenegro's truce with Austria indicates that she has lost her interest as well as her capital.

* * *

Nothing is certain but death, taxes, and the fact that no given Headache is worth any given Jag.

* * *

"Women have peace aim," says a headline. Well, it's 100 to 1 they'll miss it.

We didn't raise our Boy-Ed to be a nuisance.

* * *

France calls out 400,000 mere boys—for the infantry, of course.

* * *

This is no year for the pork Congressmen to go the whole hog.

* * *

Money talks. And one bunch of it is talking a lot of foolishness.

* * *

Fords rush in where Wilsons fear to tread.

* * *

Ford's expedition is to be filmed. What'll they call it—The Birth of a Notion?

* * *

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to want to run away to sea?

* * *

Rio Janeiro cables that the nation is aroused over the question of preparedness. They're not all Brazil nuts down there.

* * *

It's not keeping the wolf from the door that bothers many a hard-working papa so much as keeping the stork from it.

* * *

Count that day queer, in which when eve is nigh they have not nabbed another German spy.

* * *

There is a growing suspicion that those Austrian replies to our notes were also "Made-in-Germany."

* * *

When a man has been married a few years, he realizes that the best bet is to apologize humbly to her, whether he did it or not.

* * *

We realize that mere man has no business criticising what any dear creatcher chooses to wear, but fur around the neck and on the shoe tops does seem rather going to extremes.

* * *

And if you get too thirsty on the grand old w. wagon, just remember that it has springs.

* * *

"I sat down in a vacant chair," quoth Hon. Irvin Cobb, in The Saturday Evening Post. Are you quite sure, Irv.?

Berlin will observe that red tape can produce a pink slip.

* * *

The Colonel's hat is in the ring, and there is a strong suspicion that there's a brick under it.

* * *

We see by the papers that the attitude of Greece's new premier will continue to be one of benevolent congealed props.

* * *

"What is more emblematic of triumph than the crowing rooster?" asks the Springfield Republican. Well, there is a cackling hen.

* * *

The Entente has sent Athens another note. It's getting to be a regular Greek letter society.

* * *

Our observation has been that a brisk, windy day will send cotton up higher than the bull ever did.

* * *

Wilhelm says that in the end he will bring his enemies to their knees, and it's likely enough, but the knees will be firmly planted in his abdomen.

* * *

Some men are born ivory-domed, and others pass up a patrick straight under the guns in the hope of getting a raise.

* * *

You may not have very much sense. But if you have enough to keep your mouth shut and look wise, it will not be long before you acquire a wide reputation as a fountain of Wisdom.

* * *

The Chicago Tribune has its anatomy badly mixed. It says that "Captain Jack Crawford was wounded four times under the starry banner," whereas it was really in the thick of the fight.

* * *

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, including the syndicate writer who solemnly announces that the Kaiser traces his descent way back yonder to one of the vestal virgins of ancient Rome.

* * *

Grape juice, women and song!

* * *

We call them our English cousins, and it does look as if they spent most of their time trying to cozen us.

"Twelve Democrats Injured in Collapse of Grandstand in Pennsylvania." Headline. Who would have suspected there were that many of us there?

* * *

Before they are married, he raves about her curves. But after they are hitched up he finds out that she is strong on control, too.

* * *

Oh, if old Sister Nature had only given us an extra little arm on our collar-bones that we could scratch our backs conveniently with!

* * *

When a Southern mob runs amuck, Northern editors begin to run a muck-rake.

* * *

Georgia's peach crop remains appreciably greater than her peacher crop.

* * *

Mary Pickford says that too many women are flat-busted. Well, at this time of the year they haven't anything on most of the men that way.

* * *

One of the first things a baby learns is to put his foot into his mouth. And a whole lot of 'em never break themselves of the habit when they grow up.

* * *

No wonder Mr. Lansing's pictures show him smiling—almost everybody is willing to indorse his notes.

* * *

It's only Santa's coming down the chimney that keeps many a childish hope from going up the spout.

* * *

Well, it takes Christmas to break the Solid South.

* * *

When the father of a red-headed girl named Edith May has money, she is always Edythe Mae and her hair is Titian.

* * *

Love's young dream would get an awful jolt if some young men could see the way she looks next morning in a kimono with her hair in curl papers.

* * *

Some people are such rampant peace-at-any-pricers that they won't even go sleighing.

* * *

Could you call a belated Christmas shopper a counter-irritant?

The Macon Telegraph says the G. O. P. wants a strong Presidential candidate, "and wants him bad." Well, there's Uncle Joe!

* * *

We know one man in this town who is such a staunch prohibitionist that he won't even set foot in church when the pews are full.

* * *

Austria looks to be quite as competent at evasion as invasion.

* * *

The quickest way to learn how many friends you have is to go out and try to borrow money from some of 'em.

* * *

When a woman hires a new servant she always hopes she'll have some interesting gossip about the people she worked for before.

* * *

Greece's idea of a stolen base seems to be Salonica.

* * *

"Can women keep a secret?" asks an exchange. They can keep it going, all right, all right.

* * *

At that, absence doesn't make the heart grow half as fond as presents.

* * *

It looks as if Germany is willing to do anything under the sun for a place in it.

* * *

Hon. Mikado apparently forgets that China is to be handled with care.

* * *

Now it's up to Lansing to see what a word to the unwise will do.

* * *

Here is a little quotation we try to remember to print every Christmastide, because we believe it does good every time it sees the light, and we know few things as appropriate to the season: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

* * *

All the atrocities are not confined to the war zone. There are the New England bards who try to write negro dialect.

A Sure Thing.

A body of Bible students
Out there in Arkansaw
Or somewhere
Has decided after due
Deliberation
That there is no
Hell.
No hell?
We'll bet those ginks
Never woke in the early a. m.
With their esteemed tongues feeling
Like an overgrown
Sofa-pillow,
And a thousand little devils
Trip-hammering at the base of
Their so-called brains,
Laughing mockingly all the while.
They never saw
An obese pink camel
Hitched to an orange landau
Wherein two elephants of brilliant green
Majestically sat
Flirting their palm-leaf fans.
They never saw—
But that will do, we guess,
For this time,
Oh, there's a hell,
All right, all right!

* * *

A Few Munchausen Forgot.

"No trouble at all, I assure you."
"Do come and see us some time!"
"I'll pay you back tomorrow, sure."
"Guaranteed full weight."
"The Whiskey Without a Headache."
"You're looking fine."
"I'm only a little winner."

* * *

Every now and then you come across a Southern politician who isn't always wailing to the Peepul that the Corporations and the Monied Interests are persecuting him and trying to make a Martyr of him.

* * *

There are just about 98,765,432 varieties of fools in this world. And heading the procession are the people who spend twice their incomes to make other people think they are rich.

* * *

The British may be washing their dirty linen in public, but, at any rate, they are washing it.

Famous Jacks.

Tar.
Ketch.
Union.
Flap.
A. Napes.
Sprat.
Frost.
The Giant-killer.
Horner.
Daw.
Yellow.
Robinson.
The Ripper.
Ass.

* * *

Our All-European Team.

LE—Von Kluck.
LT—Mackensen.
LG—Haig.
C—Jellicoe.
RG—Romanoff.
RT—Cadorna.
RE—Enver Pasha.
Q—Ferdinand.
LHB—Joffre.
RHB—Kitchener.
FB—Von Hindenburg.
Water Boy—Bernard Shaw.
Sponsors—Mrs. Pankhurst and Sister Sophie.

* * *

If there is one thing that acquires our nanny, it is a man boasting about his Virtue, when, as a matter of fact, he probably hadn't enough sense for Temptation to waste time on.

* * *

When a baby is snub-nosed and red-eyed and evinces signs that it has the amiability of a drunk pugilist, mother's mother always knows that it takes after its father, and father's mother always knows that it is the living image of its mother.

* * *

Human nature, take it all in all, to say nothing of by and large, is a pretty sinful old scoundrel, and we suppose the men will always pay a good deal more attention to the illustrated corset and lingerie advertisements than they ought to.

* * *

"Austrians bombard Verona, killing 28," but we trust the celebrated two gentlemen were not among them.

Complete returns from all the munitions plants indicate that a lot of hyphens are burning with indignation.

* * *

Servia began the war with 250,000 men, of whom Berlin, Vienna and Sofia have captured to date 1,654,321.

* * *

What has become of the old-fashioned kings who used to have family reunions about this time of the year?

* * *

Senator Penrose seems to be under the impression that a man qualifies as Presidential timber merely because he has a lumbering gait.

* * *

The Kaiser is sick, and Von Tirpitz is sinking fast.

* * *

"American women have backbone," declares an editor. They have. And the ladies' evening gowns show it pretty plainly, too.

* * *

If it is true, as the St. Louis Post-Dispatch asserts, that woman is now "the equal of man in every particular," it certainly was the deuce of a comedown.

* * *

Somebody must have told the Georgia negro preacher who tried so hard to get aboard the Oscar II that the hatchway was where they keep the chickens.

* * *

One of the greatest troubles with this poor old world is the circumstance that the Fool Killer appears to stay so seldom on his job.

* * *

Probably nothing puts one of us hick paragraphers in a better humor than writing something cutting and sarcastic about New York.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Brisbane says that all the greatest men have blue eyes, and by one of the queerest coincidences imaginable, Mr. Brisbane has blue eyes, too.

* * *

The old-fashioned woman who thought tights were Fearfully Immodest now has a daughter who owns a drug store complexion and keeps her skirts hiked up half-way to her knees.

A Cincinnati woman says that thousands have died from kissing. O death, where is thy sting!

* * *

The jingoes seem to think it is Wishywashington.

* * *

We suppose it will be the proud boast of the future "400" that their ancestors went over on the Oscar II.

* * *

Irvin Cobb says the war zone looks like hell. How that man has traveled!

* * *

It is understood that Senator Lodge is so snobbish he won't even look at a bill before it has been introduced.

* * *

Keep a Presidential bee and get stung.

* * *

We are thinking of naming our pet Leghorn "Constantine." Whenever we see her, she's on the fence showing a white feather.

* * *

A woman's idea of a snappy and business-like telephone conversation is when she doesn't talk more than fifteen minutes.

* * *

"Mary Full Stomach," says the Pittsburgh Post, "has a government job in Washington." Interior Department, of course.

* * *

We see by the papers that the Turks now call the Kaiser Muhib Ul Islam, but we have heard him called a lot worse than that.

* * *

We are inexpressibly rejoiced at the circumstance that to date Elder Caine, by a gigantic effort of the will, has refrained from saying anything about Lord Astor's now being among the flower of the nobility.

* * *

Ananias was considerable liar. But if he ever heard a politician explaining that he decided to make the race with extreme reluctance and only after the persistent solicitations of many friends, Ananias would go off and try to get himself a reputation.

* * *

We should get more light on preparedness now, Congress having turned on the gas.

One of the hardest things for the average man to realize is that people who argue the other way on some exciting issue may not be getting paid for it.

* * *

We know one girl in this town who is so proper she won't even refer to a Greek as a Hellene.

* * *

We are probably getting very old-fogyish and all that, but personally we never could see where a sprinkling of hells and damns added much to a college yell.

* * *

We call Columbus a hero because he crossed the ocean in a leaky little tub. But Columbus hasn't a thing on the woman who marries a man to reform him.

* * *

What the pacifists want is a Kitchin Cabinet.

* * *

Add current humor: "Berlin regrets Whitlock's going."

* * *

Speaking of first downs, there are those college boy mustaches.

* * *

Mr. Hearst evidently doesn't own a single mine or ranch in Great Britain.

* * *

What has become of the old-fashioned women who used to marry Nat Goodwin?

* * *

Every woman knows that this would be a fine world if other women were only half as tactful and considerate as she is.

* * *

Before they are married, he tells her that he sleeps like a log. But later she finds that he means a log going through a saw-mill.

* * *

In picking Biblical examples of preparedness, don't forget Noah.

* * *

"Browning's lines fail to pass censor." Not even Pippa passes.

* * *

Poor little Servia might even be referred to as the footbalkan State.

* * *

*—Ezekiel.

*—Batted for Wilson in the ninth.

With Italy reporting lack of foodstuffs, that old saw may have to be changed to "See Naples and diet."

* * *

We suppose Mrs. Leslie Cotton, who has come over here from Paris to paint still life, will proceed at once to North Ca'lina.

* * *

The New York American says England should respect our rights as much as Austria and Germany do. Well, doesn't she?

* * *

Is von Jagow's silence golden or just guilt?

* * *

The Allies seem to have come out of the little end of the Horn.

* * *

Some men are born rich, and others become personal attorneys for a New Haven director.

* * *

Now that they have legislated pints out of the hip-pockets, why can't they do it with pistols?

* * *

A whole lot of epitaphs are monumental liars.

* * *

How awful it must be to live in a country like Germany where an editor can't call the ruler a coward, a weakling and a friend of murderers when he wants to.

* * *

Once upon a time a Dixie girl got into the Yank newspapers who wasn't a "member of a prominent and aristocratic Southern family."

* * *

When you come to think of it, blockade does sound a good deal like blockhead.

* * *

Mr. Bryan is such a pacifist that it is understood he won't even let The Commoner's news editor kill a story.

* * *

"Couldn't lie on either side," goes an advertising headline. The gentleman, whoever he is, would make a bum politician.

* * *

The best piece of diplomacy the Kaiser ever pulled off was when he married his sister to Prince Constantine of Greece.

Lewis and Speaker must be direct descendants of those Hittites.

* * *

Servia needs succor, but Greece steadfastly maintains that she's not one.

* * *

Modern revision: "Ninety millions for defense!"

* * *

T. R. calls for "sound Americanism," and it must be said that his brand is sound—all sound.

* * *

It looks to be high time the British were sending Lord Helpus to the front.

* * *

Kaiser weeps for France again. He's bent on getting into boo-hoos who.

* * *

Add Journalistic Goat-Getters:
"Carnival of crime."
"Baptism of fire."
"In no uncertain terms."

* * *

"The point we have made is not any self-glorification."—New York American. Perish the thought! Witness, for example, these excerpts from the same issue:

"Wagner Gives Credit to New York American."

"Noted Men Praise New York American's Great Ship Victory."

"In every quarter credit was given to the New York American ——."

"It was considered that The American had scored a brilliant triumph."

Any idea that Bro. Hearst ever makes a point for self-glorification is manifestly ludicrous. Bro. Hearst is the shrinking violet among the journalistic sunflowers.

* * *

The Biography of a Liner.
Passenger list.
Starboard list.
Survivor's list.

* * *

Add Journalistic Goat-Getters:
"Chilled to the marrow."
"Quiet wedding."
"Sturdy gridiron warriors."
"Ran roughshod over———."
"Teeth of the gale."
"Everything conspired to."

Why is it a girl will be tickled to death when you tell her she is as pretty as a picture and want to massage your cerebellum with a brick if you tell her she is as pretty as a painting?

Palmetto Revisions.

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of ginger ale,
and thou
Beside me sitting in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!

———

Good grape juice needs no bush.

———

Use a little coca-cola for thy stomach's sake.

———

And buttermilk that maketh glad the heart of man.

———

Look not upon the Satanet when it is pink.

———

For in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious limeade to my blood.

———

So all my days I'll sing the praise
Of brown October Hires' root beer.

* * *

We cordially thank the Tampa carnival officials who invite us down there and promise, in just those words, to treat us like royalty, but recent little incidents in Belgium and Servia convince us unalterably that we have not the remotest desire to be treated like royalty at this time.

* * *

For Preparedness.
Senator Gore
Ex-Governor Fort
Joseph G. Cannon
Walter Camp
James Montgomery Flagg.

* * *

Here lies what's left of Heinrich Hay,
Who was a friend of mine
'Ere the mutt strolled through Oyster Bay
And sang, "Die Wacht am Rhein."

* * *

"I am indeed a wretched wight,"
The cabbage groaning said.
"I must have had too much last night,
For I have such a head."

"'A handbook for Husbands' is listed among the current humorous productions."—Literary note.

"Handbook for Husbands!" Well, by jing,
Its wit should be right merry.
How would it do to call the thing
A benedictionary?

* * *

How Sad!

The redskins used to own this land,
Its rivers, vales and peaks;
But now, poor things, we understand
They only have the Creeks.

* * *

"I have seen three queens and two kings," announces spiritualistic George Anderson. So have we, Geo. And what they did to our three jacks and two nines is too melancholy to tell here.

* * *

For villains such as Benny Bidds
We need some stringent laws:
He is the man who tells his kids
There is no Santa Claus.

* * *

Biography of a Teuton Attache.

1. Unsafe conduct.
2. Safe conduct.

* * *

Suppose we had followed Germany's Belgian example and burned Port au Prince and killed the inhabitants when two of our men were shot by snipers!

* * *

The newspaper is supposed to be the most complete and timely purveyor of information, but we were never able to see that it had anything on a summer hotel sewing-circle.

* * *

"Villa Flees With 400."—Headline. Won't Newport be shocked?

* * *

A critic says that "Damaged Goods" calls a spade a spade. Also, it calls a rake a rake.

* * *

It's literally correct to speak of a Mexican military confab as a "general assembly."

* * *

We presume that new seagoing "baby submarine" is especially adapted for squalls.

* * *

David Lloyd-George may be Welsh, but in a crisis he never does.

If Russia dictates peace we certainly pity the stenographers.

* * *

It's a table government Mexico needs as badly as a stable one.

* * *

The time for words may have passed, as T. R. asserts, but you can't make the sisters believe it.

* * *

John Bull likes a roast, and we see by the Southern exchanges that he's getting it right along.

* * *

If the esteemed headline writers will entertain a suggestion, couldn't valuable time and space be saved by writing it "Germericans"?

* * *

Somebody asks the Indianapolis News who wrote the poem entitled "God Give Us Men." Our guess is that it was some old maid.

* * *

Peace-at-any-price also passeth understanding.

* * *

Mr. Bryan's family tree must bear olive branches.

* * *

Austrian seaplane has bombarded Venice, but it is thought that all the trolley cars escaped uninjured.

* * *

Austria has put a price of $4,000 on d'Annunzio's head. Most poets can't get a tithe of that for their feet.

* * *

Well, one German offensive is out of business, the Fatherland having just forbidden the export of limburger.

* * *

Nothing in this old vale of tears comforts a fat woman more than seeing another woman who is fatter than she is.

* * *

Every woman knows this would be a Grand Old World if every other woman were as tactful and thoughtful as herself.

* * *

Epsom, we read, has been turned into a vast hospital—for the salts, no doubt.

* * *

That Austrian note is not above criticism, but on the whole it is probably one of the best Herr von Jagow ever wrote.

Timid suggestion to the Kaiser: Why not occasionally invoke the Almighty?

* * *

Georgia, we believe, is strongly against the recall of judges, especially Judge Lynch.

* * *

If he who runs may read, Russia certainly needs no compulsory education campaign.

* * *

Von Hindenburg may be a grim soldier, but he certainly seems to have taking ways.

* * *

Although Mexico may not have a Moses, it isn't because of any lack of bull rushes.

* * *

Anyway, Turkey warns Christendom of impending massacres, which is more that the apostles of kultur did to the old women and babies in Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby.

* * *

It takes all kinds of mutts to make a world, including the one who thinks he can win in an argument with a woman.

* * *

Tom Watson appears to be Georgia's him of hate.

* * *

The Ottoman isn't the only seat of war. There's Sedan.

* * *

We remind the farmers that nobody can penalize them for holding.

* * *

Americans are tolerably neutral, but Edison, Wright, Lake and Ford constitute a quadruple entente we can all back.

* * *

Moses called Canaan the Land of Promise. But he never knew anything about Germany.

* * *

The poets call married life a grand, sweet song, and every married man knows it's a solo.

* * *

The Ford paraphrase: "'Tis better to have doved and lost than never to have doved at all."

* * *

War yarns naturally deal with the worsted.

* * *

We never look a gift White Horse in the mouth.

When money talks, nobody cares what kind of grammar it uses.

* * *

But oh, for the taste of a vanished fizz,
And the clink of the glass that is still!

* * *

Mr. Wilson is pushing preparedness, but he seems to count more on his pull.

* * *

Some men are born fools, and others try to sell toilet articles in poor old Mexico.

* * *

Germany hasn't all the kultur. Most of the Greeks we know are men of polish.

* * *

Things We Dream About.

Finding $100,000.

Being left a huge fortune by a wealthy old relative.

Hugging B*ll* B*r*e.

Being drafted by Bro. Hearst at a salary of $75,000 a year.

Enlisting with the Allies and winning a Victoria Cross.

Marrying a beautiful heiress.

Being sent a crate of imported Scotch.

Buying a luxurious twin-six.

* * *

Dismissal of all those Annapolis fourth-classmen certainly is rough on rats.

* * *

Add current humor: "I'm gonna quit at 12 o'clock POSITIVELY, win or lose."

* * *

The Psalmist said in his haste that all men are income-tax returners.

* * *

There's no true neutrality anywhere. Even the eclipse was partial.

* * *

All the tom cats we know seem to have been born into the Mormon faith.

* * *

What has become of the old-fashioned kid who was glad he wasn't a girl because the girls wore so many clothes.

* * *

England's decision to let Germany's peroxide exports pass ought to be good news to the bleachers.

* * *

"The Winning of the West," Vol. II, by Woodrow Wilson. Preparedness Edition.

Sometimes we sit and wonder in our idle way if there is a woman anywhere you can touch without a hidden pin ramming a couple of inches into your poor old finger.

* * *

Mme. Yvette Guilbert finds the new generation of Americans "shorter in the legs." Funny, after the way the women pull 'em.

* * *

The Kinston News says the nature fakers are trying to make Turkey the goat. Well, anyway, they couldn't make Turkey quail.

* * *

Probably the quickest way to get in good with a woman is to praise her looks. And the next quickest is to praise her cooking.

* * *

Most of our Southern exchanges seem to favor that proposed non-partisan tariff board on condition that they are all good Democrats.

* * *

Practically all the civilized world and Germany having recognized Carranza, it's Mexico's turn.

* * *

"What Will Wilson Talk About?" demands the Knoxville Journal and Tribune. Probably about forty-five minutes. If it were our contemporary's friend, Theodore, he would talk about two hours and forty-five minutes.

* * *

By the way, what has become of the old-fashioned Kipling who used to write sarcastic poems about Russia?

* * *

Penrose says the Democrats have betrayed the country. We'll concede that Penrose was always true to his trust.

* * *

The New York police have censored a performance of the Russian ballet in which the Sultan returns unexpectedly to find the ladies of the harem sporting with the slaves and has the whole outfit executed on the spot. We suppose the idea of these intellectual giants is that the Sultan should have ordered tea and toast for the company and gone around delightedly embracing the slaves.

Germania.

A great War Goddess, ringed around with foes,
Rent, throat and bosom, the crimson welling through
Her burnished armor from half a hundred wounds,
Yet still upstanding, grim, indomitable,
As her swift brand makes play like levin's stroke
Among the encircling pack. Unmerciful,
And cruel, aye, and doer of vile deeds
That time shall link with Herod's and the Hun's;
But yet the picture draws, for such is nature
That men may not withhold reluctant praise
From even the criminal brought to bay by force
Of greater power, who unsurrendering stands
And strikes, not craving quarter, to the end.

* * *

1776: "We shall fight until the last drop of blood."

1915: "We shall write until the last drop of ink."

* * *

How About It, Fitz?

The drama we hate and grand opry disdain;
The movies impress us as dull and inane,
While musical comedy gives us a pain.
There's just one ambition our hope doth sustain:
To see Billie Burke in pajamas again.

* * *

The German governor-general of Belgium's reported statement that he can not understand Belgian hatred of Germany reminds us of that thrilling melodrama, "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." In the first act the villain pushes Nellie off the Brooklyn bridge; later he throws her overboard from an Atlantic liner, and finally thrusts her under a descending elevator. The next time they meet he anxiously inquires: "Nellie, why do you fear me?"

The Austrians in the Bessarabian theatre claim to have driven General Ivanoff.

* * *

Things Never Seen or Heard.

"No, madam, I'm afraid this candy is not very fresh. In fact, we've had it in stock for about ten years."

"The enemy attacked all along the line yesterday, driving our troops back with great loss. Unless our chicken-livered so-called soldiers learn to hit the broad side of a barn, and our so-called generals use their heads instead of their legs, we are goners."

"I'd cheerfully accept your invitation, old man, but they say you have a rotten cook."

"I'm concerned with the money, not the principle of the thing."

"I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of ———, as it looks as if not a durned friend is going to urge me to do it."

"So that's a snapshot of your girl, eh? What a fright!"

"John and I really don't love you, Uncle Gotrox. We are out after some of your coin, you old skinflint, you."

"These goods now $1.98; worth possibly $1.25."

* * *

A woman always knows that the children got all their good qualities from her. And she knows that all their cussedness was inherited from Father.

* * *

The grand old State
Is filled with woe;
We're headed straight
For H2O.

* * *

Messrs. George and Sid Beery, fined at Colorado Springs for drunkenness, give the well-known Bard of Avon's observation another jolt in the solar plexus.

* * *

If there is really a Shipping Trust, no wonder the money-worshipping New York Sun is for it. The Sun would rather kiss Rockefeller's big toe than Billie Burke, any day in the week.

* * *

The American nation or the hyphenation?

"Allies buying war shoes here," goes a headline. War shoes, we presume, are spats.

* * *

Those insurgent Senators in their blindness still refuse to bow down to Woody and Stone.

* * *

Sir Stanley Buckmaster is England's official censor and poet Watson its official incenser.

* * *

It's easy to propose to bottle up England, but all the Kaiser's corks seem to be too small.

* * *

Victorien Sardou beat the German Chancellor to it. It develops that his play, "Les Pattes de Mouche," (anglicized as "A Scrap of Paper"), was produced in 1860.

* * *

As Senator Lodge was not very conspicuous when Tennyson wrote the line, "Icily regular, faultily faultless, splendidly null," he must have been describing somebody else.

* * *

Pull for America or pull out!

* * *

A neutral is also known by the company he avoids.

* * *

Rockefeller's testimony was naturally illuminating.

* * *

"If Roosevelt gets the United States to oppose Germany's presence in Belgium," begins the New York Herald. That editor really ought to change his brand.

* * *

If New York could tell all it knows, many an eminently respectable (at home) Dixie citizen would be hunting a nice, large cave.

* * *

Neutrality is also paved with good intentions.

* * *

"Kisses at Five Cents Per." Sort of jitney buss, eh?

* * *

Poor old Turkey's fruits of victory appear to be lemons.

* * *

If they would get jobs instead of waiting to accept positions, some of the army of the unemployed wouldn't be that way.

In the war zone it's a long flank that knows no turning.

* * *

German Admiralty's slogan now seems to be, "Deutschland unter alles."

* * *

Russia can't drown its sorrows any more, but the lucky Crescent can still get full.

* * *

Russia claims a big victory in East Prussia, but von Hindenburg is from Mazuria.

* * *

Putting the knell in the Dardanelles seems to be a tough proposition.

* * *

Revised returns indicate that Senator Penrose was reelected by a plurality of $1,000,000.

* * *

There is no suggestion of Hungarian rhapsodies about the Buda-Pest reports these days.

* * *

John Bull's reply is most friendly and conciliatory, and concedes everything we didn't ask for.

* * *

We see by the papers that Sir Edward Grey has delivered another knight attack.

* * *

President Wilson couldn't disapprove of that British reply any more strongly if Earl Grey had split an infinitive.

* * *

If those Constantinople reports of the fighting in Persia are credible, the Turks have certainly put the ran in Teheran.

* * *

One hears a good deal of talk in connection with Japan and the Panama canal. The idea is that unless we strip for the fray we may have to fray for the strip.

* * *

An honest man's the noblest work of God, but a pretty girl is a very close second.

* * *

The key to success in war evidently is a skeleton key.

* * *

Shanks' mare is a slow and doddering vehicle, but it's rarely that she is troubled with a puncture.

A lot of those pork-barrel "rivers" might be classed as current fiction.

* * *

A man who is as honest as the day is long often needs watching at night.

* * *

Tempora mutantur et nos matamur in illos, as the poet so lucidly and feelingly put it, and now here's the Detroit Free Press on its hind legs denouncing furiously any encroachment on the God-given principle of States' Rights.

* * *

Lord Derby, just made England's recruiting head, is working like a beaver—he's no slouch.

* * *

If the Allies can't put the Germans off French soil, they seem able at least to put some in it.

* * *

Not the least of war's ironies is the spectacle of a Turkish general decorated with a Christian cross.

* * *

The New York Sun refers to the "martial difficulties" of a couple figuring in a divorce suit, and, come to think of it, it wasn't such a bad error, after all.

* * *

This report of disaffection among the Finns certainly looks fishy.

* * *

This weather surely gets your goat when Moses has your overcoat.

* * *

Wall Street's revision: Be sure you can underwrite, then go ahead.

* * *

Having failed to land Greece, the Allies must be contented to land in it.

* * *

United, we stand; three sheets in the wind we fall.

* * *

Here is an advertisement from the New York Law Journal that may strike a few sympathetic chords on Washington street: "Lawyer, one year's experience, desires change."

* * *

Not the least of war's minor joys for Mrs. Hohenzollern must be reading in the Turkish papers that her imperial spouse has come out flat-footed for Mohammed and is now maintaining an extensive harem.

Seems paradoxical that Armenia should be a live issue when it's a grave issue.

* * *

Probably the most useless thing in Mexico is a scabbard.

* * *

Mr. Bryan, however, will remain secretary of statement.

* * *

"Can a woman keep a secret?" asks an exchange. Yep; going.

* * *

These "isles of safety" we read of in the municipal journals evidently aren't the British ones.

* * *

Mr. Bryan still seems to be secretary of statements.

* * *

A whole lot of self-made men certainly are bum architects.

* * *

Now that it has voted for a suffrage referendum, the State ought to change its name to Missychusetts.

* * *

The Servian gentleman who named that river the Save was no mean humorist himself.

* * *

Speaking of the eternal fitness of things, England's newest warship is H. M. S. Broke.

* * *

There are all sorts and conditions of darkeys. But you never saw one who wouldn't walk 10 miles to a funeral.

* * *

It's different in baseball. But the men don't care anything about a girl's control, if she has plenty of curves.

* * *

It is a fine thing for a nation to assert its rights, but it's still finer to be in a position to back 'em up.

* * *

The man of the hour in Mexico usually lasts about five minutes.

* * *

"What is Wilson up to?" asks an exchange. Snuff.

* * *

J. P. Morgan's pastor was present when the appendicitis operation took place. Can it be that the good man was opened with prayer?

* * *

Just now most of us are less concerned with Russia's Bug than Germany's humbug.

Well, if we can't get on with Germany, we'll simply have to show her where she gets off.

* * *

A judge has ruled North Carolina's liquor-shipping law invalid, but there's nothing sick about the one we have.

* * *

Peace-at-any-price looks more than ever like 30 cents.

* * *

That cotton blockade meets our notion of a British offensive.

* * *

It is understood that Count Zeppelin's 78th birthday was very quietly observed in London.

* * *

Never mix your metaphors or your drinks.

* * *

A few more Broadway slides, and we'll have to begin calling it the Burrow of Manhattan.

* * *

All things don't seem to come to him who watches and waits.

* * *

The unemployment problem doesn't affect idle rumor.

* * *

We Will Now Have a Little Music.

A soldier who fought near Ypres
Was struck as he started to flee;
  He hopped about crying,
  "Oh, Lordy! I'm dying!"
But he'd only been hit in the knee.

A German whose name was von Mulcher
Had a nose that was hooked like a vulture—
  He was ugly as sin
  And addicted to gin,
But the man was just chock full of kultur.

A Belgian who lived in Malines
Saw a big shell approach that looked mines,
  So he made for a wood
  Just as hard as he could,
And since then he hasn't been seen.

A great British dreadnought named Terror
Went too far to sea through an error;
  But a submarine bold
  Crept right under her hold,
And now the Dutch no longer fear 'er.

"The carnation is the flower of the mothers of the country, but what's the fathers'?"

"Why, of course, it's the poppy."

—Baltimore American.

And by the same token, that of the bad little boys is the lady-slipper.

* * *

There wouldn't be nearly so much prohibition sentiment in this country if drunk men didn't feel that the fate of the nation depended on their rendering a solo at once.

* * *

A Detroit paper says that rubbing with unsalted butter, followed by bleaching in the sun, will cleanse ivory, so if ex-Governor Colquitt of Texas is ever in need of an efficient scalp cleanser, he'll know just what to do.

* * *

Somebody wants to know a good cure for the blues. Our information is that a quartette of aces when you hold an equal number of kings, will speedily relieve you of the blues, to say nothing of a very healthy sprinkling of the reds.

* * *

Some Things One Never Sees.

"Berlin—The enemy put it all over us yesterday, routing our troops completely."

"Petrograd — We retired from Scwzctszasczcz in great disorder with enormous losses."

"Paris—It is understood that the Cabinet is ready to sue for peace."

"London—It is now apparent that the Dardanelles cannot be forced, and our fleet in those waters will return at once to the North Sea."

"I inexpressibly regret Mr. Bryan's resignation—Champ Clark."

"I expect to stump the nation for Woodrow Wilson in 1916—Theodore Roosevelt."

"Billy Sunday Sets 'Em Up All Around."

"I've decided that I don't need any new gowns for a year—Anywife."

"*—Batted for Cobb in the ninth."

* * *

Now that Czar Nick's
Got down to work,
It looks bad for
The heathen Turk.

"Following her appeal on behalf of the 'war babies,'" says the Milwaukee Leader, "Mrs. Pankhurst launched into a severe criticism of the English women who have failed to do their part in the war;" but we don't suppose the esteemed Leader meant it just that way.

* * *

After a man has tried to mow through a three days' beard with a dull blade, he wonders what idiot invented the phrase, "Safety first."

* * *

The War Between the States has been over 50 years, and possibly in the course of the next 50 years the Boston Transcript will hear of it.

* * *

Just listen to our warning, bo—
And this is not no fun;
You can't expect to keep your dough
When you have got a bun.

* * *

The Servians are not only doughty fighters, but they are mighty poor liars. A Servian retreat is always called a retreat, and there isn't a word about "luring 'em on," "strategic purposes," or even "a process of readjusting our lines."

* * *

"There is going to be something doing for women a hundred years hence," says the Rev. Dr. Cadman. These ecclesiastical terms are a bit puzzling, but we think we get the idea.

* * *

Brief biography of a President.

Mex.
Ex.
Exit.

* * *

The Turkish colors are red and white, though black and blue would seem to be much more appropriate.

* * *

If the Sultan is as shrewd as he's said to be, he'd better hurry and put his throne in one of his wives' name.

* * *

He jests at scars that never stopped a dum-dum.

* * *

One thing we like about poet A. Noyes is that he rarely does.

* * *

The victory in Iceland will warm the cockles of the prohibition heart.

Somehow we imagine that if spirits return from the Great Unknown, George Washington has his hand on Woodrow Wilson's shoulder.

* * *

And, of course, when Mr. Taft said that he was glad there is no jingo in the White House, at this time, he wasn't thinking of any gentleman in particular.

* * *

There are tides in the affairs of a Democratic paragrapher, when, no matter how loyal and partisan he is, he would love to be a Republican paragrapher for a day or two.

* * *

Still, we don't suppose the surgeon writing from the front that "We are sparing no pains" intended it just exactly that way.

* * *

It must have made some of the dear old maids gnash their teeth when they read that headline, "800,000 Men Engaged."

* * *

When a drunk man can't think up anything to cry over, it's a good sign that he hasn't been at the drinking business very long.

* * *

A French critic says that the President's note "might have been penned by Richelieu himself." And that, from France, is the ne plus ultra of praise.

* * *

We understand that the President has decided to abolish his Cabinet and subscribe for the New York Herald and the Boston Transcript.

* * *

Obviously, Mr. Bryan's hope is to make the dogs of war setters.

* * *

As for man's days, they are as a Provisional President of Mexico.

* * *

It's an easy guess which side the Mexican barbers are pulling for.

* * *

Bryan evidently prefers to leave peace prints on the sands of time.

* * *

If Tennyson were living today, it's a safe bet he'd change his mind about fifty years of Europe being worth a cycle of Cathay.

Mr. Gatling is to be Raleigh's new postmaster, and we suppose the poor old G. O. P. employees will find that he is a rapid firer.

* * *

We are willing to trust a dear old Columbia prohibitionist anywhere except in New York.

* * *

If you can't get your advice taken any other way, try engraving it on your umbrella handle.

* * *

If it is true that after marriage husband and wife grow to look like each other, the future Mrs. Irvin Cobb has our tenderest sympathies.

* * *

"We are morally and intellectually superior to all; without peers," writes a Berlin professor. Shrinking violet!

* * *

With all the German coloring matter cut off, it's easy to understand those elderly Frenchmen's undyeing hate.

* * *

Mr. Bryan, we take it, is going back to the prints of peace.

* * *

Fortunately, Uncle Sam's White Book isn't a scrapbook.

* * *

We know one kind of tented field Mr. Bryan isn't so averse to.

* * *

The only way you can "persuade" a bully is with a pair of fists.

* * *

A rounder is rarely on the square.

* * *

Even the best stenographer has her bad spells.

* * *

"Bad men generally get theirs," observes the Ocala Star. Yep, but the trouble is that they generally get ours first.

* * *

Massachusetts appreciates the President's reference to "a state of mind," it being one itself.

* * *

Woman is supposed to be the weaker vessel, but our observation has been that man is broke much more often.

* * *

Yale has banned all intoxicating beverages at commencements, but it is understood that this does not apply to those hops.

It's a mighty rare day in the Caucasus that Turkey doesn't get a basting.

* * *

Tip to the Germans: Dr. Frank Knowles says the sun is harmful to blondes.

* * *

Mr. Bryan is one editor who knows how to make news as well as comment on it.

* * *

We didn't raise our pup to be a sausage.

* * *

Probably the first thing the average small boy wants is a knife, and the second is to catch the measles.

* * *

What has become of the old-fashioned family that used to keep those wax flowers in a glass case on the sitting-room mantelpiece?

* * *

Though it sounds like a paradox
In this thought there's a kick;
Whene'er a fellow has the rocks
His friends think he's a brick.

* * *

The worm has turned. A Missouri editor is suing a politician for libel.

* * *

If there is aught in a name, Morehead City is no vacation place for a gentleman who likes his licker.

* * *

The cream of Russia's army certainly seems to be of the whipped variety.

* * *

Fittingly enough, Herr Jagow lives on a Spree.

* * *

After Europe's settling down will come the settling up.

* * *

A king at the front is worth two on the throne.

* * *

A man is also known by the company he dodges.

* * *

The Vaticant.

* * *

"Russians here to buy cotton." Step this way, sir!

* * *

Revised motto for the thoughtful consideration of the hyphens: "Be American First."

This war seems to have done something to the South that even Theodore Roosevelt couldn't do.

* * *

Many a man who never saw the ocean is a wonderful sponger.

* * *

It is a wise graduate who takes a job, instead of accepting a position.

* * *

The heathen can't be blamed for failure to discern anything civil in civilization.

* * *

Japan has prohibited the issuing of newspaper extras when there is no really important news. What a funny, semi-civilized country that is!

* * *

A fool and his honey are soon parted.

* * *

And now the fighting is said to have reached the site of the Garden of Eden. Great snakes!

* * *

Diamonds are trumps in the game of hearts.

* * *

Herr Krupp gets an Iron Cross. Great Guns!

* * *

It seems paradoxical, but a blunt man usually comes to the point.

* * *

The same old mud, the same old rain, the same old cuss words said again.

* * *

It is natural to assume that after the Germans wash the Russ captives they iron 'em.

* * *

The Cologne Gazette calls Roosevelt a dreamer. Many other people consider him a nightmare.

* * *

An exchange notes that wooden legs are fine anti-war arguments. Yep; regular stump speeches.

* * *

A facetious exchange says that last year Italy made "a Victor record." Doubled-faced at that, Germany thinks.

* * *

However, it was John Paul Jones who began the fashion of hoisting the American flag over British ships.

* * *

"American Sailors Ordered Not to Talk." Hobson left the service just in time.

It's a funny language. When a bill collector finds a fellow in, he's out, and when he's out, he's in.

* * *

There is a man in our town
Who surely foolish is;
He never planks some dollars down
To advertise his biz.

* * *

With all the European peers at the front, it looks dark for countless thousands of our rich heiresses.

* * *

What is your notion of a juicy sinecure? Our own, next to this here job, is being a street-cleaner in Venice.

* * *

The old weather guy is a mean man and sly,
And he loveth to make our name Dennis;
Why does he deceive us and peeve us and grieve us
Whenever we want to play tennis?

* * *

Every man to his taste, of course, but we certainly can't understand that of H. Rider Haggard's latest hero, who gloomily announces: "I took her in my arms and kissed her back."

* * *

Some lady asks the Chicago Tribune's fount of information what are the best calling cards. We have no business butting in, sister, but our observation has been that threes are usually pretty good.

* * *

According to the Century Opera Magazine, "Efram Zimbalist, the brand new husband of Alma Gluck, and who will be solo violinist with Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony orchestra on its first tour, shares these honors with Paul Althouse, the Metropolitan tenor." Somebody blundered!

* * *

"Nothing is certain but death and taxes," is the old saw. Well, something else is tolerably certain now. And that is that if one European power demonstrates its ability to defeat practically all the remainder of embattled Europe, or even fight it to a draw, your Uncle Samuel's turn will come sooner or later.

What has become of the old-fashioned New York World editor who used to remark loudly at frequent intervals: "Murphy must go!"?

* * *

The Philadelphia North American says that all the Russians can beat is a retreat. Well, anyway, they've proved that they can lick the dust.

* * *

"Divided we fall," also goes for the hyphen.

* * *

Pan-Slavism begins to look like a frying-pan.

* * *

As we understand our prominent metropolitan exchanges, we must have reparation from Germany when our citizens are drowned, but it is a sin and a shame for Colombia timidly to ask reparation when we steal her territory.

* * *

T. R. explains that the moose he shot was about to bite him, so the animal really died the more humane death.

* * *

We suppose that in the Western theatre those Hindu troops furnish the castes.

* * *

A scientist says that newspapers will make one warm, but T. R. found that out years ago.

* * *

That anti-treating law in Britain doesn't seem to prevent Wilhelm's getting 'em groggy.

* * *

Speaking of untold wealth, the income tax returns certainly reveal a lot of it.

* * *

A non-partisan tariff board theory always has an earnest friend in the minority.

* * *

China doesn't mind washing her dirty linen in public, but she prefers to let Europe do the mangling.

* * *

Cap'n Hobson's revision: The evil that men brew lives after them.

* * *

Meat must be really scarce in Germany. We note that the Hamburg stakes were valued at $31,250.

Nobody can truthfully call Billy Sunday a dim religious light.

* * *

A Chicago society dame is grieving over the death of a pet baboon. It must indeed have been a monkey wrench.

* * *

The German idea of "retaliation" apparently is committing the atrocity first.

* * *

"Get together with Carranza?" quoth Pancho. "I'll be hanged if I do!"

* * *

Mrs. Pankhurst wants to make ammunition. She evidently thinks woman's sphere is the bomb.

* * *

But wouldn't the eternal fitness of things have suggested that the Remington strike be automatic?

* * *

Those earth tremors recorded at New Haven, Conn., strongly indicate that Prof. Taft is home again.

* * *

Wonder if that Remington strike doesn't bear one of those "Made-in-Germany" labels.

* * *

What we are concerned in is not which Republican T. R. will back, but which one he'll buck.

* * *

Latest entry in the mixtmet contest. The immortal Philadelphia Inquirer has the floor: "Every time the Germans make any progress against Russia, the Austrian army puts its finger in the pie and spoils the broth."

* * *

The Chattanooga Times says you can't vaccinate against the itch for office. Scratching the candidate, however, is regarded as an infallible remedy.

* * *

We can condone faults in almost any man. But the man who isn't good to his mother ought to be hung.

* * *

First thing we know some enthusiastic Wilson man will be dubbing the U. S. A. the Grandfatherland.

* * *

Little Holland couldn't be prepared for war any more thoroughly if Germany had guaranteed her neutrality.

Most of the German-American papers have several issues daily. They can't get everything in the first sedition.

* * *

The thing that bores most war news readers is that so few of these checks are certified.

* * *

Admiral von Tirpitz has a perfect right to feel aggrieved over the way those gentle Kurds have appropriated his "women-and-children-first" slogan.

* * *

We have our irritable moments when we feel like holding the paragrapher of the once-esteemed Koelnische Zeitung to a strict accountability.

* * *

The York News wonders who put the ill in Churchill. As we understand it, it was the same mustacheoed gentleman who took the win out of Winston.

* * *

That Japanese Diet never seems to agree with us.

* * *

Reports from the Save and the Danube reveal that New York has no monopoly of those riverside drives.

* * *

Necessity may be the mother of invention, but that Petrograd man is its pa.

* * *

What's the first name of this Herr Flamm, who says the British sank the Lusitania—Flimm?

* * *

"Grand Duke to Fire Warsaw." Many think that it would pay Warsaw to fire the grand duke.

* * *

Why doesn't the Senate try some of that "Senatorial courtesy" on Woodrow Wilson?

* * *

And if you get dry on the water-wagon, remember that there are springs in it.

* * *

Journalistic Goat-getters.

"Winsome debutante."
"Devastating conflagration."
"Grim-visaged war."
"Eminent divine."
"Conventional black."

When a woman isn't hearing burglars in the dining room, she is always smelling something burning.

* * *

"Here's Sow!" chuckled the pork-bar'l Congressman, as the public buildings bill came up for debate.

* * *

Life's Little Mysteries.

Chinese laundry tickets.
Doctor's prescriptions.
Railway time tables.
Henry James's novels.
Browning.

We suppose that when found the leopard which escaped from that circus in Illinois will be shot on the spot.

* * *

Austrian government signs itself "I. and R." Perkins wants to make it possible for this government to sign itself "I and T. R."

* * *

Englishmen are being driven to marry to avoid conscription, and every day sees hundreds of new brides and glooms.

TRIBUTES FROM COWORKERS

His work as a paragrapher "superb and sole," and in all his successes one would find no touch of malice, no germ of meanness.

W. W. BALL, *Managing Editor, The State*: Here in the office of The State we knew a manly, gentle youth so quiet, so modest, so thoughtful of others, so careful lest he add a feather to a fellow-worker's burden, that the years stole upon him and raised him to be a man while we looked upon him, and always shall remember him, as a lad. When the menace of war in Mexico appeared, he came to us and said that he would go as a soldier and it was with a little shock that we saw him full grown and resolute, eager to do a man's work, sensible of its responsibilities and burdens, sure of his duty, mindful, not speaking, of the obligations that rested upon him for the name he bore. To us he had always been a boy, considerate, deferential as though the youngest reporter.

You, the readers of The State, knew that other side of him, that we knew, too, in the column that he wrote, that brought to him, the shyest of all the brotherhood of newspaper workers, fame and that gave to his newspaper, printed in a little capital city of a remote State, distinction wherever in the United States newspapers are printed and read. You knew the piquant wit, the never failing drollery shot with a flavor of shrewdness and experience. We have wondered, because he was a home-loving boy, not an experienced man of the world, where it came from, this balanced judgment that guarded his brilliant epigrams, that made it scarcely ever necessary to revise or leave out lest some hurt be done, some blunder be made. For of all things the paragraph is dangerous, and the more clever the more dangerous, unless it be written with prudent restraint. His brilliancy could be trusted and we write it down that it was because his heart was loving. He wrote to make men merrier and better, too, and hate had no home in his nature. He has left no legacy of rancor towards his fellows. You, his readers, were his friends, he was nearer in some sense to you than to any of us; you have sat about his table in thousands and laughed with him—and when men laugh together they are friends.

We do not attempt to appraise his work. No other newspaper published in so small a city as Columbia has in a long time had among its makers a writer so widely quoted and in the wisdom that ran through his jest and raillery was the abundant promise of more serious editorial work as he grew older.

Almost with impatience we of The State had looked forward to his coming home; we have fretted that his country claimed him even for a time. So we valued him. Well we know that his place can not be filled; now that we have his life only as a dear memory of joyous and gentle things. It has been our privilege to have him for a little while to love and to admire. He goes to take his place with others of the family of The State "who have done their work, and held their peace, and had no fear to die."

MCDAVID HORTON: The world knew him by "The State's Survey" and the "Aftermath" columns, and though the editorial paragraph was under his hands not exclusively a matter of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," of "the queer, the quaint and the quizzical," but an instrument of unique potency for serious purpose on occasion, it was only those of us privileged to be his coworkers and comrades who were aware how mature was already his judgment, how broad were his perceptions in national concerns, how extensive was his information, or with what sober responsibility he daily prepared himself consciously against the time when The State should be his to administer. * * * We of the staff have repeatedly remarked, in our after-press time communings, his grave, sweet courtesy, his delicate consideration of those about him, his diffident but engaging and altogether charming friendliness. He was a thoroughgoing and incorrigible democrat, catholic and kindly, wholly unmindful of station or circumstances in his election of companions, but regardful only of actual worth. * * * I can not as yet bear to plumb the grief that fills my heart and so I will not undertake to set down here any symmetrical estimate; I can say only that he was my friend and I loved him.

JOHN S. REYNOLDS: My lot it has been to know Robert Elliott Gonzales from the days of his early youth, to watch the consistent budding of his literary gifts, to see the growth of his journalistic genius, during the culminating period of his life to work with him for the paper which had always filled so large a part of his thoughts, and, finally to mourn him in his soldier's

grave. And in all his successes, as in all his strivings, one would find no touch of malice, no germ of meanness. His walk, like that of him whom a genius of journalism has sung, was

"From his birth
In simpleness, and gentleness, and honor,
and clean mirth."

None who have lived with him, worked with him, played with him, will forget him —a fine figure of a fellow worker and a friend.

J. IRBY KOON: A bold and brilliant ancestral strain coursed his youthful veins. Generations of forbears, with aching hearts and bleeding feet, blazed the dusty trail which marked the path of his own destiny. He bared his manly bosom to the shock of battle, because "'twas their manner" and he wielded the pen with no less fervor than his ancestry. His subtle humor, giving promise of even more brilliant achievement, is a deplorable loss. The supreme tragedy is that the line is broken. He was the last of a dynasty of kingly men.

AMBROSE E. GONZALES: On the Mexican border far from kindred, home and the work he loved, his brave young heart lies stilled, but, soldier and patriot, he gave his life for his country, and his knightly soul is with the spirits of those who, giving all in life and death, have not lived nor died in vain.

JOHN J. CORMACK: * * * Compositors rarely read their copy entirely through before putting it into type, but when the paragraphs reached the machine the temptation to do so before starting its composition was irresistible and was almost always indulged in by the printer who caught the "take."

Bob was a frequent visitor to the composing room and his bright smile and cheery words always made him a most welcome one. He will be sadly missed by the printers.

His remarkably successful career; his almost miraculous leap into nationwide fame can not but be an inspiration to the youth of this country and a solace to all the older people who knew and loved him.

Knowing him from early childhood his loss is keenly felt by me and his strong personality and amiable disposition will always remain green in my memory.

MARTHA PORCHER DWIGHT: He was never "Bob" to me as he was to the world; I knew him and shall always think of him as Robert, because I liked so well the dignity, the deep, sweet reticences in his nature, which had perhaps never been fathomed, by himself or even by his dreams.

* * * His taste in music ran to opera and, stimulated by his uncle, "Mr. Ambrose," he benefited broadly by that most agreeable teacher, the phonograph, and traveled not infrequently to distant parts for special operatic occasions. And so, in the course of the last few years, he had learned to recognize the best in many operas and had come to know most of the great singers of the day. He was an intelligent and an exacting critic and so entirely he scorned the trashy and trivial that he never even hummed a popular song around the building. As he swung up the steps to his office apart, it was oftenest "One Fine Day," from "Madam Butterfly," that rang out clear and then floated down more softly sweet before it was shut off by the closing of his "work shop" door.

BRIAN BELL: His best paragraphs were never printed, for his kindliest and sharpest shafts were directed at the editors and reporters about him. Many of the devoted followers in his army of readers have wondered and some have asked, "Is Bob Gonzales as clever in conversation as in his column?" and always the answer was, "More so," for at work and play, in the office and out, he was not only the brilliant wit but the true good fellow too. And so men who make The State knew and loved Bob Gonzales as few men or set of men are given to love one.

JOE SPARKS: So kind, so brave, so brilliant, so tender in his feeling toward all mankind; the passing of Robert Elliott Gonzales, soldier-journalist, on the field of duty, leaves me without words, I loved him.

SAMUEL L. LATIMER, JR.: Sincerity thoughtfulness, unselfishness, modesty, and desire to see only the good in mankind, characterized Bob Gonzales' life and enhanced the attractiveness of his brilliant mind. I knew him first as a fellow student; later as a fellow worker. It was a rare pleasure to have such a man for a friend.

WM. P. HOUSEAL: Robert E. Gonzales achieved fame as no young man in the history of journalism in this generation in South Carolina, yet withal he was modest and retiring to a fault. His reputation was national, yet he chose the place of a loyal citizen and devotion to duty rather than preferment in wider spheres. He gave his life in sacrifice to a noble ideal which he had adopted as a life principle.

FROM FELLOW CRAFTSMEN

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, (*"F. P. A."*), *The New York Tribune*: Bob Gonzales' death robs the paragraphing game of its leader. Nobody wrote better paragraphs than he. He had the ideal gift—pungency and virile sweetness without malice . . . the reading public is poorer for his death—poorer than most of it will ever realize, as Bob Gonzales was only 28 years of age.

WILLIAM HEAVER WOODS, *Editor, The Literary Digest, New York City*: I am deeply distressed to learn that the brilliant career of Mr. Gonzales has been cut short by death. We valued his work here most highly. Our pages will miss the flashes of his wit and true wisdom quoted from The State. Please accept sincere sympathy.

The Editors, Collier's Weekly, New York City: Robert E. Gonzales was one of the four or five best newspaper paragraphers in America, his brain effervescent with lively, wholesome humor. We sympathize deeply in your loss.

EWING GALLOWAY, *Editorial Writer, Collier's Weekly* (letter to Columbia friends before he knew of Mr. Gonzales' death, or even of his illness): Mr. Gonzales' paragraphs are the best editorial squibs in America.

BERNARD STEPHENSON, *in The Fourth Estate, New York*: It is doubtless only with an effort that those newspaper men associated with young "Bob" Gonzales of the Columbia (S. C.) State can think of him as dead. His happy, lovable, sparkling personality expressed itself through the columns of The State, on which paper he was editorial paragrapher. In the opinion of not a few newspaper men, North and South, he was the best paragrapher in the United States. Certainly his pungent observations were widely copied, the "Topics in Brief" department of The Literary Digest, for example, sometimes having nearly half its selections picked from The State when young Gonzales was at his desk on that paper.

He made it a point to cultivate the friendship of other newspaper men, and it is doubtful if there was another individual in the profession so widely acquainted or so popular in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida. * * *

Bob Gonzales was the heir to the Columbia State, which was owned by his family. He was a descendant of a famous Cuban patriot, who came to South Carolina several generations ago, where the Gonzales blood was united by marriage with that of the Elliotts of South Carolina. Young Gonzales had been graduated from the University of South Carolina several years ago.

GEORGE M. BAILEY, *Paragrapher, The Houston Post*: The Christmas season never fails to sound its note of sorrow as well as of happiness and we are reminded of this by the intelligence that Robert E. Gonzales of the editorial staff of The State, Columbia, S. C., died after a brief illness in El Paso Tuesday night. Mr. Gonzales was a sergeant in the Second South Carolina, on duty on the border, and came to Texas with his regiment several months ago. He was a journalist of splendid promise and had already gained high rank as a paragrapher and editorial writer when he left his desk to join his regiment in active service. He was a member of the Gonzales family of South Carolina, long famed in the field of journalism and the lofty ideals which his forbears exemplified and strove for had in him a worthy champion. Bob Gonzales fell in the morning of life in the service of his country and has added another name to the roll of paladins and heroes his house has given to the world and to the country. South Carolina was already proud of him and it may now enshrine his name upon that roster of sons who have served her well and met duty and death smilingly and unafraid.

ROBERT L. GRAY, *Editor of the Raleigh Times, Raleigh, N. C.*: Robert E. Gonzales handled the paragraph in a way to make him the peer of any of the small circle of exceptionally able men who a few years ago gave it such a wide popularity. The time had come when he was using an effective medium in a manner to exercise a great influence in rescuing it from the neglect into which it had fallen and again placing it on the plane of its better possibilities. Southern journalism has every reason to be shocked at the passing of one whose great promise had been so emphasized at so early an age. Daily association during a term of newspaper labor enabled me to know the man behind the artistic workman in a way to appreciate and to a sensible degree to share the grief

which The State feels at his loss, an irreparable misfortune, in which you have my most sincere sympathy.

JAMES H. MOORE, *in the Knoxville Sentinel*: He was widely known as one of South Carolina's most brilliant and beloved newspaper men. As the Columbia State's paragrapher he had contributed materially to making that paper one of the most frequently and widely quoted in the United States, and in this especial field he had few equals and no superior that we know. His talent for comprehending in a line or short sentence the substance and keynote of a difficult or complicated subject and giving a piquant turn to a terse pronouncement on its merits seemed marvelous at times in view of his youth.

The Sentinel's deepest sympathy is extended to the Columbia State in view of this acutest of blows to its journalistic household. The son of W. E. Gonzales, The State's editor in chief, now minister to Cuba, and nephew of A. E. Gonzales, owner and business manager of The State, the tragic taking off of Robert E. Gonzales will be felt keenly both as a personal and professional loss. His loss will likewise be felt keenly by the newspaper profession of the Palmetto State. It will seem a dear price in itself that South Carolina has paid for the Mexican troubles. But young Gonzales will be enrolled among other heroes the State has contributed to the various wars in our American history and render him one of the immortals of the State.

AUGUST KOHN, *for Many Years Manager of the Columbia Bureau of The Charleston News and Courier*: It is always sad to see one die in youth but doubly so when there is so much promise and so much of hope in the years that are ahead.

There have been few lives given to South Carolina that were cut off in the bud that were so full of real helpfulness and opportunity for his native State as that of Robert E. Gonzales. Some months ago when we were at King's Mountain at a meeting of the Press Association one striking phase of his makeup, his modesty, was shown. When he suddenly found that an amateur photographer was about to take his picture he screened his face to avoid this apparent intimacy. Very few people had the opportunity of becoming intimate with Robert E. Gonzales, on account of this shyness, but those who knew him appreciated his sterling qualities, his keen sense of justice, his shining optimism, his devotion to his native State, family and friends, his splendid grasp of newspaper work and, above all, his modesty.

It has been my fortune to have been in the newspaper "game" for 25 years and in all that time no one I have observed has appeared in the field of journalism with the promise and, indeed with the merited appreciation, certainly for one of his years, not alone in the South but in the nation. The newspaper world and South Carolina have certainly lost their most brilliant hope of yesterday.

The Times of Cuba (Habana): The death of Robert Elliott Gonzales, son of Capt. William E. Gonzales, United States minister to Cuba, and Mrs. Gonzales, brings a sense of personal loss to every one who has read his brilliant paragraphs, printed first in The (Columbia, S. C.) State and quoted throughout the realm of American newspaperdom.

For "Bob" Gonzales, while hardly more than a boy, possessed genius far beyond that of most of his fellow writers. His human sense was unerring, his touch delicate, but masterful, his sympathy profound, his humor delicious. Wit and pathos were blended in his best work; tears were near the smiling surface. Above all, he was original. His clean, upstanding spirit was mirrored in his work. The craft has lost a pupil who would one day have been a master had not his Creator summoned him to an early reward.

LUKE MCLUKE, *The Enquirer, Cincinnati*: America lost her brightest paragrapher and South Carolina lost her keenest wit when Bob Gonzales died. His fertile brain blended wisdom, humor and philosophy into sentence sermons. His trademark was originality. He was a whole-souled, big-hearted, clean-minded optimist. I have lost a friend and an inspiration through the passing of Bob Gonzales.

JAMES H. CAINE, *Editor, The Asheville Citizen, Asheville, N. C.*: In the death of Robert Gonzales, the newspaper fraternity of the South has lost one of its brightest lights and his passing will be deeply regretted by all who knew him personally and by reputation. No man in the newspaper profession enjoyed a wider circle of friends and admirers. Knowing nothing of hypocrisy and sham, "Bob" Gonzales, as he was familiarly known, never stooped to questionable methods. Honorable and fearless to a high degree, he closes his young life by virtually offering it as a sacrifice for his country.

JAMES C. DERIEUX: His death takes from South Carolina a newspaper man who within a few years had gained for himself and his paper national reputation. Moreover, he was a member of one of the most patriotic families of South Carolina—a family that for years has fought fearlessly for clean government and a happier State. As a fellow member of the Fourth Estate, I express my sympathy for his family, and my regret that the brightest young newspaper man in the South has so early in life gone to his reward. The circumstance that serves, in some measure, to mitigate the grief occasioned by his death, is that he died in the service of his country. None could come to a more honorable end.

HAROLD C. BOOKER, *Editor, The Journal, Spartanburg*: In the death of Robert E. Gonzales the newspaper fraternity of South Carolina loses its most brilliant representative. Mr. Gonzales was a singularly gifted writer and his paragraphs which have appeared in The State have daily been read by thousands with keenest enjoyment. His editorial work has given him an inter-State reputation and we believe he has no superior in his particular line in any State. His passing is a distinct loss to the people of South Carolina.

J. RION MCKISSICK, *in The Greenville News*: * * * In the South he was without a rival. The only paragraphers in his class are a few upon metropolitan journals. To his work he brought a well stored mind, familiar with the masters of English literature, and a marvelously wide vocabulary. His wit was amiable—he made no unkindly thrusts. He laughed, and South Carolina laughed with him. Death indeed loves a shining mark. No words can measure the loss which the Fourth Estate sustains in his death nor convey the deep sorrow felt by his admiring fellow craftsmen. Conceit and vanity were alien to him, he was quiet, modest and retiring, yet most companionable. His sudden passing, just when he was at the threshold of a distinguished career and just when he was approaching his full vigor and maturity, deprives South Carolina journalism of its most brilliant figure. Of a truth we say of him, now that 'sunset and evening star and one clear call' for him have come: 'Ulysses is gone, and there is none left in Ithaca that can bend his bow.'"

WILLIAM F. CALDWELL, *Manager, Columbia Bureau, Charleston News and Courier*: It is well-nigh impossible to put into words my appreciation of his many fine traits of character. I saw these traits exhibited strikingly during the seven weeks I spent with the South Carolina troops on the Mexican border. Bob was the ideal soldier and was popular with both officers and men. I don't believe there was a more general favorite in the camp and certainly not in his company. He was always ready to do anything in his power for any comrade and many are the instances in which he helped to make life brighter for the men who served with him. He was always faithful to duty and never shirked any assignment, no matter how insignificant or laborious. I have seen him helping to peel potatoes with the same optimistic spirit that was apparent when he was at his post of duty, the right guide for his company.

From The Charlotte News: * * * Nobody anywhere else seemed to have had such an adeptness for pointed and pungent phrase writing. His was a brilliancy not reflected, altogether native. His an originality coming not from the chambers of memory, as does the originality of many who enter into this coveted honor. His, too, a personality that beamed and blazed through every utterance, a uniqueness that shall be missed, tragically missed, by those who have been through the all too brief years laughing and sobbing through the sparkling and unapproachable offerings in his newspaper.

State Press Association: William Banks, president, and Joe Sparks, secretary, yesterday sent out the following call to the members of the association:

"For the first time since our happy annual gathering at York, in June last, our circle has been invaded by death, and it is with great sorrow that the officers of the State Press Association announce the death of their friend and fellow craftsman, Robert Elliott Gonzales, one of the brightest lights in Southern journalism. In order that our association may show as a whole suitable respect for the dead, we hereby request all members who can to attend the burial services, the announcement to be given later, and to notify us of their intention to do so."

From Tampa Tribune: One year ago today, the following editorial appeared on this page of The Tribune:

"Bob Gonsales sends a holiday greeting which we sincerely appreciate—and we reciprocate the sentiment and then some. As one who has contributed so much to brighten and enlighten the year-'round grind, the genial wit and philosopher of the

Columbia State is entitled to the greatest blessings of the Christmas-time. To him we may say, as Eugene Field did to Charles A. Dana:

"'May you live a thousand years,
To kinder keep things moving in this human vale of tears!
And may I live a thousand, too—a thousand, less a day—
For I would not want to be on earth to hear you'd passed away!'"

The "thousand years" proved less than one; the "genial wit and philosophy" are silenced; the empty editorial chair is eloquent of grief and pain and loss; upon the heart presses a leaden Sorrow—which Time, the Alchemist, will transmute into a golden Memory!

ED H. DUCAMP, *Editor of The Gaffney Ledger*: * * * It is difficult to imagine that one so young, so robust, so full of life, is called away. Without a peer in his particular line, he made a national reputation for himself and contributed in no small degree to the fame of The State. But above and beyond this, he was a man whom to know was only to love. He was a genius without ostentation. He was one of the leading lights in the South Carolina State Press Association and has contributed more genuine humor for the last few years than any one else. He gave his life for his country, what more could a man do? I would be proud were I capable of laying a violet upon his bier. Permit me to share your very great sorrow.

From the Spartanburg Herald: Coming out of college "Bob" Gonzales slipped quietly into his position on the editorial staff of the newspaper built up by the elder members of his family, but his work had scarcely begun before the readers of that paper detected his genius. He was unknown. The public did not know that there was such a lad but a little while ago. Today, however, there is hardly a newspaper office in the country in which his name and his work are not known, and with the public his paragraphs were constantly on their lips. His untimely death will carry sorrow far beyond the borders of his native State and thousands outside the newspaper offices of the country will be among those who are sad because he has passed away, leaving vacant a place that none will ever fill with just the touch of humor or flash of wit he could contribute.

From the Savannah News: His column was known throughout the nation and the author had endeared himself to the newspaper fraternity, especially in the South, through his brilliant, but gentle exchange of more or less personal comment. Though only 28 years old, Gonzales had become probably the best known writer of paragraphs in the country. No column was more widely read or quoted than his, no column was more uniformly brilliant or reflective of a strong personality.

From The Newberry Observer: He wrote from a kind and cheerful heart, and never used his pen to wound or hurt. Already he had made a reputation nation-wide, and was quoted in high class journals, like The Literary Digest and others, oftener than any other paragraph writer in the world. That was a high distinction, and a very brilliant future was before him. It seemed strange, and hardly to be justified, that such a man should lay down the pen to take up the sword and should forego a brilliant and lucrative career for the pittance the United States government pays its soldiers. But it is not likely he ever considered the sacrifice; we feel sure he never regarded it a sacrifice at all, but as a sacred duty. With a heart as gentle and kind as a woman's, he had the spirit of a patriot soldier, by nature and inheritance. His grandfather was a Cuban patriot, who risked his life for the independence of his country, and afterwards served gallantly as an officer in the Confederate army; his father was among the first to volunteer in the Spanish-American war, and became a captain in that service; and so he obeyed the call of his country, never counting the cost.

The Observer has a very tender feeling for the young newspaper men of South Carolina; and, so, on Wednesday, thinking of young Gonzales and others, and how his bright paragraphs had been missed and longed for in the offices and in the homes, we wrote a "letter to Santa Claus," half jocular, half serious, wishing that the young man might come home again and resume his work. Next morning we received the sad news of his death!

Our first thought was to leave the "letter" out; it might be out of place in the face of such a calamity; but, on second thought, we will let it go in word for word as it was written, for it expresses how we appreciated and loved our young co-worker whom now we all mourn with heavy hearts:

Letter to Santa Claus

Dear Uncle Santa, or Uncle Sam either: We are writing to you, either or both, to ask that, if you can not send all the National Guard home, as the good mothers and sisters and sweethearts are praying

may be done, you will send at least one man to cheer the drooping spirits of his hard-pressed contemporaries at home who are bowed down at this ought-to-be happy season with the fearful weight of the high cost of print paper that threatens to crush them to earth, whence they may not be able, like Truth, to rise again. This one is Bob Gonzales, late of The State, the premier paragrapher of these United States, whose bright quips and quirks would help wonderfully in reviving their drooping spirits and putting them in a more hopeful mood.

Why should a good paragrapher waste his time on the Mexican border, waiting month after month for a chance to kill one Greaser when there are thousands of other young men who can shoot a gun as straight as he, but not one in a hundred and thirteen millions who can fill his place as the writer of bright and happy paragraphs?

LOUIS H. CHAZAL, *in The Ocala* (Fla.) *Star*: "Bob," as he was known to those who worked with him on The State, was of a most modest and retiring disposition. He spent most of his time at his desk. His success may be attributed to his earnestness and sincerity. There was serious purpose behind his wit and humor. His paragraphs were quoted in almost every issue of The Literary Digest, and among those to give him high praise was Franklin P. Adams of the New York Tribune, one of the best known and most successful "columnists" in this country. Bob's loss will be distinctly felt by the paragraphers on the newspapers of the South, who delighted in exchanging shots with him. Many a paragrapher knew Robert E. Gonzales who never met him.

Away from his desk he lived quietly. He lived wrapped up in his work. He did not care at all for things social. He had a few pals, with whom he enjoyed himself, giving himself up to his hobbies. He was an enthusiastic baseball fan, and was exceptionally fond of good music and the theater.

No one can take the place of old Colonel Aftermath on the staff of The State. No one will feel his loss more than his uncle, Ambrose Gonzales, president of The State Publishing Company, than whom there is no finer or bigger man in this country.

Robert E. Gonzales was the only son of Capt. W. E. Gonzales, now United States minister to Cuba."

From the Newark (Ohio) American Tribune: The dispatch which appeared in the morning papers will bring sorrow to the hearts of the newspaper fraternity of the country as well as to the innumerable number of readers of the daily papers who have enjoyed the short squibs from the pen of Mr. Gonzales, which appeared in the Columbia, (S. C.), State, and were largely copied by the papers of the nation. When the National Guard was ordered to the border, Mr. Gonzales, in the line of his sworn duty, laid down the pen to take up the sword, and the ending of his career is chronicled. He was a young man of especial acuteness in the newspaper work, had an especial talent for the paragraph work, and was a writer of ability, and his passing is sincerely mourned. While not a personal acquaintance of the editor of The American Tribune, still there had been pleasant relations established through correspondence between them, and the writer feels that a personal friend has been taken away.

From the Asheville Citizen: No man in the newspaper profession enjoyed a wider circle of friends and admirers. Knowing nothing of hypocrisy and sham, "Bob" Gonzales, as he was familiarly known, never stooped to questionable methods. Honorable and fearless to a high degree, he closes his young life by virtually offering it as a sacrifice for his country.* * *

It was the privilege of the writer to know Robert Gonzales under varying circumstances, and there comes to mind now a splendid type of citizenship, the Southern gentleman "to the manner born." Never conscious of his own superior gifts, he was willing to accord to others a full measure of credit, and the young men who worked around him on The State will hold in grateful remembrance the kindly spirit that has gone.

From the Greenwood Index: Thousands of people in this State and many in other States have felt a keen personal grief in the taking away of this brilliant young writer, though to them he was unknown even by sight. To those who did know him and to those who rejoiced in his friendship, the loss is greater and harder to bear. Robert made the people who read his paragraphs smile; he did more, he made them feel that life was worth living. He had a creed of life and he knew how to put it in such a way that it was never obtrusive. He knew human joys and weaknesses far beyond the knowledge possessed by even young men of the highest culture and attainments at the age of 28. For his work the people loved him, and hence their grief.

From the Abbeville Medium: Probably no man of modern times has exerted a stronger or more wholesome influence upon the newspaper men of the State than "Bob" has. Dozens of would-be members of the Fourth Estate have striven for his recognition, and

when they finally "broke into" the columns of The State they felt that their work was not in vain.

Young Gonzales came of a long line of military ancestors, and while he did not fall in battle, his was a soldier's death, and he met it with a soldier's spirit.

From the York News: From the beginning of his college life Robert Elliott Gonzales showed the earmarks of a genius in the literary world. His work in college, both in the class room and on the college publications, showed the budding promise of a great journalist. Since he stepped from the University of South Carolina into the editorial paragraph work of The State, the bud of early promise has become a full blown flower, and ere the great Reaper appeared on the scene he had attained the distinction of being the premier paragraph writer of the newspaper world. That world now misses him from its ranks, and he is mourned more widely and with a greater sorrow than can ever be measured or estimated. * * * His philosophy of life was worthy of imitation. He loved his fellow man. His heart held no hatred or bitterness. His cheery greetings and kindly smile were deep-rooted in his loving heart. To those who were privileged to know him intimately, he was an inspiration. He saw only the beautiful and good. He spread sunshine and gladness wherever he went.

From the Tampa Times: Member of a race of real journalists, Mr. Gonzales wrote the most scintillating and at the same time most deep-thoughted paragraphs published during the present century, and he was indeed a credit to the profession. He was also a real patriot, as shown by his voluntary service of the border, and a worthy member of his family. * * * The influence of members of the Gonzales family has been felt not only in South Carolina, but throughout the Union as well, and the country and journalism suffer a distinct loss in the death of this youthful, brilliant and fearless wielder of the pen.

E. W. DABBS, *of Salem, Black River*: * * * It is peculiarly said that the only one to perpetuate the name of the three brothers who have made The State the finest type of a newspaper that I know (and I say it advisably though often differing with The State)—it is a distinct loss to the profession of journalism, and to the life of the commonwealth that one who bade fair to hand down the finest traits of a distinguished ancestry and to have a sweetening and elevating influence on public thought should be cut off in the very beginning of life.

From the Roanoke Times: The death of Bob Gonzales down on the border takes from the ranks of the Fourth Estate one of the most brilliant paragraphers of the entire country. Because of his witty and sagacious sayings, his keen shafts of humor and satire, the Columbia State's paragraphs were copied extensively from one end of the land to the other. Gonzales' reputation extended far beyond the confines of South Carolina, has native State, and in his death The State sustains a loss that in its own way is irreparable. Newspaper men who did not have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Gonzales admired him for his exceptional gifts and liked him for the good humor and sincerity that permeated his writings, telling eloquently of the personality of the man behind them.

From the Columbia Record (editorial): In giving the life of Robert Elliott Gonzales to his country, South Carolina has made a sacrifice most notable. The announcement which came today brings a personal sorrow to hundreds of South Carolinians, and it brings a sense of loss to thousands who did not know the shy and gentle youth.

He knew the great privilege which he enjoyed, and it was his endeavor to bring at least one smile a day into the lives of the reading public which he took into his confidence, and for which he felt the affection of a big brother. The "column" which he conducted in the Columbia State was one of the most brilliant contributions to American journalism in the last half century.

His was a generous and flowing humor, which seemed to be limitless, and never unkind. His was a pen of great versatility as well as of fecundity, for his contributions to the literature of the State will live in the future as among the best and purest of lyric verse. But it is not easy to think of "Bob" as one apart, as a personage in literature, as one who will be known in the years to come as a greatly gifted son.

From the Lancaster News: To the editors of South Carolina his work was an inspiration, his presence at their annual meetings a genuine pleasure. He was by nature and inheritance fitted for a brilliant career upon which he seemed to have just entered. The excellence of his style, the fine sentiments which animated him, the wealth of wit and humor with which he was endowed gave to everything he wrote a charm rare and distinctive. His comrades are bowed in sorrow at the passing of this leader among them. None can equal him in genius, but may the spirit of good cheer with which his work abounded be given to others.

THE BRIEF STORY OF HIS LIFE

A career of rare achievement and brilliant promise.

From The State, December 21, 1916.

Robert Elliott Gonzales, 28 years of age, who in half a decade had by his work on The State made secure his place among the foremost few practitioners of that fine journalistic art, died of pneumonia late Tuesday night at El Paso, Texas. He enlisted as a private in the Second South Carolina infantry on the mobilizing of the militia last June and before his command left Camp Moore for the frontier in August he had won on merit promotion to a sergeantcy in the machine gun company. Last Saturday he was relieved of an arduous tour of patrol duty and almost immediately developed the malady which in four short days cut short his life of rare achievement and brilliant promise. The end came in the base hospital at Fort Bliss.

Col. Springs, commanding the Second, is sending an escort east with that which is mortal of the young soldier and the funeral will be held in Columbia, probably Monday, with military honors.

So abrupt and extreme a termination of his illness was not expected, but the first intimation, received Sunday evening, was disquieting and members of his family made preparations to join him. He had obtained a furlough and expected to participate in a family reunion in New York City during the holidays. Instead his father, William E. Gonzales, United States minister to Cuba, left Habana immediately for El Paso and was intercepted yesterday at St. Augustine by messages telling of the end. He came then to Columbia, arriving at an early hour this morning. Sergeant Gonzales' uncle, Ambrose E. Gonzales; his mother and his little sister, Alida, reached Columbia yesterday afternoon, learning of their bereavement only on their arrival.

Telegrams from El Paso reporting Sergenat Gonzales' death were delayed in transit and also by the difference in time, so that although the end came at 11:30 o'clock Tuesday night, the news did not reach Columbia until early yesterday, after The State had gone to press. The tidings spread quickly and all yesterday and last evening expressions of concern and grief poured into the office of The State. Hundreds of persons called at the office and many others left cards and messages at the family residence, 1516 Richland Street. The afternoon newspapers diffused the intelligence throughout the country and early in the afternoon telegrams began arriving from fellow craftsmen, many of whom knew the man but through his work yet through it had come to love him as few men are loved. The dominant note in all these messages is that of proud sorrow.

Robert Gonzales was born in Columbia, April 18, 1888, the son of William E. and Sarah Cecil Shiver Gonzales. His paternal grandfather, the Cuban patriot, Gen. Ambrosio Jose Gonzales, was chief of artillery to General Beauregard in the Confederate States army. General Gonzales as an exile settled in the coastal plain of South Carolina and there married a daughter of William Elliott. Robert Gonzales' uncles, Ambrose E. Gonzales, and the late Narciso Gener Gonzales, were the founders of The State. Prepared for college by Miss Janney and William H. Verner in Columbia, Robert Gonzales spent one year at the Citadel in Charleston and thereafter was several years a student in the University of South Carolina, a member of the class of 1909. He intended going on to Harvard after his graduation, but his health became impaired, an operation was required and before he had recovered the college year had opened. Mr. Gonzales joined the staff of The State in the summer of 1911 as paragrapher and editorial writer. How well he did his work is known far beyond the bounds of South Carolina. He spent six months abroad during 1913. None of his work has appeared in The State since the troops were called out last June, a war department rule making soldiers ineligible for newspaper work.

Mr. Gonzales was a communicant of Trinity Church, Columbia, where as a lad he was a choir boy. He was a member of the Columbia Club and of several other organizations. He was diffident but cordial and had hosts of devoted friends. He had the affection and respect of his comrades in the military service. His colonel designated him regimental historian shortly before the Second went to the border.

His College Career.

"Bob will some day make a name as an editor," was a sentence in the sketch of Robert E. Gonzales which appeared in The Garnet and Black, the University of South Carolina annual, of 1909. The sketch outlines Mr. Gonzales' career as a student in the university as follows:

"Gonzales is the poet of our class. He feeds upon Shakspere, Browning and Tennyson. His chief hero in history is 'Peter, the Hermit.' His talents are literary, oratorical and mathematical. 'Bob' will some day make a name as an editor.

"Center, scrub football team, '04-'05; center, class football team, '04-'05; coach, senior class football team, '08; center, 'varsity, '07; captain and tackle, varsity football team, '08; shortstop, class baseball team, '08; second base, '09; member track team, '06, '07, '08, '09; manager, '08; member Columbia track squad in Charlotte meet, '07; president, Athletic Association, '08; literary critic (two terms) vice president, and president, Clariosophic Society; elected president State College Press Association, and corresponding secretary South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Association; delegate to meeting College Press Association, '08; won South Carolina I. O. A. preliminary, '08, '09, as representative from the Clariosophic Society, and represented Carolina at Greenwood, '08-'09; represented the Clariosophic in the S. I. O. A. preliminary, '09; marshal, centennial exercises, '06; member The Scribes, '06, '07, '08, '09; president, '08, '09; editor in chief, Garnet and Black; twice exchange editor; twice editor in chief and business manager of The Carolinian; won Garnet and Black medal for best short story, '07; The Carolinian short story medals, '06, '07, '08; The Carolinian poetry medals, '07, '08, '09; member German Club; member Society Centennial Catalog committee, chairman, '08; member University Dramatic Club, '07; founder and first editor-in-chief of The Gamecock (student weekly); member The 'C' Men, Columbia Club, and all the 'gun clubs'; class historian and poet, '08; class poet, '09; speaker Clariosophic Society banquet, '08, and chairman banquet committee; elected speaker junior-senior banquet, '08; member Golf Association; advisory athletic board, '08; delegate to meeting executive committee of the South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, '09; speaker before meeting of College Press Association, and at banquet of the College Press Association; speaker at Poe Centennial exercises."

PASSING OF ROBERT GONZALES IS OFFICIALLY MADE KNOWN TO REGIMENT.

Copies of a general order issued by Colonel Springs of the Second South Carolina Infantry, announcing officially the death of Robert E. Gonzales, a sergeant in the machine gun unit of that regiment, were brought from El Paso by Sergeant Gaillard Rembert, who arrived in Columbia yesterday on furlough. The order follows:

Headquarters Second South Carolina Infantry.
Camp Owen Bierne, El Paso, Texas, December 21, 1916.

General Orders No. 27:

1. It is with sincere and deep regret that the regimental commander announces the death of Sergt. Robert E. Gonzales, Machine Gun Company, Second South Carolina Infantry.

2. Sergt. Robert E. Gonzales enlisted in response to the call of the president in the Machine Gun Company, Second South Carolina Infantry, June 26, 1916, and performed his duties as a true soldier until called on December 19, 1916, to a higher command.

3. Since an all-wise Providence has seen fit to remove from our ranks Sergt. Robert E. Gonzales, while in the prime of manhood, and to call him to answer the assembly call above, the regiment, while humbly submitting to the will of a most high God, realizes the great loss it has sustained in having this most efficient, faithful and loyal soldier promoted to his heavenly reward.

4. Sergt. Robert E. Gonzales was one of the best known members of this command. Prior to his entry into the service, his writings were published throughout the United States. The country at large, as well as the State of South Carolina, suffered great loss by his untimely death. His ability won for him the appointment of regimental historian on July 16, 1916. The fact that he was called away before he had completed the history of the regiment for the period of border service, is an irreparable loss to the organization.

5. Sergt. Gonzales, familiarly known as "Bob," was of a retiring but attractive personality, and his smiling face and pleasant words made him beloved by all who knew him. The officers and enlisted men of this regiment express their heart-felt and sincere sympathy for the bereaved family during this great sorrow.

6. Capt. Edward B. Cantey is hereby directed to provide a funeral escort for the deceased, and to detail a member of his command to accompany him with the remains to Columbia, S. C.

7. A copy of this order will be sent to the bereaved family, and be published in The

State, the Columbia Record and The News and Courier.

By order of Colonel Springs.

J. D. E. MEYER,
Captain Second South Carolina Infantry,
Adjutant.

SERGEANT GONZALES IS LAID TO REST.

(*From The State, December* 27, 1916.)

Personality was signally exalted in the outpouring of popular affection which marked the laying to rest yesterday of Robert Elliott Gonzales, for the man so mourned lacked two full years of 30 and had been but five years engaged at his profession, and although the pathos of his passing was enhanced by the fact of his dying at 28 in the service of his country, it was his brief career as a journalist and that in the practice of perhaps the most difficult specialty of newspaper work, editorial paragraphing, which procured him national reputation and gave him a place all his own in the hearts of thousands whose very names he knew not.

During the interval between Mr. Gonzales' death at El Paso a week ago, of pneumonia contracted from exposure incidental to patrol duty along the Mexican frontier, and his interment yesterday in Elmwood Cemetery, Columbia, expressions of regard and of grief reached his family and The State in thousands, coming from the humblest of his admirers as well as from the presidents of the United States and of Cuba, from others highly placed in public life and from the masters of the craft in which he himself had attained supreme distinction within half a decade. This tribute reached its climacteric in the attendance on the formal rites of yesterday, an attendance which in character as well as in volume indicated how generally heart-engaging was the occasion.

Mr. Gonsales on the mobilization of the organized militia last June left his desk and fulfilling the tradition of his house joined the colors, enlisting as a private in the machine gun company of the Second South Carolina infantry. He died a sergeant in that unit, having refused to permit of the exertion of interest toward procuring more rapid promotion and preferring to advance on desert.

Sergt. Gonsales' body, wrapped in the flag for which he gave all, was escorted East by three members of his company, Capt. Edward B. Cantey and Sergeants Macfie and Murray. The two latter were themselves ill on the transcontinental journey and some misgivings were entertained lest they develop pneumonia, but they rallied and were able to participate in the services yesterday. The funeral party was joined on the way by several Columbians: E. D. Sompayrac, W. F. Caldwell, James D. Lee, A. D. Oliphant, and three members of the staff of The State: John S. Reynolds, Brian Bell and Joe Sparks. The party went from the station in Columbia to the Gonzales residence, 1516 Richland Street, arriving at midnight Monday.

The funeral, semi-military in character, was held yesterday morning in Trinity Church. The officiant was the rector, the Rev. Kirkman G. Finlay. Assisting was the regimental chaplain, Lieut. John McSween, Jr., who returned on furlough to his home at Dillon only last Friday. Lieutenant McSween was present both in his official capacity and as the personal representative of Col. Holmes B. Springs. The military escort consisted of a sergeant and 14 men from Company M (Camden), First South Carolina Infantry, under Lieut. A. M. McLeod. The party comprised Sergt. M. A. Bateman, Corporals J. P. Heath and J. W. Lenoir; Private C. P. Villepigue, W. E. Lenoir, C. D. Jordan, C. C. Hough, P. L. Anthony, I. S. DeBruhl, C. C. Medlin, B. S. Wren, M. E. Fort, O. J. Rose, W. M. Hasty and J. B. Gardner.

The Harvest Jubilee Band of Columbia, under direction of Wilbur Schumacher, took station at the south of the church entrance and as the procession approached and entered played softly Chopin's march. The vested choir, supplemented by singers from other churches, who volunteered their services, sang during the service, "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Abide With Me." The prayer book office for the dead was recited.

Committal Service.

On the conclusion of the brief service the band struck up as a recessional the "Dirge Dolore" of Pettee and on the march to the cemetery the same beautiful composition was played. The Rev. Mr. Finlay read the committal office and prayer was said by Lieut. McSween. A double quartet of male voices sang the hymns, "Peace, Perfect Peace" and "The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done, Alleluia" and the patriotic anthem, "America." The singers were Cyril Baxstresser, Walter T. Love, Frank Sims, Pinckney V. Mikell, M. D., George Baldwin, A. Earl Boozer, M. D.; Maj. Frank Glen, N. G. S. C., and David King.

When the low earthen mound had been heaped and banked about with flowers in extraordinary profusion the escort fired

three saluting volleys of 14 rifles each and "taps" was sounded by Thomas Lightfoot, a Spanish-American war veteran, by whose last evening calls Robert Gonzales as a lad of ten had been often lulled to sleep at camp at Marianao near Habana. Mr. Lightfoot had the melancholy privilege of playing the same sad call at the funeral of Gen. Wade Hampton.

Flowers Notably Beautiful.

Probably there has not in many years been assembled so extensive a collection of flowers at a Columbia funeral as that which overflowed the chancel of Trinity Church yesterday. Several hundred individuals sent floral tokens of their sympathy and affection and many floral pieces came from organizations. Among the latter which were impressively represented were: Officers of the Second South Carolina Infantry, Machine Gun Company, Second Infantry; the Adjutant General's office; the South Carolina Press Association, the Columbia Club, Habana Camp, No. 1, United Spanish War Veterans; employees of The State Company, the Goodfellows' Club, employees of The Herald, the Journal and The Carolina Spartan, Spartanburg; the Wade Hampton Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy; Columbia Typographical Union, No. 34; the Woman's Auxiliary to the National Guard; the student body of the University of South Carolina; the Clariosophic Literary Society, University of South Carolina.

The Habana Camp of United Spanish War Veterans not only had sent a floral tribute but had cabled Maj. John D. Frost to act as its personal representative. The press association's contribution was appropriately a large pillow of white flowers bearing a paragraph mark inset in purple.

The pallbearers were the managing editor of The State, W. W. Ball; the veteran foreman of the composing room, John J. Cormack, and the following members of the newspaper staff: John S. Reynolds, McDavid Horton, Brian Bell, Joe Sparks, S. L. Latimer, Jr., and J. Irby Koon.

The escorting squad, lately returned from the border, did its duty smartly, and with dignity. A gracious act of courtesy was performed when the squad in marching past saluted the monument in Senate Street to the memory of the late N. G. Gonzales, uncle of Sergeant Gonzales. The military dispositions were admirably made by the assistant adjutant general, Maj. John D. Frost, in cooperation with Lieutenant McLeod.

One of the galleries was reserved for negroes and in all the congregation there were no mourners more sincere than the family servants, the office janitors and the other colored friends who sat there.

Gov. and Mrs. Manning and the private secretary to the governor, Col. O. K. LaRoque, were among those who came to pay tribute to the memory of the young soldier-journalist.

TESTIMONY OF HIS TEACHERS

"His many-sided and brilliant career as a student."

PROF. GEORGE A. WAUCHOPE: * * * His alma mater mourns the untimely loss of her brilliant and promising son. Old Carolina has graduated many sons who have gone forth to illustrate her lofty ideals and to shed lustre on her name by noble deeds. Among these deathless names Bob Gonzales will be remembered. Thousands are thinking of him to day as the versatile editor, the beloved "Colonel Aftermath," a master of infinite wit and genial humor. Others remember him as a faithful friend and delightful comrade, overflowing with good cheer and kindly interest in others, and we who were wont to climb the stairs to his office on the third floor will never forget the cordial welcome which greeted us and which betokened the warm and enduring friendship that he felt for old associates. In these intimate relations of life the generous impulses and manly qualities of his nature were constantly manifest.

While he was at the university I knew Gonzales intimately, and to know him was to love and admire him. I proudly recall his many-sided and brilliant career as a student. With intense satisfaction I followed him and counseled him in his various literary ventures as editor of The Carolinian and The Garnet and Black, and as founder and first editor of The Gamecock, our popular college weekly newspaper. No other student, since my connection with the university, possessed greater inherited gifts, and it was a great pleasure to watch his powers unfold as he put one after the other of his talents to the test. His success in the short story, the familiar essay, in lyric poetry and the ballad and in oratory was rewarded by medal after medal. In fact it was not uncommon for "Bob" Gonzales, as he was familiarly known on the campus, to be called to the rostrum two or three times at one commencement as the winner of medals. He represented the university at the State oratorical contest at Greenwood, winning first place in delivery. At the time of the centenary of Poe he recited impressively a poem of exquisite beauty specially composed for the occasion. More than once I urged him to collect in a couple of volumes his short stories and the verse which he wrote while a student in my department, but which he modestly declined to do. To him was the high gift of living words and original thought and that rarest of powers—"to build the lofty rhyme." It was while editor of the exchange department of The Carolinian that Gonzales first discovered his talent as a paragrapher, in which as editor of The State's Survey, he was in a few years to win a reputation nationwide.

COLONEL BOND, *Superintendent of The Citadel*: He was only a year at the Citadel, but his father was here when I was a cadet myself and we share your pride in the young man's literary accomplishment and your grief that he has so soon been sacrified.

The late DR. EDWARD S. JOYNES: The death of Robert E. Gonzales is a public calamity, a loss to South Carolina, nay—for such were his talents and his promise—even to the country. So young, so gifted, so gentle and lovable—with such sweet and kindly humor—the center of such hopes—with such promise of usefulness and of distinction, it is hard to realise that he is gone—that so much of life and of life's best powers and traits has ceased. * * *

To me it is also a personal loss, near and grievous. For years he sat under my teaching—always intelligent, always responsive and true. I loved him almost as a son, and he repaid me with an affectionate devotion. I looked with pride upon his ripening powers and his growing fame. A close friend of his family, I shared their pride in Robert, as I now share their sorrow.

The services of Robert Gonzales as contributor to The State were known indeed throughout the country, while his paragraphs were widely copied. His death will justly be regarded as a loss to journalism. But for his extreme modesty his reputation would have been still wider and greater. But already he had won a large circle of admirers abroad, while his sweet and attractive character had made him a beloved favorite at home.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM S. CURRELL: Robert Elliott Gonzales, a brilliant alumnus of the University of South Carolina, has been snatched away from us in the pride of his young manhood by the dread scourge pneumonia. His alma mater, the journal in which his clever epigrammatic paragraphs appeared daily and the whole State he loved so well mourn the loss of this noble young champion of truth and justice, whose scintillating wit could not conceal his warm and loving heart.

Resolutions of the Faculty of the University of South Carolina: Robert Elliott Gonzales, an alumnus of the University of South Carolina, and a sergeant in the Second South Carolina Regiment, U. S. A., died at the army hospital, Fort Bliss, Texas, last night, after an illness of four days. Born and reared in Columbia, he was graduated from this institution in 1909, and his after career so fully justified the high hopes of his fellow collegians as to warrant this brief tribute of affection and admiration from his former instructors in this faculty.

The vivid imagination, glowing fancy, sparkling humor and rare command of English which characterized his work in our lecture rooms, and his many contributions in prose and verse—which are happily preserved in the student publications—augured well for a brilliant future in letters. In his short career as a journalist he attained a distinction which was not bounded by State lines, for his editorial paragraphs, pointed by scintillating wit, were copied by the press throughout the Union. It was justly and fairly expected that he would attain higher distinction in broader fields and that his verse and prose would yet adorn the literature of his country. That his earlier ambition looked to fame in letters may be inferred from some of his verses as an under-graduate:

. . . . "Lord, shall I
Complain that thou has not vouchsafed me fame?
Yet, tho' they glow no brighter, these mild gleams
Suffice: take, merchant, thy world wealth. Be mine
The unfettered soul that soars above a king's,
As high as that blind bard's who in rapt dreams
Saw seraph-trodden uplands, splendors shine,
And God's own glory gild archangel's wings."

Although urged by his friends to remain at his post in the editorial room, the patriotic ardor inherited from martial ancestry was too strong, and he enthusiastically volunteered for service on the Mexican border, where attention to duty and his happy joyous spirit, his heart of gold, commanded the entire confidence of his officers and the love of his comrades.

Therefore, be it Resolved:

1. That the members of this faculty record this expression of their esteem and admiration for one who reflected honor upon this university.

2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved parents.

Yates Snowden,
A. C. Moore,
W. B. Burney,
Committee.

FROM FELLOW COLLEGIANS

"Under the elms, when life was in its spring."

EUGENE H. BLAKE, *Greenwood*: * * * Back in college we who watched his first work just knew that Bob would be heard from. We just knew that Bob would find his way in that great, rough, wonderful place outside, that place of which we thought, half with hope and half with fear, that alluring something of which we we sang—"the wide, wide world." The only question was how long it would take the student to find himself great in the realm of thought and fancy. Poetry, short fiction, the essay, oratory with the stress on the thought rather than the delivery were the forms in which the mind of the versatile youth was revealing itself.

Fancy then the delight rather than the surprise of those who "just knew" at seeing the man seize a form the youth had scarcely touched, the editorial quip, and in these few short years be widely acclaimed the master in this form of expression.

But the blood of the warrior was in the veins of the writer. The love of fair play, that feeling for the under dog, was in both. So when it seemed that his great country must bleed for the sake of a weaker people, Robert Gonzales volunteered for his share of the possible suffering and went with the boys to the border. And his share was to die. * * *

So the world must have expected great stories of the work for the under dog—stories of bullets and blood, tears and laughter, heat and cold, disease and hope, hate and love—and what not—delicate blendings of the mixture that is life.

But that pen rests. Sergeant Gonzales is called across the great border. In the service of his country, the mightiest of nations, a soldier has given his life. With his life Bob has written his grandest paragraph.

A. D. OLIPHANT, *Columbia*: To those of us who were privileged to know of the talent for writing with which Robert Gonsales was endowed, the great prominence he attained as a maker of epigrams seems but a first step toward what we know he would have achieved had he been but granted time. His paragraphs though quoted from coast to coast were to us who knew of his genius merely the expression of a small part of it which he gave unstintedly in workaday but craftsmanlike fashion without drawing on his reserve.

Bob's talent for writing developed rapidly while he was a student at Carolina, where his sweet spirit and true heart endeared him to many. He made himself felt in nearly all lines of student endeavor and was the mainstay of the college magazine.

With Robert as the leading spirit, a few other students at Carolina, interested as he was in the art of writing, were members of an organization called the "Scribes." The club met twice a month, and I do not think that a member was ever absent. Once a month each member read an original poem or story or essay which was subjected to criticism. The discussions led us into many literary bypaths and lanes. Robert's knowledge of English literature and the sureness of his interpretation was remarkable. No less remarkable, when his youth is considered, was the vigor and grace of his writing both in prose and verse which he did for these meetings of the "Scribes."

Knowing him and appreciating his literary ability as we did is it any wonder that we of the "Scribes," while proud of the fame his epigrams brought him, waited expectantly for the time when he would give some of the ripened fruit of his talent for verse and short stories to the world? The fact that he will never be able to do this adds to our personal grief over his passing.

D. C. HEYWARD, JR., *Columbia* It has always been my regret that, knowing "Bob" Gonzales, I did not know him intimately. His closing years in college were my initial ones, and the fame which he had attained upon the campus tended to make me know and admire him only from afar off. My connection with The State did not begin until after he had volunteered for military service. His eminence as a paragrapher makes praise of his work seem useless. His being given first place by the paragraphers whom he admired is the highest eulogy of his ability that he could receive.

JAMES D. BRANDENBURG, *University of South Carolina*: Most of his college mates knew him as a man of few and piquant words who watched campus life from under the brim of a light-colored slouch hat pulled low over the right eye. He was the most modest leader I ever knew. An all-round athlete, he was known as a wonderful writer and brilliant orator. In those

fields he was preeminent and held undisputed sway. He wrote anything from extravagant burlesques of college life to the most musical poetry. He was a poet first of all. Much as his paragraphs in recent years have daily brightened a trying period in my own life, I was never quite reconciled to his seeming abandonment of poetry, in which he would have taken rank with Poe and Lanier.

T. K. Vassy, *Gaffney*: I was in the university with Robert three years, graduating in his class. Since graduation I have read his paragraphs in The State with peculiar pride and great joy. I counted him one of my best friends while in school and frequently called to see him in his office, in passing through Columbia. His death is a great shock to me and I feel a distinct personal loss. I express also the sentiments of the readers of The State when I say that journalism in the South has lost its brightest star.

Andrew J. Bethea, *Lieutenant Governor*: The news of the death of Robert Gonzales comes to me as a personal sorrow. I feel like some near relative is gone. I first knew him intimately as a student in the University of South Carolina. I was taking my M. A. degree and so was he and we often sat together in the class room. It was there I came to know his true worth and manly character and to appreciate his bright and rare mind. Even then he wrote with marvelous talent.

David Hamilton, *Chester*: At a time of much sorrow human words can bring but little comfort to him who has lost a near one of whom he was justly proud, yet I wish to express to you and your grief-stricken family my profund sympathy. Your dead son and I were close friends at college. Like other fellow students, I admired his beautiful traits of character and manly bearing. I have often seen him since I left the university and he was always the same sincere friend. His death is so sad. In the very spring time of his life, with everything in the world to live for, he was cut down and now he is gone forever.

J. Herts Brown: I know that others can not feel as poignantly his loss as you of his immediate family. But I suppose you hardly know how keenly it has struck those of his friends who knew him best. As for me, I have been with you constantly since his death and the sadness of it seems to grow on me as each day passes. You may have heard of The Scribes at Carolina. I was one of the five. During the past year, we have seen a wiser Providence take first Sidney Cohen and now Bob. They have both passed in tragic manner and yet in the highest service that they could give. And they have both left uncompleted a work that South Carolina can not produce others with the skill and heart to finish. My heart is with you now and will be with you again as each recurring Christmas brings remembrance.

Douglas McKay, *Columbia:* * * * The great outpouring of expressions of sympathy that comes from all parts of the nation evidences the high character and quality of work of which Robert was capable, and which was so full of promise for a career of continued and increasing brilliancy. It is not of this loss, however, which all who take a pride in South Carolina's achievements and hopes must fall, that I am most keenly sensible; but it is of the loss of a friend whose loyalty and sincerity could never be doubted, and who, behind a shrinking and sensitive nature, possessed an undaunted and chivalrous spirit and a heart of gold. * * *

Lucius C. Johnson, *Aiken:* In a masterly editorial the Columbia *State* recently quoted Poe's expression of the death of a beautiful young woman as being the saddest thing conceivable to man. But the death of a brilliant young man serving humanity, cut down in the very bloom—how infinitely sad a thing is this! And wistfully the world thinks of rare potentialities never to materialize. What mortal can reckon the loss to humanity?

Not soon will gifted "Bob" Gonzales be forgot by those who knew him, or knew of him through his writings. A rare personality lay behind the pen that labored so eagerly and earnestly; his was a wonderful gift in "sentence sermons" of witty comment, of cheery optimism, of human philosophy, to lighten and cheer the daily routine of thousands. His was a unique position in journalism, swift and deserved his rise. It is difficult to reckon the service and worth of the journalist, for his influence goes out in ways unknown. The smiling cheer that Gonzales evoked daily are of those intrinsic things that can not be weighed and valued. He will be missed; but in his passing, like Rupert Brooke, John Laurens and similar men of rare spirit and high ideals of patriotism and duty, he leaves behind the glory of a rich legacy.

Cecil Wyche, *Spartanburg:* I have just read with profound sorrow and deep regret of the death of Robert Gonzales. * * *

I knew "Bob" when he was at the Citadel and also when he was at the University of South Carolina, and both my brother Granville and myself were always very fond of him. He was popular with all classes of people in this State. Hundreds of thousands of people in South Carolina and throughout the whole country, who have been looking forward to the time when he should have returned to Columbia and resumed his duties as paragraph writer for The State, will learn with great sorrow that he is dead. You have lost a noble son, the State of South Carolina a useful citizen, and the newspaper world a brilliant writer.

WINGATE WARING, *Greenville:* There is little that can be added to what has been said of Robert Elliott Gonzales by the many who were his friends and admirers. But I beg to be numbered among those who mourn this irreparable loss. I knew him when we were both small boys, later at college, but even better since our college days, and his untimely passing is to me, as to many, many others, a personal grief.

Who can live so long as ever to forget the refreshing humor, the gentle satire of dear "Colonel Aftermath?" Who of the readers of The State does not remember Bob's Christmas greetings only last year "to everybody in the world, except to the old Turk," and all who knew Bob know well that he held no malice in his heart nor evil wish, even to the old Turk.

In the spring of 1912, when Bob was already on the way to fame as the paragrapher of The State, the Garnet and Black staff at the university was hard put to it for something really literary. Bob saved us by contributing to the annual publication of that year the following lines, which, better than anything I have seen, show the great soul that dwelt within that mortal body. (Here follows the poem, "A Creed," reproduced elsewhere in this book.)

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

CHRISTIE BENET, *Columbia:* When Bob Gonzales enlisted in the Second South Carolina and left for the border, those of us who knew him well thought that the service would make him more of a national character than he was; that the touch of the great Southwest and the intercourse with men from all sections of the country, fired like him with courage and patriotism, but with different points of view, would send him back to us, his readers and his friends, with an added power and a wider vision. And now he is dead! Dead in his young power and strength! With not even the chance to die in a fight for his country!

What a loss to you and me! To all South Carolina! The one mind in the State known and quoted from coast to coast and whose daily sayings brought smiles and joy to thousands. Who can forget the tale of the hunt in Shandon with the bob-tailed dog and the crowd that came to jeer? Or the chant of hate against okra? Or "Villa batted for Carranza in the 9th?" Or the paragraphs that you remember and can quote even now? Every one clean and vital and kind.

Modest, brilliant, courageous! The last of his line! What a complete tragedy. Death surely found his shining mark. Requiescat in pace.

PRESIDENT J. O. WILLSON, *of Lander College:* * * *O, the pity of it! Some of us not only admired him as a brilliant paragrapher, but realized his poetic ability, and were hoping that this rare endowment would come to full flower in the future and would enrich Southern life and literature to a very great degree. The loss of a possible great poet is immeasurable. I hope he left much of such work unpublished, and that you will issue a volume of it, with selections of paragraph work in it. How strange that so many who could sing to men's hearts fell asleep in life's morning!

The REV. GEO. A. BLACKBURN, *Columbia:* His heart was loyal to the history and traditions of the South. In reading his writings there was no fear of being shocked with a jarring discord or an inharmonious note. The blood of the low country was in his veins and its spirit was in his breast. War conditions have passed away, but we still need his keen satire and matchless pen to enable some of our modern critics to get a just estimate of themselves. The loss of one who loved his own South as he did, and who stood ready with quiet courage and splendid abilities to do battle for her with either pen or sword is a loss indeed.

The REV. N. N. BURTON, *Batesburg:* * * * After all, life depends not as much on its length as upon its depth and breadth. These essential elements were present in our young friend in a most remarkable degree. He lived but a brief time, but he lived well, he lived much. Few, if any, have impressed their generation as did R. E. Gonzales. There is a reason. Along with his remarkable wit there was a depth of philosophy, a breadth of vision and a generous sympathy which gripped and held all who came within the spell of his mind and heart.

Personally, I was in his presence but once, and then only for a few moments. With his soul and mind I was in daily contact during the time when he edited the "Survey." My deepest impressions of him have been from his public utterances. The "man" was reflected in his "words." There was that nobility and generosity in his character and that high purpose in his life which gave weight to his wit and pungency to his paragraphs. All of us were hoping that in the near future he would be back in his old place, but, alas! R. E. Gonzales was an example to his peers and an inspiration to us all.

J. WILSON GIBBES, *Columbia:* * * * It is a great achievement to attain primacy in anything good. Robert Gonsales was the premier paragrapher of his time. His brain was a mint in which were coined sparkling phrases and delicious wit that have caused thousands of persons all over this country to look eagerly for his daily menu of merriment.

He could "torture one poor word ten thousand ways," but there was no gall in his ink. His wit in the combat, as gentle as it was bright, "ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade."

The Ursuline Nuns, Ursuline Convent, Columbia. * * * The death of your brilliant son is a loss to all South Carolina. His genial, scintillating wit, trenchant, yet always kind, brought daily to our homes a morning burst of brightness which was missed from the day he joined the army; and now we are saddened because the hope of his return is taken from us. * * *

The HON. JAS. A. HOYT, *Columbia:* * * * In his particular line of writing, paragraphing—which is the most difficult newspaper work—he had no superior in the United States, and few, if any equals. He

was equally facile in the less showy and more substantial editorial work.

It is not difficult to explain that fine quality in his writings of which a stranger took note. His genius, as all genius, was the product of definite causes. It was my privilege for four years or more to live as a member of his father's household, and I watched Robert's intellectual development with affectionate interest, but no surprise. His taste for good reading came to him by inheritance and environment. He early learned to love the best books; they were his best beloved friends; and the characters of the greatest writers' creation were his daily companions.

As a boy he was reserved and dignified, as he was as a man, yet full of boy spirits and fond of manly sports, as became one of his inheritance. Some boys, even when reared amid culture and refinement, are always boys and not always gentlemanly. Robert, even as a boy, was always a gentleman; and without violation of propriety, I trust I may say that my outstanding recollection of his home life is the boy's never failing courtesy and devotion to his mother.

When he took the enlistment oath last summer, generations of soldier sires stood back of him. Thinking of him as a soldier, my mind goes back to that other Christmas when he came home for the first time from the Citadel, and I can see the splendid picture he made, every inch a soldier, in his cadet uniform. Then joy and pride reigned in his home.

A. S. SALLEY, JR., *Secretary South Carolina Historical Commission:* * * * Robert's death has been such a profound disappointment to me ever since I learned of it that I have been stunned. I had hoped that his brilliant, sunshine-producing, friend-making career would last for many, many years. He has put more sunshine into my life than any other one person it has ever been my good fortune to know, either personally or on paper, and there are many more who can say the same thing. I said I was stunned. Yes, it is hard for me to realize that the lovable boy is gone; that his scintillating wit and droll humor are hushed forever. For months to come I will find myself unconsciously wishing that Bob Gonzales would come back from the border and write things to make me smile and laugh and be happy.

JOSEPH J. ENLOE, *Winston-Salem, N. C.:* I knew Robert E. Gonzales only at sight, but I read his paragraphs religiously. I have quoted "Bob" hundreds of times. I have a box of clippings from his pen. I carry a few in my purse all the time. I didn't even know the boy was ill until he was dead. My heart overflowed. I could not withhold the tears. I am saddened. I miss him so much. I was so anxious for his return. My heartfelt sympathy goes out to his family, The State, South Carolina and the country he served till death.

The REV. RICHARD CARROLL, *Columbia:* * * * I called to see Mr. Robert E. Gonzales the last week in May and had a talk with him about my friendship with the family, who had done so much for me personally and so much for my race in South Carolina. I called his attention to the writings of his late uncle, Mr. N. G. Gonzales, and to those of his father, and then to the fact that his uncle, Mr. Ambrose E. Gonzales, had stated to me that The State was dedicated to God, justice, law and order; and that I hoped he would live to carry on the work when his uncle and father would sleep in their graves. I will never forget the earnest attention he gave me. At the close of our conversation, and in answer to my hope, he said, "I will."

C. A. WOODS, *United States Circuit Judge, Richmond, Va.:* The sorrow is too great for any word of comfort. My own distress is not only for your loss but for the loss to the State, to all of us. * * *

The REV. JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS, *Blenheim, S. C.:* * * * He was a peerless master of epigram. His wit was as natural and unstudied as the ripple of the river. The press has lost a splendid genius and the loss seems irreparable. His gift to his country is the height of heroism. He gave himself "And greater love hath no man than this."

A. G. KOLLOCK, *Darlington:* * * * Not since the death of your distinguished brother, N. G. Gonzales, have we sustained such a loss. Your son was giving us in his own way what your brother began, a paper of which the whole country is proud.

RICHARD I. MANNING, *Governor of South Carolina:* I am sincerely grieved to hear of the death of Robert Gonzales. I have known him for years, and his ability as a paragrapher was recognised widely and generally. His pithy and witty writing gave spice and enjoyment to his readers. But his services were not limited to his writing. His patriotic impulses moved him to enlist in the machine gun company, Second South Carolina infantry, when the call for men was made for the National Guard. He enlisted as a private, saying he did not want a commission secured by influence, but would accept one only when he won it

by his own merits. In this short time he was promoted to the position of sergeant, and was recognized by his superior officers as material marked for further promotion. It is a loss indeed that this bright young man, gifted in many ways, should be cut down in the flower of a virile and useful life.

WALTER HAZARD, *Georgetown:* I have not looked on Robert's face since those golden summer days when we fished for minnows in the brook that flows through the Glenn Springs meadows. Yet his sunny temper, gentle manner and boyish chivalry have formed a picture in memory's gallery as vivid and as winsome today as it was then. That these qualities should have produced an impression so lasting and attractive is a striking proof of his rare personality, and it is not strange that I should often have wished—as I have—that I could see and talk with him again. The admiration won by his brilliant gifts and the affection inspired by his charm of character were a fitting sequel to the promise of his early years. The news that his spirit had passed "beyond the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth" brought to me a keen sense of personal loss and grief. Not less truly than if he had fallen on the battle line did he die for his country. "Greater love hath no man than this." You could ask no nobler epitaph for him and his friends could wish no higher achievement.

"For him the threshold of the world
Was still with morning dews impearled."

Special Order Issued by His Company Commander.

Camp Owen Beirne, El Paso, Texas, January 12, 1917.

Headquarters, Machine Gun Company, Second South Carolina Infantry.

Special Orders No. 15:

Robert E. Gonzales, sergeant, machine gun company, Second South Carolina Infantry, died at the base hospital, Fort Bliss, Texas, December 19, 1916.

Robert E. Gonzales enlisted in the machine gun company, Second South Carolina Infantry, June 25, 1916. He was promoted from the ranks to the grade of sergeant, July 10, 1916.

Of his fame and brilliancy as a journalist, others have spoken. We knew him as a soldier and a man and our opinion of Bob can never be expressed in words or letters. We lived with him, served with him and loved him. When taps blew for Bob we lost a gallant comrade and a beloved friend. He died as he had lived—true to his country, true to his friends and true to his God. Requiescat in Pace."

Therefore, be it resolved, That the deepest sympathy of the members of the machine gun company be extended to the family of Sergt. Gonzales, with the assurance that their loss is our loss, and that we mourn with them for our departed comrade and friend.

And be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be mailed to the family of Sergt. Gonzales and that copies be sent to the newspapers of the State for publication.

W. C. McGowan,
First Lieutenant Second South Carolina Infantry, Commanding Machine Gun Co.

CAPT. ISADORE SCHAYER, *Medical Staff, Second South Carolina Infantry, El Paso:* Sergt. Gonzales fought a brave fight every minute, though unconscious the last few days. Whenever aroused, he would answer with a smile. He had captivated his entire ward, from the chief surgeon to the last private. The nurses—two of whom were put on extra—practically neglected the rest of the ward for "Bob," and none of them had a dry eye at the end. Bob's brave struggle stimulated all to an heroic fight.

LAMAR EDMUNDS, *Second South Carolina Infantry* (In a letter to his mother in Columbia): Everything in our company has been turned upside down this week about Bob Gonsales. Poor fellow, he made a big fight for his life. * * * It certainly was awful. I never saw anything affect the men as his death did. Every fellow liked him fine. I was one of the pallbearers and stood it until we put the body in the express office and one of the boys played "Taps," and that got me. It was bad enough to see 60 men crying and I never want to go through anything like that again.

COL. H. B. SPRINGS, *commanding, Second South Carolina Infantry, El Paso* (telegram): Bob died tonight at 11 o'clock. The regiment mourns the loss of a good and true soldier and South Carolina loses a valuable and distinguished citizen. He died with honor to the State and its people. Our sympathy is with you all in your sad bereavement.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COLUMBIA, S. C.

POEMS AND PARAGRAPHS.

By Robert Elliott Gonzales.

The foregoing noteworthy volume recently issued by The State should be of especial interest to the students and alumni of the University of South Carolina. Mr. Gonzales was graduated from the university with the degrees A. B. and A. M. in 1909. While a student he not only shone in the class room, especially in the languages, but was a leader in athletics and in various other college activities. All but two of the poems published in the present volume had appeared in the university publications, the Carolinian and the Garnet and Black. I have been in touch with college periodicals for more than thirty years, and I have never seen in any of them so many poems from one pen of such a high order of excellence. If the nascent poet had not turned paragrapher, he would doubtless have occupied, in time, a secure place on the higher slopes of Parnassus.

However, the world at large, to whose blurred vision, "the light that never was on land or sea" is only a dimly discerned ray, will not regret that Mr. Gonzales turned from poetry to prose when he became a member of the staff of The State in 1911. He soon distinguished himself in his new position as a writer of crisp, sparkling, epigrammatic paragraphs, which were widely quoted throughout the United States, as many as ten sometimes appearing in one issue of the Literary Digest, a periodical conspicious for its selective sagacity.

The volume before me contains fifty pages of poetry, and 174 pages of paragraphs. The remaining pages are devoted to biographical details and to tributes of well-merited praise from various sources. The price is $2.00 a volume; by mail 10 cents additional.

The University of South Carolina commends most cordially this interesting volume which perpetuates the memory of a brilliant young poet and paragrapher, one of her most gifted sons.

W. S. CURRELL, President.

HARVARD COLLEGE
May 8, 1930
Gratis

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.